THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. II.

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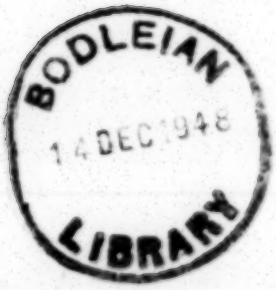
The THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for S. BUCKLEY, in *Amen Corner*; and J. TONSON, at *Shakeſpear's-Head* over-againſt *Catherine ſtreet* in the *Strand*.
MDCCXIV.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To the Right Honourable

Charles Lord *Hallifax.*

My LORD,

SImilitude of Manners and Studies is uſually mentioned as one of the ſtrongeſt Motives to Affection

and Eſteem; but the paſſi-
onate Veneration I have
for Your Lordſhip, I think,
flows from an Admiration
of Qualities in You, of
which, in the whole Courſe
of theſe Papers, I have ac-
knowledged my ſelf inca-
pable. While I buſie my
ſelf as a Stranger upon
Earth, and can pretend to
no other than being a
Looker-on, You are con-
ſpicuous in the Buſie and
Polite

Polite World, both in the World of Men and that of Letters: While I am ſilent and unobſerved in publick Meetings, You are admired by all that approach You as the Life and Genius of the Converſation. What an happy Conjunction of different Talents meets in him whoſe whole Diſcourſe is at once animated by the Strength and Force of Reaſon, and adorned

dorned with all the Graces and Embelliſhments of Wit? When Learning irradiates common Life, it is then in its higheſt Uſe and Perfection; and it is to ſuch as Your Lordſhip, that the Sciences owe the Eſteem which they have with the active Part of Mankind. Knowledge of Books in recluſe Men, is like that ſort of Lanthorn which hides him who carries

ries it, and ſerves only to paſs through ſecret and gloomy Paths of his own; but in the Poſſeſſion of a Man of Buſineſs, it is as a Torch in the Hand of one who is willing and able to ſhew thoſe, who are bewildered, the Way which leads to their Proſperity and Welfare. A generous Concern for Your Country, and a Paſſion for every thing which is truly Great

Great and Noble, are what actuate all Your Life and Actions; and I hope You will forgive me that I have an Ambition this Book may be placed in the Library of ſo good a Judge of what is valuable, in that Library where the Choice is ſuch, that it will not be a Diſparagement to be the meaneſt Author in it. Forgive me, my Lord, for taking this Occaſion of telling

ling all the World how ardently I Love and Honour You; and that I am with the utmoſt Gratitude for all Your Favours,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt Obliged,

moſt Obedient, and

moſt Humble Servant,

The Spectator.

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. II.

N° 81. *Saturday, June* 2. 1711.

Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure Tigris
Horruit in maculas —— Statius.

ABOUT the Middle of laſt Winter I went to ſee an Opera at the Theatre in the *Hay-Market*, where I could not but take Notice of two Parties of very fine Women, that had placed themſelves in the oppoſite Side-Boxes, and ſeemed drawn up in a kind of Battle-Array one againſt another. After a ſhort Survey of them, I found they were patched differently; the Faces, on one Hand, being ſpotted on the right Side of the Forehead, and thoſe upon the other on the left. I quickly perceived that they caſt hoſtile Glances upon one another; and that their Patches were placed in thoſe different Situations, as Party-Signals to diſtinguiſh Friends from Foes. In the Middle-Boxes, between theſe two oppoſite Bodies, were ſeveral Ladies who patched indifferently on both Sides of their Faces, and ſeemed to ſit there with no other Intention but to ſee the Opera. Upon Enquiry I found, that the Body of *Amazons* on my right Hand were Whigs, and

thoſe on my Left, Tories: and that thoſe who had placed themſelves in the Middle-Boxes were a Neutral Party, whoſe Faces had not yet declared themſelves. Theſe laſt, however, as I afterwards found, diminiſhed daily, and took their Party with one Side or the other; inſomuch that I obſerved in ſeveral of them, the Patches, which were before diſperſed equally, are now all gone over to the Whig or Tory Side of the Face. The Cenſorious ſay, That the Men whoſe Hearts are aimed at are very often the Occaſions that one Part of the Face is thus diſhonoured, and lies under a kind of Diſgrace while the other is ſo much ſet off and adorned by the Owner; and that the Patches turn to the Right or to the Left according to the Principles of the Man who is moſt in favour. But whatever may be the Motives of a few fantaſtical Coquets, who do not patch for the Publick Good ſo much as for their own private Advantage, it is certain, that there are ſeveral Women of Honour who Patch out of Principle, and with an Eye to the Intereſt of their Country. Nay, I am informed that ſome of them adhere ſo ſtedfaſtly to their Party, and are ſo far from ſacrificing their Zeal for the Publick to their Paſſion for any particular Perſon, that in a late Draught of Marriage-Articles a Lady has ſtipulated with her Husband, That, whatever his Opinions are, ſhe ſhall be at Liberty to patch on which Side ſhe pleaſes.

I muſt here take notice, that *Roſalinda*, a famous Whig Partizan, has moſt unfortunately a very beautiful Mole on the Tory Part of her Forehead; which, being very conſpicuous, has occaſioned many Miſtakes, and given an Handle to her Enemies to miſrepreſent her Face, as tho' it had revolted from the Whig Intereſt. But, whatever this natural Patch may ſeem to inſinuate, it is well known that her Notions of Government are ſtill the ſame. This unlucky Mole however has miſ led ſeveral Coxcombs; and, like the hanging out of falſe Colours, made ſome of them converſe with *Roſalinda* in what they thought the Spirit of her Party, when on a ſudden ſhe has given them an unexpected Fire, that has ſunk them all at once. If *Roſalinda* is unfortunate in her Mole, *Nigranilla* is as unhappy in a Pimple, which forces her, againſt her Inclinations, to patch on the Whig Side.

I am told that many Virtuous Matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial Spotting of the Face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a Zeal for their Cauſe, to what they could not be prompted by a Concern for their Beauty. This way of declaring War upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the Tygreſs, that ſeveral Spots riſe in her Skin when ſhe is angry; or as Mr. *Cowley* has imitated the Verſes that ſtand as the Motto of this Paper,

——*She ſwells with angry Pride,*
And calls forth all her Spots on ev'ry ſide.

WHEN I was in the Theatre the time above-mentioned, I had the Curioſity to count the Patches on both Sides, and found the Tory Patches to be about Twenty ſtronger than the Whig; but to make Amends for this ſmall Inequality, I the next Morning found the whole Puppet-ſhow filled with Faces ſpotted after the Whiggiſh manner. Whether or no the Ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their Forces I cannot tell; but the next Night they came in ſo great a Body to the Opera, that they out-numbered the Enemy.

THIS Account of Party-Patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to thoſe who live at a Diſtance from the faſhionable World; but as it is a Diſtinction of a very ſingular Nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a Parallel, I think I ſhould not have diſcharged the Office of a faithful SPECTATOR, had I not recorded it.

I have, in former Papers, endeavoured to expoſe this Party-Rage in Women, as it only ſerves to aggravate the Hatreds and Animoſities that reign among Men, and in a great meaſure deprives the Fair Sex of thoſe peculiar Charms with which Nature has endowed them.

WHEN the *Romans* and *Sabines* were at War, and juſt upon the Point of giving Battel, the Women who were allied to both of them, interpoſed with ſo many Tears and Intreaties, that they prevented the mutual Slaughter which threatned both Parties, and united them together in a firm and laſting Peace.

I would recommend this noble Example to our *Britiſh* Ladies, at a Time when their Country is torn with ſo many unnatural Diviſions, that if they continue, it will

be a Misfortune to be born in it. The *Greeks* thought it ſo improper for Women to intereſt themſelves in Competitions and Contentions, that for this Reaſon, among others, they forbad them, under Pain of Death, to be preſent at the *Olympick* Games, notwithſtanding theſe were the publick Diverſions of all *Greece*.

AS our *Engliſh* Women excel thoſe of all Nations in Beauty, they ſhould endeavour to outſhine them in all other Accompliſhments proper to the Sex, and to diſtinguiſh themſelves as tender Mothers and faithful Wives, rather than as furious Partizans. Female Virtues are of a Domeſtick Turn. The Family is the proper Province for private Women to ſhine in. If they muſt be ſhewing their Zeal for the Publick, let it not be againſt thoſe who are perhaps of the ſame Family, or at leaſt of the ſame Religion or Nation, but againſt thoſe who are the open, profeſſed, undoubted Enemies of their Faith, Liberty, and Country. When the *Romans* were preſſed with a Foreign Enemy, the Ladies voluntarily contributed all their Rings and Jewels to aſſiſt the Government under a publick Exigence, which appeared ſo laudable an Action in the Eyes of their Countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a Law to pronounce publick Orations at the Funeral of a Woman in Praiſe of the deceaſed Perſon, which till that time was peculiar to Men. Would our *Engliſh* Ladies, inſtead of ſticking on a Patch againſt thoſe of their own Country, ſhew themſelves ſo truly Publick-ſpirited as to ſacrifice every one her Necklace againſt the common Enemy, what Decrees ought not to be made in favour of them?

SINCE I am recollecting upon this Subject ſuch Paſſages as occur to my Memory out of ancient Authors, I cannot omit a Sentence in the celebrated Funeral Oration of *Pericles*, which he made in Honour of thoſe brave *Athenians* that were ſlain in a Fight with the *Lacedemonians*. After having addreſſed himſelf to the ſeveral Ranks and Orders of his Countrymen, and ſhewn them how they ſhould behave themſelves in the Publick Cauſe, he turns to the Female Part of his Audience; 'And as 'for you (ſays he) I ſhall adviſe you in very few Words: 'Aſpire only to thoſe Virtues that are peculiar to your 'Sex; follow your natural Modeſty, and think it your 'greateſt

'greateſt Commendation not to be talked of one way or 'other. C

Nº 82. *Monday, June* 4.

——*Caput domina venale ſub haſta.* Juv.

PASSING under *Ludgate* the other Day, I heard a Voice bawling for Charity, which I thought I had ſomewhere heard before. Coming near to the Grate, the Priſoner called me by my Name, and deſired I would throw ſomething into the Box: I was out of Countenance for him, and did as he bid me, by putting in Half-a-Crown. I went away reflecting upon the ſtrange Conſtitution of ſome Men, and how meanly they behave themſelves in all Sorts of Conditions. The Perſon who begged of me is now, as I take it, Fifty: I was well acquainted with him till about the Age of Twenty five; at which time a good Eſtate fell to him by the Death of a Relation. Upon coming to this unexpected good Fortune, he ran into all the Extravagances imaginable; was frequently in drunken Diſputes, broke Drawers-Heads, talked and ſwore loud, was unmannerly to thoſe above him, and inſolent to thoſe below him. I could not but remark, that it was the ſame Baſeneſs of Spirit which worked in his Behaviour in both Fortunes: The ſame little Mind was inſolent in Riches, and ſhameleſs in Poverty. This Accident made me muſe upon the Circumſtance of being in Debt in general, and ſolve in my Mind what Tempers were moſt apt to fall into this Error of Life, as well as the Misfortune it muſt needs be to languiſh under ſuch Preſſures. As for my ſelf, my natural Averſion to that Sort of Converſation which makes a Figure with the generality of Mankind, exempts me from any Temptations to Expence; and all my Buſineſs lies within a very narrow Compaſs, which is only to give an honeſt Man who takes care of my Eſtate proper Vouchers for his quarterly Payments to me, and obſerve what Linnen my Laundreſs brings and takes away with

her once a Week: My Steward brings his Receipt ready for my Signing; and I have a pretty Implement with the reſpective Names of Shirts, Cravats, Handkerchiefs and Stockings, with proper Numbers to know how to reckon with my Laundreſs. This being almoſt all the Buſineſs I have in the World for the Care of my own Affairs, I am at full Leiſure to obſerve upon what others do, with relation to their Equipage and Oeconomy.

WHEN I walk the Street, and obſerve the Hurry about me in this Town,

Where with like Haſte, tho' different Ways, they run;
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone;

I ſay, when I behold this vaſt Variety of Perſons and Humours, with the Pains they both take for the Accompliſhment of the Ends mentioned in the above Verſes of *Denham*, I cannot much wonder at the Endeavour after Gain; but am extreamly aſtoniſhed that Men can be ſo inſenſible of the Danger of running into Debt. One would think it impoſſible a Man who is given to contract Debts ſhould know, that his Creditor has from that Moment in which he tranſgreſſes Payment, ſo much as that Demand comes to in his Debtor's Honour, Liberty and Fortune. One would think he did not know, that his Creditor can ſay the worſt thing imaginable of him, to wit, *That he is unjuſt*, without Defamation; and can ſeize his Perſon, without being guilty of an Aſſault. Yet ſuch is the looſe and abandoned Turn of ſome Mens Minds, that they can live under theſe conſtant Apprehenſions, and ſtill go on to encreaſe the Cauſe of them. Can there be a more low and ſervile Condition, than to be aſhamed, or afraid, to ſee any one Man breathing? Yet he that is much in Debt, is in that Condition with relation to twenty different People. There are indeed Circumſtances wherein Men of honeſt Natures may become liable to Debts, by ſome unadviſed Behaviour in any great Point of their Life, or mortgaging a Man's Honeſty as a Security for that of another, and the like; but theſe Inſtances are ſo particular and circumſtantiated, that they cannot come within general Conſiderations:

For

For one ſuch Caſe as one of theſe, there are ten, where a Man, to keep up a Farce of Retinue and Grandeur within his own Houſe, ſhall ſhrink at the Expectation of ſurly Demands at his Doors. The Debtor is the Creditor's Criminal, and all the Officers of Power and State, whom we behold make ſo great a Figure, are no other than ſo many Perſons in Authority to make good his Charge againſt him. Human Society depends upon his having the Vengeance Law allots him; and the Debtor owes his Liberty to his Neighbour, as much as the Murderer does his Life to his Prince.

OUR Gentry are, generally ſpeaking, in Debt; and many Families have put it into a kind of Method of being ſo from Generation to Generation. The Father mortgages when the Son is very young; and the Boy is to marry as ſoon as he is at Age to redeem it, and find Portions for his Siſters. This, forſooth, is no great Inconvenience to him; for he may wench, keep a publick Table, or feed Dogs, like a worthy *Engliſh* Gentleman, till he has outrun half his Eſtate, and leave the ſame Incumbrance upon his Firſt-born, and ſo on, till one Man of more Vigour than ordinary goes quite through the Eſtate, or ſome Man of Senſe comes into it, and ſcorns to have an Eſtate in Partnerſhip, that is to ſay, liable to the Demand or Inſult of any Man living. There is my Friend Sir ANDREW, tho' for many Years a great and general Trader, was never the Defendant in a Law-Suit, in all the Perplexity of Buſineſs, and the Iniquity of Mankind at preſent: No one had any Colour for the leaſt Complaint againſt his Dealings with him. This is certainly as uncommon, and in its Proportion as laudable in a Citizen, as it is in a General never to have ſuffered a Diſadvantage in Fight. How different from this Gentleman is *Jack Truepenny*, who has been an old Acquaintance of Sir ANDREW and my ſelf from Boys, but could never learn our Caution. *Jack* has a whoriſh unreſiſting good Nature, which makes him incapable of having a Property in any thing. His Fortune, his Reputation, his Time, and his Capacity, are at any Man's Service that comes firſt. When he was at School, he was whipped thrice a Week for Faults he took upon him to excuſe others; ſince he

came into the Buſineſs of the World, he has been arreſted twice or thrice a Year for Debts he had nothing to do with but as Surety for others; and I remember when a Friend of his had ſuffered in the Vice of the Town, all the Phyſick his Friend took was conveyed to him by *Jack*, and inſcribed, 'A Bolus or an Electuary for Mr. *Truepenny*. *Jack* had a good Eſtate left him, which came to nothing; becauſe he believed all who pretended to Demands upon it. This Eaſineſs and Credulity deſtroy all the other Merit he has; and he has all his Life been a Sacrifice to others, without ever receiving Thanks or doing one good Action.

I will end this Diſcourſe with a Speech which I heard *Jack* make to one of his Creditors, (of whom he deſerved gentler Uſage) after lying a whole Night in Cuſtody at his Suit.

SIR,

'YOUR Ingratitude for the many Kindneſſes I have done you, ſhall not make me unthankful for the Good you have done me, in letting me ſee there is ſuch a Man as you in the World. I am obliged to you for the Diffidence I ſhall have all the reſt of my Life: *I ſhall hereafter truſt no Man ſo far as to be in his Debt.* R

N° 83. *Tueſday, June 5.*

——*Animum* pictura *paſcit* inani. Virg.

WHEN the Weather hinders me from taking my Diverſions without Doors, I frequently make a little Party with two or three ſelect Friends, to viſit any thing curious that may be ſeen under Covert. My principal Entertainments of this Nature are Pictures, inſomuch that when I have found the Weather ſet in to be very bad, I have taken a whole Day's Journey to ſee a Gallery that is furniſhed by the Hands of great Maſters. By this means, when the Heavens are filled with Clouds,

Clouds, when the Earth ſwims in Rain, and all Nature wears a lowring Countenance, I withdraw my ſelf from theſe uncomfortable Scenes into the Viſionary Worlds of Art; where I meet with ſhining Landskips, gilded Triumphs, beautiful Faces, and all thoſe other Objects that fill the Mind with gay Ideas, and diſperſe that Gloomineſs which is apt to hang upon it in thoſe dark diſconſolate Seaſons.

I was ſome Weeks ago in a Courſe of theſe Diverſions; which had taken ſuch an entire Poſſeſſion of my Imagination, that they formed in it a ſhort Morning's Dream, which I ſhall communicate to my Reader, rather as the firſt Sketch and Outlines of a Viſion, than as a finiſhed Piece.

I dreamt that I was admitted into a long ſpacious Gallery, which had one Side covered with Pieces of all the famous Painters who are now living, and the other with the Works of the greateſt Maſters that are dead.

ON the Side of the *Living* I ſaw ſeveral Perſons buſie in Drawing, Colouring, and Deſigning; on the Side of the *Dead* Painters I could not diſcover more than one Perſon at Work, who was exceeding ſlow in his Motions, and wonderfully nice in his Touches.

I was reſolved to examine the ſeveral Artiſts that ſtood before me, and accordingly applied my ſelf to the Side of the *Living*. The firſt I obſerved at work in this Part of the Gallery was VANITY, with his Hair tied behind him in a Ribbon, and dreſſed like a *Frenchman*. All the Faces he drew were very remarkable for their Smiles, and a certain ſmirking Air, which he beſtowed indifferently on every Age and Degree of either Sex. The *Toujours Gai* appeared even in his Judges, Biſhops, and Privy Counſellors: In a Word, all his Men were *Petits Maitres*, and all his Women *Coquets*. The Drapery of his Figures was extremly well-ſuited to his Faces, and was made up of all the glaring Colours that could be mixt together; every Part of the Dreſs was in a Flutter, and endeavoured to diſtinguiſh it ſelf above the reſt.

ON the left Hand of VANITY ſtood a laborious Workman, who I found was his humble Admirer, and

copied after him. He was dreſſed like a *German*, and had a very hard Name that ſounded ſomething like STUPIDITY.

THE third Artiſt that I looked over was FANTASQUE dreſſed like a *Venetian* Scaramouch. He had an excellent Hand at *Chimera*, and dealt very much in Diſtortions and Grimaces. He would ſometimes affright himſelf with the Phantoms that flowed from his Pencil. In ſhort, the moſt elaborate of his Pieces was at beſt but a terrifying Dream; and one could ſay nothing more of his fineſt Figures, than that they were agreeable Monſters.

THE fourth Perſon I examined was very remarkable for his haſty Hand, which left his Pictures ſo unfiniſhed, that the Beauty in the Picture (which was deſigned to continue as a Monument of it to Poſterity) faded ſooner than in the Perſon after whom it was drawn. He made ſo much Haſte to diſpatch his Buſineſs, that he neither gave himſelf Time to clean his Pencils, nor mix his Colours. The Name of this expeditious Workman was AVARICE.

NOT far from this Artiſt I ſaw another of a quite different Nature, who was dreſſed in the Habit of a *Dutchman* and known by the Name of INDUSTRY. His Figures were wonderfully laboured: If he drew the Portraiture of a Man, he did not omit a ſingle Hair in his Face; if the Figure of a Ship, there was not a Rope among the Tackle that eſcaped him. He had likewiſe hung a great Part of the Wall with Night-Pieces, that ſeemed to ſhew themſelves by the Candles which were lighted up in ſeveral Parts of them; and were ſo inflamed by the Sun-ſhine which accidentally fell upon them, that at firſt Sight I could ſcarce forbear crying out *Fire*.

THE five foregoing Artiſts were the moſt conſiderable on this Side the Gallery; there were indeed ſeveral others whom I had not Time to look into. One of them however I could not forbear obſerving, who was very buſy in retouching the fineſt Pieces, though he produced no Originals of his own. His Pencil aggravated every Feature that was before over-charged, loaded every Defect, and poiſoned every Colour it touched. Though this Workman did ſo much Miſchief

chief on the Side of the Living, he never turned his Eye towards that of the Dead. His Name was ENVY.

HAVING taken a curſory View of one Side of the Gallery, I turned my ſelf to that which was filled by the Works of thoſe great Maſters that were dead; when immediately I fancied my ſelf ſtanding before a Multitude of Spectators, and thouſands of Eyes looking upon me at once; for all before me appeared ſo like Men and Women, that I almoſt forgot they were Pictures. *Raphael*'s Figures ſtood in one Row, *Titian*'s in another, *Guido Rheni*'s in a third. One part of the Wall was peopled by *Hannibal Carrache*, another by *Correggio*, and another by *Rubens*. To be ſhort, there was not a great Maſter among the Dead who had not contributed to the Embelliſhment of this Side of the Gallery. The Perſons that owed their Being to theſe ſeveral Maſters, appeared all of them to be real and alive, and differed among one another only in the Variety of their Shapes, Complexions, and Cloaths; ſo that they looked like different Nations of the ſame Species.

OBSERVING an old Man (who was the ſame Perſon I before mentioned, as the only Artiſt that was at work on this Side of the Gallery) creeping up and down from one Picture to another, and retouching all the fine Pieces that ſtood before me, I could not but be very attentive to all his Motions. I found his Pencil was ſo very light, that it worked imperceptibly, and after a thouſand Touches ſcarce produced any viſible Effect in the Picture on which he was employed. However, as he buſied himſelf inceſſantly, and repeated Touch after Touch without Reſt or Intermiſſion, he wore off inſenſibly every little diſagreeable Gloſs that hung upon a Figure: He alſo added ſuch a beautiful Brown to the Shades, and Mellowneſs to the Colours, that he made every Picture appear more perfect than when it came freſh from the Maſter's Pencil. I could not forbear looking upon the Face of this ancient Workman, and immediately by the long Lock of Hair upon his Forehead diſcovered him to be TIME.

WHETHER it were becauſe the Thread of my Dream was at an End I cannot tell, but upon my taking a Survey of this imaginary old Man my Sleep left me. C.

Wedneſday,

Nº 84. *Wedneſday, June 6.*

—— Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum Dolopumve aut duri miles Ulyſſei
Temperet a Lachrymis. Virg.

LOOKING over the old Manuſcript wherein the private Actions of *Pharamond* are ſet down by way of Table-book, I found many things which gave me great Delight; and as human Life turns upon the ſame Principles and Paſſions in all Ages, I thought it very proper to take Minutes of what paſſed in that Age, for the Inſtruction of this. The Antiquary who lent me theſe Papers gave me a Character of *Eucrate*, the Favourite of *Pharamond*, extracted from an Author who liv'd in that Court. The Account he gives both of the Prince and this his faithful Friend, will not be improper to inſert here, becauſe I may have Occaſion to mention many of their Converſations, into which theſe Memorials of them may give Light.

'*PHARAMOND*, when he had a mind to retire 'for an Hour or two from the Hurry of Buſineſs and Fatigue of Ceremony, made a Signal to *Eucrate*, by putting his Hand to his Face, placing his Arm negligently 'on a Window, or ſome ſuch Action as appeared indifferent to all the reſt of the Company. Upon ſuch Notice, unobſerved by others, (for their entire Intimacy 'was always a Secret,) *Eucrate* repaired to his own Apartment to receive the King. There was a ſecret Acceſs to this Part of the Court at which *Eucrate* uſed to admit many whoſe mean Appearance in the Eyes of the ordinary Waiters and Door-keepers made them be repulſed from other Parts of the Palace. Such as theſe were let in here by Order of *Eucrate*, and had Audiences of *Pharamond*. This Entrance *Pharamond* called *The Gate of the Unhappy*, and the Tears of the Afflicted who came before him, he would ſay were Bribes received

'ceived by *Eucrate*; for *Eucrate* had the moſt compaſ-
'ſionate Spirit of all Men living, except his generous
'Maſter, who was always kindled at the leaſt Affliction
'which was communicated to him. In the Regard for
'the Miſerable, *Eucrate* took particular Care, that the
'common Forms of Diſtreſs, and the idle Pretenders to
'Sorrow, about Courts, who wanted only Supplies to
'Luxury, ſhould never obtain Favour by his Means:
'But the Diſtreſſes which ariſe from the many inexplica-
'ble Occurrences that happen among Men, the unac-
'countable Alienation of Parents from their Children,
'Cruelty of Husbands to Wives, Poverty occaſioned
'from Shipwreck or Fire, the falling out of Friends,
'or ſuch other terrible Diſaſters to which the Life of
'Man is expoſed; In Caſes of this Nature, *Eucrate* was
'the Patron; and enjoyed this Part of the royal Fa-
'vour ſo much without being envied, that it was never
'enquired into by whoſe Means, what no one elſe
'cared for doing, was brought about.

'ONE Evening when *Pharamond* came into the A-
'partment of *Eucrate*, he found him extremely dejected;
'upon which he aſked (with a Smile which was natural
'to him) "What, is there any one too miſerable to be
"relieved by *Pharamond*, that *Eucrate* is melancholy?
"I fear there is, anſwered the Favourite; a Perſon
"without, of a good Air, well dreſſed, and tho' a Man
"in the Strength of his Life, ſeems to faint under ſome
"inconſolable Calamity: All his Features ſeem ſuffuſed
"with Agony of Mind; but I can obſerve in him, that
"it is more inclined to break away in Tears than Rage.
"I aſked him what he would have; he ſaid he would
"ſpeak to *Pharamond* I deſired his Buſineſs; he could
"hardly ſay to me, *Eucrate* carry me to the King, my
"Story is not to be told twice I fear I ſhall not be able
"to ſpeak it at all. *Pharamond* commanded *Eucrate* to let
'him enter; he did ſo, and the Gentleman approached
'the King with an Air which ſpoke him under the
'greateſt Concern in what Manner to demean himſelf.
'The King, who had a quick Diſcerning, relieved him
'from the Oppreſſion he was under; and with the moſt
'beautiful Complacency ſaid to him, "Sir, do not add
"to that Load of Sorrow I ſee in your Countenance
"the

" the Awe of my Preſence: Think you are ſpeaking to " your Friend; if the Circumſtances of your Diſtreſs " will admit of it, you ſhall find me ſo. To whom the ' Stranger: " Oh excellent *Pharamond*, name not a " Friend to the unfortunate *Spinamont*: I had one but " he is dead by my own Hand; but, oh *Pharamond*, " tho' it was by the Hand of *Spinamont*, it was by the " Guilt of *Pharamond*. I come not, oh excellent Prince, " to implore your Pardon; I come to relate my Sorrow, " a Sorrow too great for human Life to ſupport: From " henceforth ſhall all Occurrences appear Dreams or " ſhort Intervals of Amuſement, from this one Affliction " which has ſeiz'd my very Being. Pardon me, oh " *Pharamond*, if my Griefs give me Leave, that I lay " before you, in the Anguiſh of a wounded Mind, that " you, good as you are, are guilty of the generous Blood " ſpilt this Day by this unhappy Hand: Oh that it had " periſhed before that Inſtant! Here the Stranger pauſ- ' ed, and recollecting his Mind, after ſome little Me- ' ditation, he went on in a calmer Tone and Geſture ' as follows.

" THERE is an Authority due to Diſtreſs, and as " none of humane Race is above the Reach of Sorrow, " none ſhould be above the hearing the Voice of it; I " am ſure *Pharamond* is not. Know then, that I have " this Morning unfortunately killed in a Duel the Man " whom of all Men living I moſt loved. I command " my ſelf too much in your royal Preſence, to ſay *Pha-* " *ramond* give me my Friend! *Pharamond* has taken " him from me! I will not ſay, ſhall the merciful *Pha-* " *ramond* deſtroy his own Subjects? Will the Father " of his Country murder his People? But, the merciful " *Pharamond* does deſtroy his Subjects, the Father of " his Country does murder his People. Fortune is ſo " much the Purſuit of Mankind, that all Glory and Ho- " nour is in the Power of a Prince, becauſe he has the " Diſtribution of their Fortunes. It is therefore the " Inadvertency, Negligence, or Guilt of Princes, to " let any thing grow into Cuſtom which is againſt their " Laws. A Court can make Faſhion and Duty walk " together; it can never, without the Guilt of a " Court, happen, that it ſhall not be unfaſhionable to

" do

" do what is unlawful. But alas! in the Dominions of " *Pharamond*, by the Force of a Tyrant Cuſtom, which " is miſnamed a Point of Honour, the Duelliſt kills his " Friend whom he loves; and the Judge condemns the " Duelliſt, while he approves his Behaviour. Shame is " the greateſt of all Evils; what avail Laws, when " Death only attends the Breach of them, and Shame " Obedience to them? As for me, oh *Pharamond*, were " it poſſible to deſcribe the nameleſs Kinds of Compun- " ctions and Tenderneſſes I feel, when I reflect upon " the little Accidents in our former Familiarity, my " Mind ſwells into Sorrow which cannot be reſiſted e- " nough to be ſilent in the Preſence of *Pharamond*. " With that he fell into a Flood of Tears, and wept a- " loud. " Why ſhould not *Pharamond* hear the Anguiſh " he only can relieve others from in Time to come? " Let him hear from me, what they feel who have given " Death by the falſe Mercy of his Adminiſtration, and " form to himſelf the Vengeance called for by thoſe " who have periſhed by his Negligence. R

N° 85. *Thurſday, June 7.*

Interdum ſpecioſa locis, morataque recte
Fabula nullius Veneris, ſine pondere & Arte,
Valdius oblectat populum, meliuſque moratur,
Quam verſus inopes rerum, nugaque canora. Hor.

IT is the Cuſtom of the *Mahometans*, if they ſee any printed or written Paper upon the Ground, to take it up and lay it aſide carefully, as not knowing but it may contain ſome Piece of their *Alcoran*. I muſt confeſs I have ſo much of the *Muſſulman* in me, that I cannot forbear looking into every printed Paper which comes in my way, under whatſoever deſpicable Circumſtances it may appear: For as no mortal Author, in the ordinary Fate and Viciſſitude of things, knows to what uſe his Works may, ſome time or other, be applied, a Man may often meet with very celebrated Names in a Paper

Paper of Tobacco. I have lighted my Pipe more than once with the Writings of a Prelate; and know a Friend of mine, who, for theſe ſeveral Years, has converted the Eſſays of a Man of Quality into a kind of Fringe for his Candleſticks. I remember in particular, after having read over a Poem of an eminent Author on a Victory, I met with ſeveral Fragments of it upon the next Rejoycing Day, which had been employed in Squibs and Crackers, and by that Means celebrated its Subject in a double Capacity. I once met with a Page of Mr. *Baxter* under a *Chriſtmaſs* Pye. Whether or no the Paſtry-Cook had made uſe of it through Chance or Waggery, for the Defence of that ſuperſtitious *Viande*, I know not; but upon the Peruſal of it, I conceived ſo good an Idea of the Author's Piety, that I bought the whole Book. I have often profited by theſe accidental Readings, and have ſometimes found very curious Pieces, that are either out of Print, or not to be met with in the Shops of our *London* Bookſellers. For this Reaſon, when my Friends take a Survey of my Library, they are very much ſurprized to find, upon the Shelf of Folios, two long Band-boxes ſtanding upright among my Books, till I let them ſee that they are both of them lined with deep Erudition and abſtruſe Literature. I might likewiſe mention a Paper Kite, from which I have received great Improvement; and a Hat-Caſe, which I would not exchange for all the Beavers in *Great Britain*. This my inquiſitive Temper, or rather impertinent Humour of prying into all ſorts of Writing, with my natural Averſion to Loquacity, give me a good deal of Employment when I enter any Houſe in the Country; for I can't for my Heart leave a Room, before I have thoroughly ſtudied the Walls of it, and examined the ſeveral printed Papers which are uſually paſted upon them. The laſt Piece that I met with upon this Occaſion gave me a moſt exquiſite Pleaſure. My Reader will think I am not ſerious, when I acquaint him that the Piece I am going to ſpeak of was the old Ballad of the *Two Children in the Wood*, which is one of the darling Songs of the common People, and has been the Delight of moſt *Engliſhmen* in ſome Part of their Age.

THIS

THIS Song is a plain ſimple Copy of Nature, deſtitute of all the Helps and Ornaments of Art. The Tale of it is a pretty tragical Story, and pleaſes for no other Reaſon but becauſe it is a Copy of Nature. There is even a deſpicable Simplicity in the Verſe; and yet, becauſe the Sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the Mind of the moſt polite Reader with inward Meltings of Humanity and Compaſſion. The Incidents grow out of the Subject, and are ſuch as are the moſt proper to excite Pity; for which Reaſon the whole Narration has ſomething in it very moving, notwithſtanding the Author of it (whoever he was) has deliver'd it in ſuch an abject Phraſe and Poorneſs of Expreſſion, that the quoting any Part of it would look like a Deſign of turning it into Ridicule. But though the Language is mean, the Thoughts, as I have before ſaid, from one End to the other are natural, and therefore cannot fail to pleaſe thoſe who are not Judges of Language, or thoſe who, notwithſtanding they are Judges of Language, have a true and unprejudiced Taſte of Nature. The Condition, Speech, and Behaviour of the dying Parents, with the Age, Innocence, and Diſtreſs of the Children, are ſet forth in ſuch tender Circumſtances, that it is impoſſible for a Reader of common Humanity not to be affected with them. As for the Circumſtance of the *Robin-red breaſt*, it is indeed a little poetical Ornament; and to ſhew the Genius of the Author amidſt all his Simplicity, it is juſt the ſame kind of Fiction which one of the greateſt of the *Latin* Poets has made uſe of upon a parallel Occaſion; I mean that Paſſage in *Horace*, where he deſcribes himſelf when he was a Child, fallen aſleep in a deſart Wood, and covered with Leaves by the Turtles that took pity on him.

Me fabuloſa Vulture in Appulo,
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque ſomno
Fronde novâ puerum palumbes
Texere ——

I have heard that the late Lord *Dorſet*, who had the greateſt Wit tempered with the greateſt Candour, and was one of the fineſt Criticks as well as the beſt Poets,

of

of his Age, had a numerous Collection of old *Engliſh* Ballads, and took a particular Pleaſure in the reading of them. I can affirm the ſame of Mr. *Dryden*, and know ſeveral of the moſt refined Writers of our preſent Age who are of the ſame Humour.

I might likewiſe refer my Reader to *Moliere*'s Thoughts on this Subject, as he has expreſſed them in the Character of the *Miſanthrope*; but thoſe only who are endowed with a true Greatneſs of Soul and Genius, can diveſt themſelves of the little Images of Ridicule, and admire Nature in her Simplicity and Nakedneſs. As for the little conceited Wits of the Age, who can only ſhew their Judgment by finding Fault, they cannot be ſuppoſed to admire theſe Productions which have nothing to recommend them but the Beauties of Nature, when they do not know how to reliſh even thoſe Compoſitions that, with all the Beauties of Nature, have alſo the additional Advantages of Art. L

N° 86. *Friday, June* 8.

Heu quam difficile eſt crimen non prodere vultu! Ovid.

THERE are ſeveral Arts which all Men are in ſome Meaſure Maſters of, without having been at the Pains of learning them. Every one that ſpeaks or reaſons is a Grammarian and a Logician, tho' he may be wholly unacquainted with the Rules of Grammar or Logick, as they are delivered in Books and Syſtems. In the ſame Manner, every one is in ſome Degree a Maſter of that Art which is generally diſtinguiſhed by the Name of Phiſiognomy; and naturally forms to himſelf the Character or Fortune of a Stranger, from the Features and Lineaments of his Face. We are no ſooner preſented to any one we never ſaw before, but we are immediately ſtruck with the Idea of a proud, a reſerved, an affable, or a good-natured Man; and upon our firſt going into a Company of Strangers, our Benevolence or Averſion, Awe or Contempt, riſes naturally

turally towards ſeveral particular Perſons, before we have heard them ſpeak a ſingle Word, or ſo much as know who they are.

EVERY Paſſion gives a particular Caſt to the Countenance, and is apt to diſcover it ſelf in ſome Feature or other. I have ſeen an Eye curſe for Half an Hour together, and an Eye-brow call a Man Scoundrel. Nothing is more common than for Lovers to complain, reſent, languiſh, deſpair, and die, in dumb Show. For my own Part, I am ſo apt to frame a Notion of every Man's Humour or Circumſtances by his Looks, that I have ſometimes employed my ſelf from *Charing-Croſs* to the *Royal-Exchange* in drawing the Characters of thoſe who have paſſed by me. When I ſee a Man with a four rivell'd Face, I cannot forbear pitying his Wife; and when I meet with an open ingenuous Countenance, think on the Happineſs of his Friends, his Family, and Relations.

I cannot recollect the Author of a famous Saying to a Stranger who ſtood ſilent in his Company, *Speak that I may ſee thee:* But with Submiſſion, I think we may be better known by our Looks than by our Words, and that a Man's Speech is much more eaſily diſguiſed than his Countenance. In this Caſe however, I think the Air of the whole Face is much more expreſſive than the Lines of it: The Truth of it is, the Air is generally nothing elſe but the inward Diſpoſition of the Mind made viſible.

THOSE who have eſtabliſhed Phyſiognomy into an Art, and laid down Rules of judging Mens Tempers by their Faces, have regarded the Features much more than the Air. *Martial* has a pretty Epigram on this Subject.

Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine laſus;
Rem magnam praſtas, Zoile, ſi bonus es.

Thy Beard and Head are of a different Die;
Short of one Foot, diſtorted in an Eye:
With all theſe Tokens of a Knave compleat,
Should'ſt thou be honeſt, thou'rt a dev'liſh Cheat.

I have ſeen a very ingenious Author on this Subject, who founds his Speculations on the Suppoſition, That as a Man hath in the Mould of his Face a remote Likeneſs

to

to that of an Ox, a Sheep, a Lion, an Hog, or any other Creature; he hath the ſame Reſemblance in the Frame of his Mind, and is ſubject to thoſe Paſſions which are predominant in the Creature that appears in his Countenance. Accordingly he gives the Prints of ſeveral Faces that are of a different Mould, and by a little overcharging the Likeneſs, diſcovers the Figures of theſe ſeveral Kinds of brutal Faces in human Features. I remember in the Life of the famous Prince of *Conde* the Writer obſerves, the Face of that Prince was like the Face of an Eagle, and that the Prince was very well pleaſed to be told ſo. In this Caſe therefore we may be ſure, that he had in his Mind ſome general implicit Notion of this Art of Phyſiognomy which I have juſt now mentioned; and that when his Courtiers told him his Face was made like an Eagle's, he underſtood them in the ſame Manner as if they had told him, there was ſomething in his Looks which ſhewed him to be ſtrong, active, piercing, and of a royal Deſcent. Whether or no the different Motions of the animal Spirits in different Paſſions, may have any Effect on the Mould of the Face when the Lineaments are pliable and tender, or whether the ſame kind of Soul's require the ſame kind of Habitations, I ſhall leave to the Conſideration of the Curious. In the mean Time I think nothing can be more glorious than for a Man to give the Lie to his Face, and to be an honeſt, juſt, good-natured Man, in ſpite of all thoſe Marks and Signatures which Nature ſeems to have ſet upon him for the Contrary. This very often happens among thoſe, who inſtead of being exaſperated by their own Looks, or envying the Looks of others, apply themſelves entirely to the cultivating of their Minds, and getting thoſe Beauties which are more laſting and more ornamental. I have ſeen many an amiable Piece of Deformity; and have obſerved a certain Chearfulneſs in as bad a Syſtem of Features as ever was clap'd together, which hath appeared more lovely than all the blooming Charms of an inſolent Beauty. There is a double Praiſe due to Virtue, when it is lodged in a Body that ſeems to have been prepared for the Reception of Vice; in many ſuch Caſes the Soul and the Body do not ſeem to be Fellows.

SOCRA-

SOCRATES was an extraordinary Inſtance of this Nature. There chanced to be a great Phyſiognomiſt in his Time at *Athens*, who had made ſtrange Diſcoveries of Mens Tempers and Inclinations by their outward Appearances. *Socrates*'s Diſciples, that they might put this Artiſt to the Trial, carried him to their Maſter, whom he had never ſeen before, and did not know he was then in Company with him. After a ſhort Examination of his Face, the Phyſiognomiſt pronounced him the moſt lewd, libidinous, drunken old Fellow that he had ever met with in his whole Life. Upon which the Diſciples all burſt out a laughing, as thinking they had detected the Falſhood and Vanity of his Art: But *Socrates* told them, that the Principles of his Art might be very true, notwithſtanding his preſent Miſtake; for that he himſelf was naturally inclined to thoſe particular Vices which the Phyſiognomiſt had diſcovered in his Countenance, but that he had conquered the ſtrong Diſpoſitions he was born with by the Dictates of Philoſophy.

WE are indeed told by an ancient Author, that *Socrates* very much reſembled *Silenus* in his Face; which we find to have been very rightly obſerved from the Statues and Buſts of both, that are ſtill extant; as well as on ſeveral antique Seals and precious Stones, which are frequently enough to be met with in the Cabinets of the Curious. But however Obſervations of this Nature may ſometimes hold, a wiſe Man ſhould be particularly cautious how he gives Credit to a Man's outward Appearance. It is an irreparable Injuſtice we are guilty of towards one another, when we are prejudiced by the Looks and Features of thoſe whom we do not know. How often do we conceive Hatred againſt a Perſon of Worth, or fancy a Man to be proud and ill-natured by his Aſpect, whom we think we cannot eſteem too much when we are acquainted with his real Character? Dr. *Moore*, in his admirable Syſtem of Ethicks, reckons this particular Inclination to take a Prejudice againſt a Man for his Looks, among the ſmaller Vices in Morality, and, if I remember, gives it the Name of a *Proſopolepſia*.

N° 87. *Saturday, June* 9.

——*Nimium ne crede colori.* Virg.

IT has been the Purpoſe of ſeveral of my Speculations to bring People to an unconcerned Behaviour, with relation to their Perſons, whether beautiful or defective. As the Secrets of the Ugly Club were expoſed to the Publick, that Men might ſee there were ſome noble Spirits in the Age, who were not at all diſpleaſed with themſelves upon Conſiderations which they had no choice in; ſo the Diſcourſe concerning *Idols* tended to leſſen the Value People put upon themſelves from perſonal Advantages and Gifts of Nature. As to the latter Species of Mankind, the Beauties, whether Male or Female; they are generally the moſt untractable People of all others. You are ſo exceſſively perplexed with the Particularities in their Behaviour, that, to be at Eaſe, one would be apt to wiſh there were no ſuch Creatures. They expect ſo great Allowances, and give ſo little to others, that they who have to do with them find in the Main, a Man with a better Perſon than ordinary, and a beautiful Woman, might be very happily changed for ſuch to whom Nature has been leſs liberal. The handſome Fellow is uſually ſo much a Gentleman, and the fine Woman has ſomething ſo becoming that there is no enduring either of them. It has therefore been generally my Choice to mix with chearful ugly Creatures, rather than Gentlemen who are graceful enough to omit or do what they pleaſe; or Beauties who have Charms enough to do and ſay what would be diſobling in any but themſelves.

DIFFIDENCE and Preſumption, upon account of our Perſons, are equally Faults; and both ariſe from the want of knowing or rather endeavouring to know, our ſelves, and for what we ought to be valued or neglected. But indeed, I did not imagine theſe little Conſiderations and Coquetries could have the ill Conſequence

as

as I find they have by the following Letters of my Correſpondents, where it ſeems Beauty is thrown into the Accompt, in Matters of Sale, to thoſe who receive no Favour from the Charmers.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *June* 4.

'AFTER I have aſſured you I am in every reſpect 'one of the handſomeſt young Girls about Town-- 'I need be particular in nothing but the Make of my 'Face, which has the Misfortune to be exactly Oval. 'This I take to proceed from a Temper that naturally 'inclines me both to ſpeak and to hear.

'WITH this Account you may wonder how I can 'have the Vanity to offer my ſelf as a Candidate, which 'I now do, to a Society, where the SPECTATOR and '*Hecatiſſa* have been admitted with ſo much Ap-'plauſe. I don't want to be put in mind how very 'defective I am in every thing that is ugly; I am too 'ſenſible of my own Unworthineſs in this Particular, 'and therefore I only propoſe my ſelf as a Foil to the 'Club.

'YOU ſee how honeſt I have been to confeſs all 'my Imperfections, which is a great deal to come from 'a Woman, and what, I hope, you will encourage with 'the Favour of your Intereſt.

'THERE can be no Objection made on the Side of 'the matchleſs *Hecatiſſa*, ſince it is certain I ſhall be in 'no Danger of giving her the leaſt Occaſion of Jealouſy: 'And then, a Joint-Stool in the very loweſt Place at 'the Table, is all the Honour that is coveted by

Your moſt Humble

and Obedient Servant,

ROSALINDA.

P. S. I have ſacrificed my Necklace to put into the 'Publick Lottery againſt the Common Enemy. And 'laſt *Saturday*, about Three a Clock in the Afternoon, 'I began to patch indifferently on both Sides of my 'Face.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *London, June* 7, 1711.

'UPON reading your late Diſſertation concerning '*Idols*, I cannot but complain to you that there 'are, in ſix or ſeven Places of this City, Coffee-houſes 'kept by Perſons of that Siſterhood. Theſe *Idols* ſit and 'receive all Day long the Adoration of the Youth within 'ſuch and ſuch Diſtricts: I know in particular, Goods are 'not entered as they ought to be at the Cuſtom-houſe, 'nor Law-Reports peruſed at the Temple; by reaſon of 'one Beauty who detains the young Merchants too long 'near Change, and another Fair one who keeps the 'Students at her Houſe when they ſhould be at Study. 'It would be worth your while to ſee how the Idola-'ters alternately offer Incenſe to their *Idols*, and what 'Heart-burnings ariſe in thoſe who wait for their Turn 'to receive kind Aſpects from thoſe little Thrones, 'which all the Company, but theſe Lovers, call the Bars. 'I ſaw a Gentleman turn as pale as Aſhes, becauſe an '*Idol* turned the Sugar in a Tea-Diſh for his Rival, and 'careleſly called the Boy to ſerve him, with a *Sirrah! Why don't you give the Gentleman the Box to pleaſe him-ſelf?* Certain it is, that a very hopeful young Man 'was taken with Leads in his Pockets below Bridge, 'where he intended to drown himſelf, becauſe his *Idol* 'would waſh the Diſh in which ſhe had but juſt drank 'Tea, before ſhe would let him uſe it.

'I am, Sir, a Perſon paſt being Amorous, and do not 'give this Information out of Envy or Jealouſie, but I 'am a real Sufferer by it. Theſe Lovers take any thing 'for Tea and Coffee; I ſaw one Yeſterday ſurfeit to 'make his Court; and all his Rivals, at the ſame time, 'loud in the Commendation of Liquors that went a-'gainſt every Body in the Room that was not in Love. 'While theſe young Fellows reſign their Stomachs 'with their Hearts, and drink at the *Idol* in this man-'ner, we who come to do Buſineſs, or talk Politicks, 'are utterly poiſoned: They have alſo Drams for 'thoſe who are more enamoured than ordinary; 'and it is very common for ſuch as are too low in 'Conſtitution to ogle the *Idol* upon the Strength 'of Tea, to fluſter themſelves with warmer Li-

'quors;

'quors: Thus all Pretenders advance, as faſt as they 'can, to a Feaver or a Diabetes. I muſt repeat to you, 'that I do not look with an evil Eye upon the Profit 'of the *Idols*, or the Diverſions of the Lovers; what I 'hope from this Remonſtrance, is only that we plain 'People may not be ſerved as if we were Idolaters; 'but that from the time of Publiſhing this in your 'Paper, the *Idols* would mix Ratsbane only for their 'Admirers, and take more Care of us who don't love 'them. I am,

SIR, Yours,

R T. T.

N° 88. *Monday, June* 11.

Quid Domini facient, audent cum talia Fures? Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *May* 30, 1711.

'I Have no ſmall Value for your Endeavours to lay 'before the World what may eſcape their Obſer- 'vation, and yet highly conduces to their Ser- 'vice. You have, I think, ſucceeded very well on ma- 'ny Subjects; and ſeem to have been converſant in ve- 'ry different Scenes of Life. But in the Conſiderations 'of Mankind, as a SPECTATOR, you ſhould not 'omit Circumſtances which relate to the inferior Part of 'the World, any more than thoſe which concern the 'greater. There is one thing in particular which I won- 'der you have not touched upon, and that is the ge- 'neral Corruption of Manners in the Servants of '*Great Britain*. I am a Man that have travelled and 'ſeen many Nations, but have for ſeven Years laſt paſt 'reſided conſtantly in *London*, or within twenty Miles 'of it: In this Time I have contracted a numerous 'Acquaintance among the beſt Sort of People, and 'have hardly found one of them happy in their Ser- 'vants. This is Matter of great Aſtoniſhment to Fo- 'reigners and all ſuch as have viſited foreign Coun- 'tries; eſpecially ſince we cannot but obſerve, That

'there is no Part of the World where Servants have 'thoſe Privileges and Advantages as in *England*: They 'have no where elſe ſuch plentiful Diet, large Wages, 'or indulgent Liberty: There is no Place wherein 'they labour leſs, and yet where they are ſo little re-'ſpectful, more waſteful, more negligent, or where 'they ſo frequently change their Maſters. To this I 'attribute, in a great meaſure, the frequent Robberies 'and Loſſes which we ſuffer on the high Road and in 'our own Houſes. That indeed which gives me the 'preſent Thought of this kind, is, that a careleſs Groom 'of mine has ſpoiled me the prettieſt Pad in the World 'with only riding him ten Miles; and I aſſure you, if 'I were to make a Regiſter of all the Horſes I have 'known thus abuſed by Negligence of Servants, the 'Number would mount a Regiment. I wiſh you 'would give us your Obſervations, that we may know 'how to treat theſe Rogues, or that we Maſters may 'enter into Meaſures to reform them. Pray give us 'a Speculation in general about Servants, and you 'make me

Yours,

Philo-Britannicus.

'*P. S.* PRAY do not omit the Mention of Grooms 'in particular.

THIS honeſt Gentleman, who is ſo deſirous that I ſhould write a Satyr upon Grooms, has a great deal of Reaſon for his Reſentment; and I know no Evil which touches all Mankind ſo much as this of the Behaviour of Servants.

THE Complaint of this Letter runs wholly upon Men-Servants: and I can attribute the Licentiouſneſs which has at preſent prevailed among them, to nothing but what an hundred before me have aſcribed it to, The Cuſtom of giving Board-Wages: This one Inſtance of falſe Oeconomy is ſufficient to debauch the whole Nation of Servants, and makes them as it were but for ſome Part of their Time in that Quality. They are either attending in Places where they meet and run into Clubs, or elſe, if they wait at Taverns, they eat after

after their Maſters, and reſerve their Wages for other Occaſions. From hence it ariſes, That they are but in a lower Degree what their Maſters themſelves are; and uſually affect an Imitation of their Manners: And you have in Liveries, Beaux, Fops, and Coxcombs, in as high Perfection as among People that keep Equipages. It is a common Humour among the Retinue of People of Quality, when they are in their Revels, that is when they are out of their Maſters Sight, to aſſume in an humourous Way the Names and Titles of thoſe whoſe Liveries they wear. By which means Characters and Diſtinctions become ſo familiar to them, that it is to this, among other Cauſes, one may impute a certain Inſolence among our Servants, that they take no Notice of any Gentleman though they know him ever ſo well, except he is an Acquaintance of their Maſters.

MY Obſcurity and Taciturnity leave me at Liberty, without Scandal to dine, if I think fit, at a common Ordinary, in the meaneſt as well as the moſt ſumptuous Houſe of Entertainment. Falling in the other Day at a Victualling-Houſe near the Houſe of Peers, I heard the Maid come down and tell the Landlady at the Bar, That my Lord Biſhop ſwore he would throw her out at Window if ſhe did not bring up more Mild-Beer, and that my Lord Duke would have a double Mug of Purle. My Surprize was encreaſed, in hearing loud and ruſtick Voices ſpeak and anſwer to each other upon the publick Affairs, by the Names of the moſt Illuſtrious of our Nobility; till of a ſudden one came running in, and cryed the Houſe was riſing. Down came all the Company together, and away: The Ale-Houſe was immediately filled with Clamour, and ſcoring one Mug to the Marquiſs of ſuch a Place, Oyl and Vinegar to ſuch an Earl, three Quarts to my new Lord for wetting his Title, and ſo forth. It is a Thing too notorious to mention the Crowds of Servants, and their Inſolence, near the Courts of Juſtice, and the Stairs towards the Supreme Aſſembly, where there is an univerſal Mockery of all Order, ſuch riotous Clamour and licentious Confuſion that one would think the whole Nation lived in Jeſt, and there were no ſuch thing as Rule and Diſtinction among us.

THE next Place of Reſort, wherein the ſervile World are let looſe, is at the Entrance of *Hide-Park*, while the Gentry are at the Ring. Hither People bring their Lacqueys out of State, and here it is that all they ſay at their Tables, and act in their Houſes, is communicated to the whole Town. There are Men of Wit in all Conditions of Life; and mixing with theſe People at their Diverſions, I have heard Coquets and Prudes as well rallied, and Inſolence and Pride expoſed, (allowing for want of Education) with as much Humour and good Senſe, as in the politeſt Companies. It is a general Obſervation, That all Dependants run in ſome meaſure into the Manners and Behaviour of thoſe whom they ſerve: You ſhall frequently meet with Lovers and Men of Intrigue among the Lacqueys as well as at *White's* or in the Side-Boxes. I remember ſome Years ago an Inſtance of this Kind. A Footman to a Captain of the Guard uſed frequently, when his Maſter was out of the Way, to carry on Amours and make Aſſignations in his Maſter's Cloaths. The Fellow had a very good Perſon, and there are very many Women that think no further than the Outſide of a Gentleman; beſides which, he was almoſt as learned a Man as the Collonel himſelf: I ſay, thus qualified, the Fellow could ſcrawl *Billets doux* ſo well, and furniſh a Converſation on the common Topicks, that he had, as they call it, a great deal of good Buſineſs on his Hands. It happened one Day, that coming down a Tavern-Stairs in his Maſter's fine Guard-Coat, with a well-dreſſed Woman masked, he met the Collonel coming up with other Company; but with a ready Aſſurance he quitted his Lady, came up to him, and ſaid, *Sir, I know you have too much Reſpect for your ſelf to cane me in this honourable Habit: But you ſee there is a Lady in the Caſe, and I hope on that Score alſo you will put off your Anger till I have told you all another time.* After a little Pauſe the Collonel cleared up his Countenance, and with an Air of Familiarity whiſpered his Man apart, *Sirrah, bring the Lady with you to ask Pardon for you*; then aloud, *Look to it* Will, *I'll never forgive you elſe.* The Fellow went back to his Miſtreſs, and telling her with a loud Voice and an Oath, That was the honeſteſt Fellow in the World, conveyed her to an Hackney-Coach.

BUT

BUT the many Irregularities committed by Servants in the Places above-mentioned, as well as in the Theatres of which Maſters are generally the Occaſions, are too various not to need being reſumed on another Occaſion. R

N° 89. *Tueſday, June* 12.

——Petite hinc juveneſque ſeneſque
Finem animo certum, miſeriſque viatica canis.
Cras hoc fiet. Idem cras fiet. Quid? quaſi magnum
Nempe diem donas; ſed cum lux altera venit,
Jam cras heſternum conſumpſimus; ecce aliud cras
Egerit hos annos, & ſemper paulumerit ultra.
Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone ſub uno
Vertentem ſeſe fruſtra ſectabere canthum. Per.

AS my Correſpondents upon the Subject of Love are very numerous, it is my Deſign, if poſſible, to range them under ſeveral Heads, and addreſs myſelf to them at different Times. The firſt Branch of them, to whoſe Service I ſhall dedicate this Paper, are thoſe that have to do with Women of dilatory Tempers, who are for ſpinning out the Time of Courtſhip to an immoderate Length, without being able either to cloſe with their Lovers, or to diſmiſs them. I have many Letters by me filed with Complaints againſt this ſort of Women. In one of them no leſs a Man than a Brother of the Coiff tells me, that he began his Suit *Viceſſimo nono Caroli ſecundi*, before he had been a Twelve-month at the *Temple*; that he proſecuted it for many Years after he was called to the Bar; that at preſent he is a Serjeant at Law; and notwithſtanding he hoped that Matters would have been long ſince brought to an Iſſue, the Fair One ſtill *demurrs*. I am ſo well pleaſed with this Gentleman's Phraſe, that I ſhall diſtinguiſh this Sect of Women by the Title of *Demurrers*. I find by another Letter from one who calls himſelf *Thirſis*, that his Miſtreſs has been demurring above theſe ſeven Years. But among

all my Plaintiffs of this Nature, I moſt pity the unfortunate *Philander*, a Man of a conſtant Paſſion and plentiful Fortune, who ſets forth that the timorous and irreſolute *Sylvia* has demurred till ſhe is paſt Child bearing. *Strephon* appears by his Letter to be a very cholerick Lover, and irrevocably ſmitten with one that demurs out of Self-Intereſt. He tells me with great Paſſion that ſhe has bubbled him out of his Youth; that ſhe drilled him on to five and fifty, and that he verily believes ſhe will drop him in his old Age if ſhe can find her Account in another. I ſhall conclude this Narrative with a Letter from honeſt SAM. HOPEWELL a very pleaſant Fellow, who it ſeems has at laſt married a *Demurrer*: I muſt only premiſe, that SAM. who is a very good Bottle-Companion, has been the Diverſion of his Friends, upon account of his Paſſion, ever ſince the Year One thouſand ſix hundred and eighty one.

Dear Sir,

'YOU know very well my Paſſion for Mrs. *Martha*, 'and what a Dance ſhe has led me: She took 'me out at the Age of Two and twenty, and dodged 'with me above Thirty Years. I have loved her till ſhe is 'grown as gray as a Cat, and am with much ado become 'the Maſter of her Perſon, ſuch as it is at preſent. She 'is however in my Eye a very charming old Woman. 'We often lament that we did not marry ſooner, but 'ſhe has no body to blame for it but her ſelf: You know 'very well that ſhe would never think of me whilſt ſhe 'had a Tooth in her Head. I have put the Date of my 'Paſſion (*Anno Amoris Trigeſſimo primo*) inſtead of a Poſy, on my Wedding-Ring. I expect you ſhould ſend 'me a Congratulatory Letter, or, if you pleaſe, an '*Epithalamium*, upon this Occaſion.

Mrs. Martha's *and Yours eternally,*

SAM. HOPEWELL.

IN order to baniſh an Evil out of the World, that does not only produce great Uneaſineſs to private Perſons, but has alſo a very bad Influence on the Publick, I ſhall endeavour to ſhew the Folly of *Demurring* from two

two or three Reflections, which I earneſtly recommend to the Thoughts of my fair Readers.

FIRST of all I would have them ſeriouſly think on the Shortneſs of their Time. Life is not long enough for a Coquet to play all her Tricks in. A timorous Woman drops into her Grave before ſhe has done deliberating. Were the Age of Man the ſame that it was before the Flood, a Lady might ſacrifice half a Century to a Scruple, and be two or three Ages in demurring. Had ſhe Nine hundred Years good, ſhe might hold out to the Converſion of the *Jews* before ſhe thought fit be prevailed upon. But, alas! ſhe ought to play her Part in haſte, when ſhe conſiders that ſhe is ſuddenly to quit the Stage, and make Room for others.

IN the ſecond Place, I would deſire my Female Readers to conſider, that as the Term of Life is ſhort, that of Beauty is much ſhorter. The fineſt Skin wrinkles in a few Years, and loſes the Strength of its Colouring ſo ſoon, that we have ſcarce Time to admire it. I might embelliſh this Subject with Roſes and Rain-bows, and ſeveral other ingenious Conceits, which I may poſſibly reſerve for other Opportunity.

THERE is a third Conſideration which I would likewiſe recommend to a Demurrer, and that is the great Danger of her falling in Love when ſhe is about Threeſcore, if ſhe cannot ſatisfie her Doubts and Scruples before that Time. There is a kind of *latter Spring*, that ſometimes gets into the Blood of an old Woman, and turns her into a very odd ſort of an Animal. I would therefore have the Demurrer conſider what a ſtrange Figure ſhe will make, if ſhe chances to get over all Difficulties, and comes to a final Reſolution, in that unſeaſonable Part of her Life.

I would not however be underſtood, by any thing I have here ſaid, to diſcourage that natural Modeſty in the Sex, which renders a Retreat from the firſt Approaches of a Lover both faſhionable and graceful: All that I intend, is, to adviſe them, when they are prompted by Reaſon and Inclination, to demurr only out of Form, and ſo far as Decency requires. A virtuous Woman ſhould reject the firſt Offer of Marriage, as a good Man does that of a Biſhoprick; but I would adviſe neither

the one nor the other to perſiſt in refuſing what they ſecretly approve. I would in this Particular propoſe the Example of *Eve* to all her Daughters, as *Milton* has repreſented her in the following Paſſage, which I cannot forbear tranſcribing entire, tho' only the twelve laſt Lines are to my preſent Purpoſe.

THE Rib he form'd and faſhion'd with his Hands;
Under his forming Hands a Creature grew,
Manlike, but diff'rent Sex, ſo lovely fair,
That what ſeem'd fair in all the World ſeem'd now
Mean or in her ſumm'd up in her contain'd;
And in her Looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my Heart unfelt before,
And into all things from her Aire inſpir'd
The Spirit of Love and amorous Delight.
SHE diſappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her Loſs, and other Pleaſures all abjure:
When out of Hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I ſaw her in my Dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could beſtow
To make her amiable. On ſhe came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unſeen,
And guided by his Voice nor uninform'd
Of nuptial Sanctity and Marriage Rites:
Grace was in all her Steps Heav'n in her Eye,
In every Geſture Dignity and Love.
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.
THIS Turn hath made Amends; thou haſt fulfill'd
Thy Words Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but faireſt this
Of all thy Gifts nor enviеſt. I now ſee
Bone of my Bone, Fleſh of my Fleſh, my Self . . . .
SHE heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought,
Yet Innocence and Virgin Modeſty
Her Virtue and the Conſcience of her Worth,
That would be woo'd and not unſought be won,
Not obvious, not obtruſive, but retir'd
The more deſirable, or to ſay all,
Nature her ſelf though pure of ſinful Thought,
Wrought in her ſo, that ſeeing me ſhe turn'd;

I

I follow'd her: She what was Honour knew,
And with obſequious Majeſty approv'd
My pleaded Reaſon. To the nuptial Bow'r
I led her bluſhing like the Morn ——— L.

N° 90. *Wedneſday, June* 13.

——*Magnus ſine viribus Ignis*
Incaſſum furit —— Virg.

THERE is not, in my Opinion, a Conſideration more effectual to exſtinguiſh inordinate Deſires in the Soul of Man, than the Notions of *Plato* and his Followers upon that Subject. They tell us, that every Paſſion which has been contracted by the Soul during her Reſidence in the Body, remains with her in her ſeparate State; and that the Soul in the Body, or out of the Body, differs no more than the Man does from himſelf when he is in his Houſe, or in open Air. When therefore the obſcene Paſſions in particular have once taken Root, and ſpread themſelves in the Soul, they cleave to her inſeparably, and remain in her for ever after the Body is caſt off and thrown aſide. As an Argument to confirm this their Doctrine they obſerve, that a lewd Youth who goes on in a continued Courſe of Voluptuouſneſs, advances by Degrees into a libidinous old Man; and that the Paſſion ſurvives in the Mind when it is altogether dead in the Body; nay, that the Deſire grows more violent, and (like all other Habits) gathers Strength by Age, at the ſame time that it has no Power of executing its own Purpoſes. If, ſay they, the Soul is the moſt ſubject to theſe Paſſions at a Time when it has the leaſt Inſtigation from the Body, we may well ſuppoſe ſhe will ſtill retain them when ſhe is entirely diveſted of it. The very Subſtance of the Soul is feſtered with them; the Gangrene is gone too far to be ever cured; the Inflammation will rage to all Eternity.

IN this therefore (ſay the *Platoniſts*) conſiſts the Puniſhment of a voluptuous Man after Death: He is tormented with Deſires which it is impoſſible for him to gratifie, ſollicited by a Paſſion that has neither Objects nor Organs adapted to it: He lives in a State of invincible Deſire and Impotence and always burns in the Purſuit of what he always deſpairs to poſſeſs. It is for this Reaſon (ſays *Plato*) that the Souls of the Dead appear frequently in Cœmiteries, and hover about the Places where their Bodies are buried, as ſtill hankering after their old brutal Pleaſures, and deſiring again to enter the Body that gave them an Opportunity of fulfilling them.

SOME of our moſt eminent Divines have made uſe of this *Platonick* Notion, ſo far as it regards the Subſiſtence of our Paſſions after Death, with great Beauty and Strength of Reaſon. *Plato* indeed carries his Thought very far, when he grafts it upon it his Opinion of Ghoſts appearing in Places of Burial. Though, I muſt confeſs, if one did believe that the departed Souls of Men and Women wandered up and down theſe lower Regions and entertained themſelves with the Sight of their Species, one could not deviſe a more proper Hell for an impure Spirit than that which *Plato* has touched upon.

THE Ancients ſeem to have drawn ſuch a State of Torments in the Deſcription of *Tantalus*, who was puniſhed with the Rage of an eternal Thirſt, and ſet up to the Chin in Water that fled from his Lips whenever he attempted to drink it.

VIRGIL who has caſt the whole Syſtem of *Platonick* Philoſophy, ſo far as it relates to the Soul of Man, into beautiful Allegories; in the ſixth Book of his *Æneid* give us the Puniſhment of a Voluptuary after Death, not unlike that which we are here ſpeaking of.

—— Lucent genialibus altis
Aurea fulcra toris epulæque ante ora parata
Regifico luxu; Furiarum maxima juxta
Accubat, & manibus prohibet contingere menſas;
Exurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.

They lie below on Golden Beds diſplay'd,
And genial Feaſts with regal Pomp are made.

The

The Queen of Furies by their Side is ſet.
And ſnatches from their Mouths th' untaſted Meat;
Which if they touch, her hiſſing Snakes ſhe rears,
Toſſing her Torch, and thund'ring in their Ears. Dryd

THAT I may a little alleviate the Severity of this my Speculation (which otherwiſe may loſe me ſeveral of my polite Readers) I ſhall tranſlate a Story that has been quoted upon another Occaſion by one of the moſt learned Men of the preſent Age, as I find it in the Original. The Reader will ſee it is not foreign to my preſent Subject, and I dare ſay will think it a lively Repreſentation of a Perſon lying under the Torments of ſuch a kind of Tantaliſm, or *Platonick* Hell, as that which we have now under Conſideration. Monſieur *Pontignan*, ſpeaking of a Love-Adventure that happened to him in the Country, gives the following Account of it.

'WHEN I was in the Country laſt Summer, I was 'often in Company with a Couple of charming Women, 'who had all the Wit and Beauty one could deſire in 'Female Companions, with a Daſh of Coquetry, that 'from time to time gave me a great many agreeable 'Tormen's. I was, after my Way, in Love with both 'of them, and had ſuch frequent Opportunities of 'pleading my Paſſion to them when they were aſunder, 'that I had Reaſon to hope for particular Favours from 'each of them. As I was walking one Evening in 'my Chamber with nothing about me but my Night-'Gown, they both came into my Room and told me, 'they had a very pleaſant Trick to put upon a Gentle-'man that was in the ſame H uſe provided I would 'bear a Part in it. Upon this they told me ſuch a 'plauſible Story, that I laughed at their Contrivance, 'and agreed to do whatever they ſhould require of 'me. They immediately began to ſwaddle me up in 'my Night-Gown with long Pieces of Linnen, which 'they folded about me till they had wrapt me in 'above an hundred Yards of Swathe: My Arms were 'preſſed to my Sides, and my Legs cloſed together by 'ſo many Wrappers one over another, that I looked 'like an *Egyptian* Mummy. As I ſtood bolt upright 'upon one End in this antique Figure, one of the La-

'dies

'dies burſt out a laughing. "And now *Pontignan*, ſays "ſhe, we intend to perform the Promiſe that we find "you have extorted from each of us. You have often "asked the Favour of us, and I dare ſay you are a "better bred Cavalier than to refuſe to go to Bed to "Ladies that deſire it of you. After having ſtood a Fit 'of Laughter, I begged them to uncaſe me, and do with 'me what they pleaſed. No, no, ſay they, we like 'you very well as you are; and upon that ordered me 'to be carried to one of their Houſes, and put to Bed in 'all my Swaddles. The Room was lighted up on all 'Sides; and I was laid very decently between a Pair of 'Sheets, with my Head (which was indeed the only 'Part I could move) upon a very high Pillow: This 'was no ſooner done, but my two Female Friends came 'into Bed to me in their fineſt Night-Cloaths. You 'may eaſily gueſs at the Condition of a Man that ſaw 'a Couple of the moſt beautiful Women in the World 'undreſt and abed with him, without being able to 'ſtir Hand or Foot. I begged them to releaſe me, and 'ſtruggled all I could to get looſe, which I did with ſo 'much Violence, that about Mid-night they both leap'd 'out of the Bed, crying out they were undone. But 'ſeeing me ſafe, they took their Poſts again, and re-'newed their Raillery. Finding all my Prayers and 'Endeavours were loſt, I compoſed my ſelf as well as 'I could; and told them, that if they would not unbind 'me, I would fall aſleep between them, and by that 'means diſgrace them for ever: But, alas! this was im-'poſſible, could I have been diſpoſed to it, they would 'have prevented me by ſeveral little ill-natured Ca-'reſſes and Endearments which they beſtowed upon me. 'As much devoted as I am to Womankind, I would not 'paſs ſuch another Night to be Maſter of the whole 'Sex. My Reader will doubtleſs be curious to know 'what became of me the next Morning: Why truly 'my Bed-fellows left me about an Hour before Day, 'and told me if I would be good and lie ſtill, they 'would ſend ſome body to take me up as ſoon as it was 'time for me to riſe: Accordingly about Nine a Clock 'in the Morning an old Woman came to unſwathe me. 'I bore all this very patiently, being reſolved to take my

'Re-

'Revenge of my Tormentors, and to keep no Meaſures 'with them as ſoon as I was at Liberty; but upon ask-'ing my old Woman what was become of the two La-'dies, ſhe told me ſhe believed they were by that Time 'within Sight of *Paris* for that they went away in a 'Coach and ſix before five a Clock in the Morning. L

N° 91. *Thurſday, June* 14.

Infurias ignemque ruunt, Amor omnibus Idem. Virg.

THO' the Subject I am now going upon would be much more properly the Foundation of a Comedy, I cannot forbear inſerting the Circumſtances which pleaſed me in the Account a young Lady gave me of the Loves of a Family in Town, which ſhall be nameleſs; or rather for the better Sound and Elevation of the Hiſtory, inſtead of Mr. and Mrs. ſuch a one, I ſhall call them by feigned Names. Without further Preface, you are to know, that within the Liberties of the City of *Weſtminſter* lives the Lady *Honoria*, a Widow about the Age of Forty, of a healthy Conſtitution, gay Temper, and elegant Perſon. She dreſſes a little too much like a Girl, affects a childiſh Fondneſs in the Tone of her Voice, ſometimes a pretty Sullenneſs in the leaning of her Head, and now and then a Down-caſt of her Eyes on her Fan: Neither her Imagination nor her Health would ever give her to know that ſhe is turned of Twenty; but that in the Midſt of theſe pretty Softneſſes, and Airs of Delicacy and Attraction, ſhe has a tall Daughter within a Fortnight of Fifteen, who impertinently comes into the Room, and towers ſo much towards Woman, that her Mother is always checked by her Preſence, and every Charm of *Honoria* droops at the Entrance of *Flavia*. The agreeable *Flavia* would be what ſhe is not, as well as her Mother *Honoria*; but all their Beholders are more partial to an Affectation of what a Perſon is growing up to, than of what has been already enjoyed, and is gone for ever. It is therefore

therefore allowed to *Flavia* to look forward, but not to *Honoria* to look back. *Flavia* is no way dependant on her Mother with Relation to her Fortune, for which Reaſon they live almoſt upon an Equality in Converſation; and as *Honoria* has given *Flavia* to underſtand, that it is ill bred to be always calling Mother, *Flavia* is as well pleaſed never to be called Child. It happens, by this Means, that theſe Ladies are generally Rivals in all Places where they appear; and the Words Mother and Daughter never paſs between them but out of Spite. *Flavia* one Night at a Play obſerving *Honoria* draw the Eyes of ſeveral in the Pit, called to a Lady who ſat by her, and bid her ask her Mother to lend her her Snuff-Box for one Moment. Another Time, when a Lover of *Honoria* was on his Knees beſeeching the Favour to kiſs her Hand *Flavia* ruſhing into the Room kneeled down by him and asked Bleſſing. Several of theſe contradictory Acts of Duty have raiſed between them ſuch a Coldneſs, that they generally converſe when they are in mixed Company by way of talking at one another, and not to one another. *Honoria* is ever complaining of a certain Sufficiency in the young Women of this Age, who aſſume to themſelves an Authority of carrying all things before them, as if they were Poſſeſſors of the Eſteem of Mankind; and all who were but a Year before them in the World, were neglected or deceaſed. *Flavia*, upon ſuch a Provocation, is ſure to obſerve, that there are People who can reſign nothing, and know not how to give up what they know they cannot hold; that there are thoſe who will not allow Youth their Follies, not becauſe they are themſelves paſt them, but becauſe they love to continue in them. Theſe Beauties rival each other on all Occaſions, not that they have always had the ſame Lovers, but each has kept up a Vanity to ſhew the other the Charms of her Lover. *Dick Craſtin* and *Tom Tulip*, among many others, have of late been Pretenders in this Family: *Dick* to *Honoria*, *Tom* to *Flavia*. *Dick* is the only ſurviving Beau of the laſt Age, and *Tom* almoſt the only one that keeps up that Order of Men in this.

I wiſh I could repeat the little Circumſtances of a Converſation of the four Lovers with the Spirit in which

which the young Lady, I had my Account from, repreſented it at a Viſit where I had the Honour to be preſent; but it ſeems *Dick Craſtin*, the Admirer of *Honoria*, and *Tom Tulip*, the Pretender to *Flavia*, were purpoſely admitted together by the Ladies, that each might ſhew the other that her Lover had the Superiority in the Accompliſhments of that ſort of Creature whom the ſillier Part of Women call a fine Gentleman. As this Age has a much more groſs Taſte in Courtſhip, as well as in every thing elſe than the laſt had, theſe Gentlemen are Inſtances of it in their different Manner of Application. *Tulip* is ever making Alluſions to the Vigour of his Perſon, the ſinewy Force of his Make; while *Craſtin* profeſſes a wary Obſervation of the Turns of his Miſtreſs's Mind. *Tulip* gives himſelf the Air of a reſiſtleſs Raviſher, *Craſtin* practiſes that of a skilful Lover. Poetry is the inſeparable Property of every Man in Love; and as Men of Wit write Verſes on thoſe Occaſions, the reſt of the World repeat the Verſes of others. Theſe Servants of the Ladies were uſed to imitate their Manner of Converſation, and allude to one another, rather than interchange Diſcourſe in what they ſaid when they met. *Tulip* the other Day ſeized his Miſtreſs's Hand, and repeated out of *Ovid's Art of Love*,

'Tis I can in ſoft Battels paſs the Night,
Yet riſe next Morning vigorous for the Fight,
Freſh as the Day, and active as the Light.

UPON hearing this, *Craſtin*, with an Air of Deference, played *Honoria*'s Fan, and repeated,

Sidley *has that prevailing gentle Art,*
That can, with a reſiſtleſs Charm impart,
The looſeſt Wiſhes to the chaſteſt Heart:
Raiſe ſuch a Conflict, kindle ſuch a Fire,
Between declining Virtue and Deſire,
Till the poor vanquiſh'd Maid diſſolves away
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.

WHEN *Craſtin* had uttered theſe Verſes, with a Tenderneſs which at once ſpoke Paſſion and Reſpect,

Honoria

Honoria caſt a triumphant Glance at *Flavia* as exulting in the Elegance of *Craſtin*'s Courtſhip, and upbraiding her with the Homelineſs of *Tulip*'s. *Tulip* underſtood the Reproach, and in Return began to applaud the Wiſdom of old amorous Gentlemen, who turned their Miſtreſs's Imagination as far as poſſible from what they had long themſelves forgot, and ended his Diſcourſe with a ſly Commendation of the Doctrine of *Platonick Love*; at the ſame time he ran over, with a laughing Eye, *Craſtin*'s thin Legs, meagre Looks, and ſpare Body. The old Gentleman immediately left the Room with ſome Diſorder, and the Converſation fell upon untimely Paſſion, After-Love, and unſeaſonable Youth. *Tulip* ſung, danced, moved before the Glaſs, led his Miſtreſs half a Minuet, hummed

Celia *the Fair, in the Bloom of Fifteen,*

when there came a Servant with a Letter to him, which was as follows.

SIR,

'I Underſtand very well what you meant by your 'Mention of *Platonick* Love. I ſhall be glad to 'meet you immediately in *Hide-Park*, or behind *Mountague-Houſe*, or attend you to *Barn Elms*, or any o-'ther faſhionable Place that's fit for a Gentleman to die 'in, that you ſhall appoint for,

Sir, your moſt humble Servant,

Richard Craſtin.

TULIP's Colour changed at the reading of this Epiſtle; for which Reaſon his Miſtreſs ſnatched it to read the Contents. While ſhe was doing ſo *Tulip* went away, and the Ladies now agreeing in a common Calamity, bewailed together the Danger of their Lovers. They immediately undreſſed to go out, and took Hackneys to prevent Miſchief; but, after alarming all Parts of the Town, *Craſtin* was found by his Widow in his Pumps at *Hide Park*, which Appointment *Tulip* never kept, but made his Eſcape into the Country. *Flavia* tears her Hair for his inglorious Safety, curſes and deſpiſes her Charmer, is fallen in Love with *Craſtin*: Which is the firſt Part of the Hiſtory of the *Rival Mother*.

R *Friday,*

N° 92. *Friday, June* 15.

—— Conviva prope diſſentire videntur,
Poſcentes vario multum diverſa palato;
Quid dem? Quid non dem? —— Hor.

LOOKING over the late Packets of Letters which have been ſent to me, I found the following one.

Mr. SPECTATOR.

'YOUR Paper is a Part of my Tea-Equipage; and 'my Servant knows my Humour ſo well, that 'calling for my Breakfaſt this Morning (it being paſt my 'uſual Hour) ſhe anſwered, the SPECTATOR was 'not yet come in; but that the Tea-Kettle boiled, and 'ſhe expected it every Moment. Having thus in Part 'ſignified to you the Eſteem and Veneration which I 'have for you, I muſt put you in Mind of the Catalogue 'of Books which you have promiſed to recommend to 'our Sex; for I have deferred furniſhing my Cloſet 'with Authors, 'till I receive your Advice in this Parti-'cular, being your daily Diſciple and humble Servant,

LEONORA.

IN Anſwer to my fair Diſciple, whom I am very proud of, I muſt acquaint her and the reſt of my Readers, that ſince I have called out for Help in my Catalogue of a Lady's Library, I have received many Letters upon that Head, ſome of which I ſhall give an Account of.

IN the firſt Claſs I ſhall take Notice of thoſe which come to me from eminent Booktellers, who every one of them mention with Reſpect the Authors they have printed, and conſequently have an Eye to their own Advantage more than to that of the Ladies. One tells me, that he thinks it abſolutely neceſſary for Women to have true Notions of Right and Equity, and that therefore they cannot peruſe a better Book than *Dalton's Country Juſtice*: Another thinks they cannot be without

The

The Compleat Jocky. A third obſerving the Curioſity and Deſire of prying into Secrets, which he tells me is natural to the fair Sex, is of Opinion this female Inclination, if well directed, might turn very much to their Advantage, and therefore recommends to me *Mr.* Mede *upon the Revelations*. A fourth lays it down as an unqueſtioned Truth, that a Lady cannot be thoroughly accompliſhed who has not read *The ſecret Treaties and Negociations of the Marſhal* D'Eſtrades. Mr. *Jacob Tonſon, Jun* is of Opinion, that *Bayle's Dictionary* might be of very great uſe to the Ladies, in order to make them general Scholars. Another, whoſe Name I have forgotten, thinks it highly proper that every Woman with Child ſhou'd read *Mr.* Wall's *Hiſtory of Infant Battiſm*; as another is very importunate with me to recommend to all my female Readers *The finiſhing Stroke*; *being a Vindication of the Patriarchal Scheme*, &c.

IN the ſecond Claſs I ſhall mention Books which are recommended by Husbands, if I may believe the Writers of them. Whether or no they are real Husbands or perſonated ones I cannot tell, but the Books they recommend are as follow. *A Paraphraſe on the Hiſtory of* Suſanna. *Rules to keep* Lent. *The Chriſtian's Overthrow prevented. A Diſſuaſive from the Play-houſe. The Virtues of Camphire with Directions to make Camphire Tea. The Pleaſures of a Country Life. The Government of the Tongue.* A Letter dated from *Cheapſide* deſires me that I would adviſe all young Wives to make themſelves Miſtreſſes of *Wingate's Arithmetick*, and concludes with a Poſtſcript, that he hopes I will not forget *The Counteſs of* Kent's *Receipts*.

I may reckon the Ladies themſelves as a third Claſs among theſe my Correſpondents and Privy-Counſellors. In a Letter from one of them, I am adviſed to place *Pharamond* at the Head of my Catalogue, and, if I think proper, to give the ſecond Place to *Caſſandra*. *Coquetilla* begs me not to think of nailing Women upon their Knees with Manuals of Devotion, nor of ſcorching their Faces with Books of Houſewifry. *Florella* deſires to know if there are any Books written againſt Prudes, and intreats me, if there are, to give them a Place in my Library. Plays of all Sorts have their ſeveral Advocates: *All for*

Love

Love is mentioned in above fifteen Letters; *Sophoniſba*, or *Hannibal's Overthrow*, in a Dozen; the *Innocent Adultery* is likewiſe highly approved of: *Mithridates King of Pontus* has many Friends, *Alexander the Great* and *Aurenzebe* have the ſame Number of Voices; but *Theodoſius*, or *the Force of Love*, carries it from all the reſt.

I ſhould, in the laſt Place, mention ſuch Books as have been propoſed by Men of Learning, and thoſe who appear competent Judges of this Matter; and muſt here take Occaſion to thank *A. B.* whoever it is that conceals himſelf under thoſe two Letters, for his Advice upon this Subject: But as I find the Work I have undertaken to be very difficult, I ſhall defer the executing of it till I am further acquainted with the Thoughts of my judicious Contemporaries, and have time to examine the ſeveral Books they offer to me; being reſolved, in an Affair of this Moment, to proceed with the greateſt Caution.

IN the mean while, as I have taken the Ladies under my particular Care, I ſhall make it my Buſineſs to find out in the beſt Authors ancient and modern ſuch Paſſages as may be for their uſe, and endeavour to accommodate them as well as I can to their Taſte; not queſtioning but the valuable Part of the Sex will eaſily pardon me, if from Time to Time I laugh at thoſe little Vanities and Follies which appear in the Behaviour of ſome of them, and which are more proper for Ridicule than a ſerious Cenſure. Moſt Books being calculated for Male Readers, and generally written with an Eye to Men of Learning, makes a Work of this Nature the more neceſſary; beſides, I am the more encouraged, becauſe I flatter my ſelf that I ſee the Sex daily improving by theſe my Speculations. My fair Readers are already deeper Scholars than the Beaus: I could name ſome of them who talk much better than ſeveral Gentlemen that make a Figure at *Will's*; and as I frequently receive Letters from the *fine Ladies* and *pretty Fellows*, I cannot but obſerve that the former are ſuperior to the others not only in the Senſe but in the Spelling. This cannot but have a good Effect upon the female World, and keep them from being charmed by thoſe empty Coxcombs that have hitherto been admired among the Women, tho' laughed at among the Men.

I

I am credibly informed that *Tom Tattle* paſſes for an impertinent Fellow, that *Will. Trippit* begins to be ſmoaked, and that *Frank Smoothly* himſelf is within a Month of a Coxcomb, in caſe I think fit to continue this Paper. For my Part, as it is my Buſineſs in ſome Meaſure to detect ſuch as would lead aſtray weak Minds by their falſe Pretences to Wit and Judgment, Humour and Gallantry, I ſhall not fail to lend the beſt Lights I am able to the fair Sex for the Continuation of theſe Diſcoveries. L.

N° 93. *Saturday, June* 16.

—— Spatio brevi
Spem longam reſeces: dum loquimur, fugerit Invida
Ætas: carpe Diem, quam minimum credula poſtero. Hor.

WE all of us complain of the Shortneſs of Time, ſaith *Seneca*, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our Lives, ſays he, are ſpent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the Purpoſe, or in doing nothing that we ought to do: We are always complaining our Days are few, and acting as though there would be no End of them. That noble Philoſopher has deſcribed our Inconſiſtency with our ſelves in this Particular, by all thoſe various Turns of Expreſſion and Thought which are peculiar to his Writings.

I often conſider Mankind as wholly inconſiſtent with it ſelf in a Point that bears ſome Affinity to the former. Though we ſeem grieved at the Shortneſs of Life in general, we are wiſhing every Period of it at an End. The Minor longs to be at Age, then to be a Man of Buſineſs, then to make up an Eſtate, then to arrive at Honours, then to retire. Thus although the whole Life is allowed by every one to be ſhort, the ſeveral Diviſions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our Span in general, but would fain contract the Parts of which it is compoſed. The Uſurer would be very well ſatisfied

ſatisfied to have all the Time annihilated that lies between the preſent Moment and next Quarter-day. The Politician would be contented to loſe three Years in his Life, could he place things in the Poſture which he fancies they will ſtand in after ſuch a Revolution of Time. The Lover would be glad to ſtrike out of his Exiſtence all the Moments that are to paſs away before the happy Meeting. Thus, as faſt as our Time runs, we ſhould be very glad in moſt Parts of our Lives that it ran much faſter than it does. Several Hours of the Day hang upon our Hands, nay we wiſh away whole Years; and travel through Time as through a Country filled with many wild and empty Waſtes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at thoſe ſeveral little Settlements or imaginary Points of Reſt which are diſperſed up and down in it.

IF we divide the Life of moſt Men into twenty Parts, we ſhall find that at leaſt nineteen of them are meer Gaps and Chaſms, which are neither filled with Pleaſure nor Buſineſs. I do not however include in this Calculation the Life of thoſe Men who are in a perpetual Hurry of Affairs, but of thoſe only who are not always engaged in Scenes of Action; and I hope I ſhall not do an unacceptable Piece of Service to theſe Perſons, if I point out to them certain Methods for the filling up their empty Spaces of Life. The Methods I ſhall propoſe to them are as follow.

THE firſt is the Exerciſe of Virtue, in the moſt general Acceptation of the Word. That particular Scheme which comprehends the Social Virtues, may give Employment to the moſt induſtrious Temper, and find a Man in Buſineſs more than the moſt active Station of Life. To adviſe the Ignorant, relieve the Needy, comfort the Afflicted, are Duties that fall in our way almoſt every Day in our Lives. A Man has frequent Opportunities of mitigating the Fierceneſs of a Party; of doing Juſtice to the Character of a deſerving Man; of ſoftning the Envious, quieting the Angry, and rectifying the Prejudiced; which are all of them Employments ſuited to a reaſonable Nature and bring great Satisfaction to the Perſon who can buſy himſelf in them with Diſcretion.

THERE

THERE is another kind of Virtue that may find Employment for thoſe retired Hours in which we are altogether left to our ſelves, and deſtitute of Company and Converſation; I mean that Intercourſe and Communication which every reaſonable Creature ought to maintain with his great Author of his Being. The Man who lives under an habitual Senſe of the Divine Preſence keeps up a perpetual Chearfulneſs of Temper, and enjoys every Moment the Satisfaction of thinking himſelf in Company with the deareſt and beſt of Friends. The Time never lies heavy upon him: It is impoſſible for him to be alone. His Thoughts and Paſſions are the moſt buſied at ſuch Hours when thoſe of other Men are the moſt unactive: He no ſooner ſteps out of the World but his Heart burns with Devotion, ſwells with Hope, and triumphs in the Conſciouſneſs of that Preſence which every where ſurrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its Fears, its Sorrows, its Apprehenſions, to the great Supporter of its Exiſtence.

I have here only conſidered the Neceſſity of a Man's being virtuous, that he may have ſomething to do; but if we conſider further that the Exerciſe of Virtue is not only an Amuſement for the Time it laſts, but that its Influence extends to thoſe Parts of our Exiſtence which lie beyond the Grave, and that our whole Eternity is to take its Colour from thoſe Hours which we here employ in Virtue or in Vice, the Argument redoubles upon us for putting in Practice this Method of paſſing away our Time.

WHEN a Man has but a little Stock to improve, and has Opportunities of turning it all to good Account, what ſhall we think of him if he ſuffers nineteen Parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his Ruin or Diſadvantage? But becauſe the Mind cannot be always in its Fervours, nor ſtrained up to a Pitch of Virtue, it is neceſſary to find out proper Employments for it in its Relaxations.

THE next Method therefore that I would propoſe to fill up our Time, ſhould be uſeful and innocent Diverſions. I muſt confeſs I think it is below reaſonable Creatures to be altogether converſant in ſuch Diverſions as are merely innocent, and have nothing elſe to recommend them but that there is no Hurt in them. Whether any kind of Gaming has even thus much to ſay for it

ſelf

ſelf. I ſhall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to ſee Perſons of the beſt Senſe paſſing away a dozen hours together in ſhuffling and dividing a Pack of Cards. with no other Converſation but what is made up of a few Game Phraſes, and no other Ideas but thoſe of black or red Spots ranged together in different Figures. Would not a Man laugh to hear any one of this Species complaining that Life is ſhort?

The *Stage* might be made a perpetual Source of the moſt noble and uſeful Entertainments, were it under proper Regulations.

BUT the Mind never unbends it ſelf ſo agreeably as in the Converſation of a well choſen Friend. There is indeed no Bleſſing of Life that is any way comparable to the Enjoyment of a diſcreet and virtuous Friend. It eaſes and unloads the Mind clears and improves the Underſtanding, engenders Thoughts and Knowledge, animates Virtue and good Reſolutions, ſooths and allays the Paſſions, and finds Employment for moſt of the vacant Hours of Life.

NEXT to ſuch an Intimacy with a particular Perſon, one would endeavour after a more general Converſation with ſuch as are able to entertain and improve thoſe with whom they converſe, which are Qualifications that ſeldom go aſuder.

THERE are many other uſeful Amuſements of Life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all Occaſions have Recourſe to ſomething, rather than ſuffer the Mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any Paſſion that chances to riſe in it.

A Man that has a Taſte of Muſick, Painting, or Architecture, is like one that has another Senſe, when compared with ſuch as have no Reliſh of thoſe Arts. The Floriſt the Planter. the Gardiner, the Husbandman, when they are only as Accompliſhments to the Man of Fortune, are great Reliefs to a Country Life, and many ways uſeful to thoſe who are poſſeſſed of them.

BUT of all the Diverſions of Life, there is none ſo proper to fill up its empty Spaces as the reading of uſeful and entertaining Authors. But this I ſhall only touch upon, becauſe it in ſome Meaſure interferes with the third Method, which I ſhall propoſe in another Paper, for the Employ-

Employment of our dead unactive Hours, and which I ſhall only mention in general to be the Purſuit of Knowledge. L

N° 94. *Monday, June* 18.

——*Hoc eſt*
Vivere bis, vita poſſe priore frui. Mart.

THE laſt Method which I propoſed in my *Saturday*'s Paper, for filling up thoſe empty Spaces of Life which are ſo tedious and burthenſome to idle People, is the employing our ſelves in the Purſuit of Knowledge. I remember Mr. *Boyle*, ſpeaking of a certain Mineral, tells us, That a Man may conſume his whole Life in the Study of it, without arriving at the Knowledge of all its Qualities. The Truth of it is, there is not a ſingle Science, or any Branch of it, that might not furniſh a Man with Buſineſs for Life, though it were much longer than it is.

I ſhall not here engage on thoſe beaten Subjects of the Uſefulneſs of Knowledge, nor of the Pleaſure and Perfection it gives the Mind, nor on the Methods of attaining it, nor recommend any particular Branch of it, all which have been the Topicks of many other Writers; but ſhall indulge my ſelf in a Speculation that is more uncommon, and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

I have before ſhewn how the unemployed Parts of Life appear long and tedious, and ſhall here endeavour to ſhow how thoſe Parts of Life which are exerciſed in Study, Reading, and the Purſuits of Knowledge, are long but not tedious, and by that Means diſcover a Method of lengthening our Lives, and at the ſame time of turning all the Parts of them to our Advantage.

Mr. *Lock* obſerves, "That we get the Idea of Time, "or Duration, by reflecting on that Train of Ideas which "ſucceed one another in our Minds: That for this Rea"ſon, when we ſleep ſoundly without dreaming, we "have no Perception of Time, or the Length of it, "whilſt

" whilſt we ſleep; and that the Moment wherein we " leave off to think, till the Moment we begin to think " again, ſeem to have no Diſtance. To which the Author adds; ' And ſo I doubt not but it would be to " a waking Man, if it were poſſible for him to keep " only one *Idea* in his Mind, without Variation, and " the Succeſſion of others: And we ſee, that one who " fixes his Thoughts very intently on one thing, ſo as to " take but little Notice of the Succeſſion of *Ideas* that " paſs in his Mind whilſt he is taken up with that earneſt Contemplation, lets ſlip out of his Account a good " Part of that Duration, and thinks that Time ſhorter " than it is.

WE might carry this Thought further, and conſider a Man as, on one Side, ſhortening his Time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things; ſo, on the other, as lengthening it, by employing his Thoughts on many Subjects, or by entertaining a quick and conſtant Succeſſion of Ideas. Accordingly Monſieur *Mallebranche*, in his *Enquiry after Truth*, (which was publiſhed ſeveral Years before Mr. *Lock*'s *Eſſay on Humane Underſtanding*) tells us, That it is poſſible ſome Creatures may think Half an Hour as long as we do a thouſand Years; or look upon that Space of Duration which we call a Minute, as an Hour, a Week, a Month, or an whole Age.

THIS Notion of Monſieur *Mallebranche* is capable of ſome little Explanation from what I have quoted out of Mr. *Lock*; for if our Notion of Time is produced by our reflecting on the Succeſſion of Ideas in our Mind, and this Succeſſion may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will follow, that different Beings may have different Notions of the ſame Parts of Duration, according as their Ideas, which we ſuppoſe are equally diſtinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or leſs Degree of Rapidity.

THERE is a famous Paſſage in the *Alcoran*, which looks as if *Mahomet* had been poſſeſſed of the Notion we are now ſpeaking of. It is there ſaid, That the Angel *Gabriel* took *Mahomet* out of his Bed one Morning to give him a Sight of all Things in the Seven Heavens, in Paradiſe, and in Hell, which the Prophet took a diſtinct View of; and after having held Ninety thouſand Conferences with God, was brought back again to

his Bed. All this, says the *Alcoran*, was transacted in so small a Space of Time, that *Mahomet* at his Return found his Bed still warm, and took up an Earthen Pitcher, (which was thrown down at the very Instant that the Angel *Gabriel* carried him away) before the Water was all spilt.

THERE is a very pretty Story in the *Turkish* Tales which relates to this Passage of that famous Impostor, and bears some Affinity to the Subject we are now upon. A Sultan of *Egypt*, who was an Infidel, used to laugh at this Circumstance in *Mahomet*'s Life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd: But conversing one Day with a great Doctor in the Law, who had the Gift of working Miracles, the Doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the Truth of this Passage in the History of *Mahomet*, if he would consent to do what he should desire of him. Upon this the Sultan was directed to place himself by an huge Tub of Water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by the Tub amidst a Circle of his great Men, the holy Man bid him plunge his Head into the Water, and draw it up again: The King accordingly thrust his Head into the Water, and at the same time found himself at the Foot of a Mountain on a Sea-Shore. The King immediately began to rage against his Doctor for this Piece of Treachery and Witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper Methods for getting a Livelihood in this strange Country: Accordingly he applied himself to some People whom he saw at Work in a neighbouring Wood; these People conducted him to a Town that stood at a little Distance from the Wood, where, after some Adventures, he married a Woman of great Beauty and Fortune. He lived with this Woman so long till he had by her seven Sons and seven Daughters: He was afterwards reduced to great Want, and forced to think of plying in the Streets as a Porter for his Livelihood. One Day as he was walking alone by the Sea Side, being seized with many melancholy Reflections upon his former and his present State of Life, which had raised a Fit of Devotion in him, he threw off his Cloaths with a Design to wash himself, according to the Custom of the *Mahometans*, before he said his Prayers.

AFTER

AFTER his firſt Plunge into the Sea, he no ſooner raiſed his Head above the Water but he found himſelf ſtanding by the Side of the Tub, with the great Men of his Court about him, and the holy Man at his Side. He immediately upbraided his Teacher for having ſent him on ſuch a Couſe of Adventures, and betrayed him into ſo long a State of Miſery and Servitude; but was wonderfully ſurprized when he heard that the State he talked of was only a Dream and Deluſion; that he had not ſtirred from the Place where he then ſtood; and that he had only dipped his Head into the Water, and immediately taken it out again.

THE *Mahometan* Doctor took this Occaſion of inſtructing the Sultan, that nothing was impoſſible with God; and that *He*, with whom a Thouſand Years are but as one Day, can, if he pleaſes, make a ſingle Day, nay, a ſingle Moment, appear to any of his Creatures as a Thouſand Years.

I ſhall leave my Reader to compare theſe Eaſtern Fables with the Notions of thoſe two great Philoſophers whom I have quoted in this Paper; and ſhall only, by way of Application, deſire him to conſider how we may extend Life beyond its natural Dimenſions, by applying our ſelves diligently to the Purſuits of Knowledge.

THE Hours of a wiſe Man are lengthened by his Ideas, as thoſe of a Fool are by his Paſſions: The Time of the one is long, becauſe he does not know what to do with it; ſo is that of the other, becauſe he diſtinguiſhes every Moment of it with uſeful or amuſing Thought; or in other Words, becauſe the one is always wiſhing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

HOW different is the View of paſt Life, in the Man who is grown old in Knowledge and Wiſdom, from that of him who is grown old in Ignorance and Folly? The latter is like the Owner of a barren Country, that fills his Eye with the Proſpect of naked Hills and Plains, which produces nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and ſpacious Landskip, divided into delightful Gardens, green Meadows, Fruitful Fields, and can ſcarce caſt his Eye on a ſingle Spot of his Poſſeſſions, that is not covered with ſome beautiful Plant or Flower. L

N° 95. *Tuesday, June* 19.

Cura Leves loquuntur, Ingentes Stupent.

HAVING read the two following Letters with much Pleasure, I cannot but think the good Sense of them will be as agreeable to the Town as any thing I could say either on the Topicks they treat of, or any other. They both allude to former Papers of mine and I do not question but the first, which is upon inward Mourning, will be thought the Production of a Man who is well acquainted with the generous Earnings of Distress in a manly Temper, which is above the Relief of Tears. A Speculation of my own on that Subject I shall defer till another Occasion.

THE second Letter is from a Lady of a Mind as great as her Understanding. There is, perhaps, something in the Beginning of it which I ought in Modesty to conceal; but I have so much Esteem for this Correspondent, that I will not alter a Tittle of what she writes, tho' I am thus scrupulous at the Price of being ridiculous.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Was very well pleased with your Discourse upon 'general Mourning, and should be obliged to you, 'if you would enter into the Matter more deeply, 'and give us your Thoughts upon the common Sense 'the ordinary People have of the Demonstrations of 'Grief, who prescribe Rules and Fashions to the 'most solemn Affliction; such as the Loss of the neareſt 'Relations and deareſt Friends. You cannot go to visit 'a sick Friend, but some impertinent Waiter about him 'observes the Muscles of your Face, as strictly as if 'they were Prognosticks of his Death or Recovery. If 'he happens to be taken from you, you are immediate-'ly surrounded with Numbers of these Spectators, who 'expect a melancholy Shrug of your Shoulders, a pa-'thetical Shake of your Head, and an expressive Di-

'stortion

'ſtortion of your Face, to meaſure your Affection and 'Value for the Deceaſed: But there is nothing, on 'theſe Occaſions, ſo much in their Favour as immode-'rate Weeping. As all their Paſſions are ſuperficial, 'they imagine the Seat of Love and Friendſhip to be 'placed viſibly in the Eyes: They judge what Stock of 'Kindneſs you had for the Living, by the Quantity of 'Tears you pour out for the Dead; ſo that if one Body 'wants that Quantity of Salt-water another abounds 'with, he is in great Danger of being thought inſenſi-'ble or ill-natured: They are ſtrangers to Friendſhip, 'whoſe Grief happens not to be moiſt enough to wet 'ſuch a Parcel of Handkerchiefs. But Experience has 'told us nothing is ſo fallacious as this outward Sign of 'Sorrow; and the natural Hiſtory of our Bodies will 'teach us, that this Flux of the Eyes, this Faculty of 'Weeping, is peculiar only to ſome Conſtitutions. We 'obſerve in the tender Bodies of Children, when croſ-'ſed in their little Wills and Expectations, how diſſol-'vable they are into Tears: If this were what Grief 'is in Men, Nature would not be able to ſupport them 'in the Exceſs of it for one Moment. Add to this Ob-'ſervation, how quick is their Tranſition from this Paſ-'ſion to that of their Joy. I won't ſay we ſee often, 'in the next tender Things to Children, Tears ſhed 'without much Grieving. Thus it is common to ſhed 'Tears without much Sorrow, and as common to 'ſuffer much Sorrow without ſhedding Tears. Grief and 'Weeping are indeed frequent Companions, but, I be-'lieve, never in their higheſt Exceſſes. As Laughter 'does not proceed from profound Joy, ſo neither does 'Weeping from profound Sorrow. The Sorrow which 'appears ſo eaſily at the Eyes, cannot have pierced deep-'ly into the Heart. The Heart, diſtended with Grief, 'ſtops all the Paſſages for Tears or Lamentations.

'NOW, Sir, what I would incline you to in all 'this, is, that you would inform the ſhallow Criticks 'and Obſervers upon Sorrow, that true Affliction la-'bours to be inviſible, that it is a Stranger to Ceremo-'ny, and that it bears in its own Nature a Dignity 'much above the little Circumſtances which are affected 'under the Notion of Decency. You muſt know, Sir, 'I have lately loſt a dear Friend, for whom I have

'not yet ſhed a Tear, and for that Reaſon your Ani-
'madverſions on that Subject would be the more ac-
'ceptable to,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

B. D.

Mr. SPECTATOR, June *the* 15*th*.

'AS I hope there are but few that have ſo little Gra-
'titude as not to acknowledge the Uſefulneſs of
'your Pen and to eſteem it a publick Benefit; ſo I am
'ſenſible, be that as it will, you muſt nevertheleſs find
'the Secret and incomparable Pleaſure of doing Good,
'and be a great Sharer in the Entertainment you give.
'I acknowledge our Sex to be much obliged, and I
'hope improved by your Labours, and even your In-
'tentions more particularly for our Service. If it be
'true, as 'tis ſometimes ſaid, that our Sex have an In-
'fluence on the other, your Paper may be a yet more
'general Good. Your directing us to Reading is cer-
'tainly the beſt Means to our Inſtruction; but I think,
'with you, Caution in that Particular very uſeful, ſince
'the Improvement of our Underſtandings may, or may
'not, be of Service to us, according as it is managed.
'It has been thought we are not generally ſo Ignorant
'as Ill-taught, or that our Sex does ſo often want Wit,
'Judgment, or Knowledge, as the right Application of
'them: You are ſo well-bred, as to ſay your fair Rea-
'ders are already deeper Scholars than the Beaus, and
'that you could name ſome of them that talk much bet-
'ter than ſeveral Gentlemen that make a Figure at
'*Will's*: This may poſſibly be, and no great Compli-
'ment, in my Opinion, even ſuppoſing your Compariſon
'to reach *Tom's* and the *Grecian*: Sure you are too
'wiſe to think That a real Commendation of a Woman.
'Were it not rather to be wiſhed we improved in our
'own Sphere, and approved our ſelves better Daugh-
'ters, Wives, Mothers, and Friends?

'I can't but agree with the Judicious Trader in *Cheap-*
'*ſide* (though I am not at all prejudiced in his Favour)
'in recommending the Study of Arithmetick; and
'muſt diſſent even from the Authority which you men-
'tion

'tion, when it adviſes the making our Sex Scholars. 'Indeed a little more Philoſophy, in order to the ſub-'duing our Paſſions to our Reaſon, might be ſometimes 'ſerviceable, and a Treatiſe of that Nature I would ap-'prove of, even in Exchange for *Theodoſius, or the* 'Force of Love; but as I well know you want not Hints, 'I will proceed no further than to recommend the Bi-'ſhop of *Cambray*'s Education of a Daughter, as 'tis 'tranſlated into the only Language I have any Know-'ledge of, tho' perhaps very much to its Diſadvantage. 'I have heard it objected againſt that Piece, that its In-'ſtructions are not of General Uſe, but only fitted for a 'great Lady; but I confeſs I am not of that Opinion; 'for I don't remember that there are any Rules laid 'down for the Expences of a Woman, in which Parti-'cular only I think a Gentlewoman ought to differ from 'a Lady of the beſt Fortune, or higheſt Quality, and 'not in their Principles of Juſtice, Gratitude, Sincerи-'ty, Prudence, or Modeſty. I ought perhaps to make 'an Apology for this long Epiſtle; but as I rather be-'lieve you a Friend to Sincerity, than Ceremony, ſhall 'only aſſure you I am,

T *SIR, Your moſt humble Servant,*

ANABELLA.

N° 96. *Wedneſday, June* 20.

——*Amicum*
Mancipium domine, & frugi —— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have frequently read your Diſcouſe upon Servants, 'and, as I am one my ſelf, have been much offen-'ded, that in that Variety of Forms wherein you 'conſidered the Bad, you found no Place to mention the 'Good. There is however one Obſervation of yours I 'approve, which is, That there are Men of Wit and 'good Senſe among all Orders of Men, and that Servants 'report moſt of the Good or Ill which is ſpoken of their

'Maſters. That there are Men of Senſe who live in 'Servitude, I have the Vanity to ſay I have felt to my 'woful Experience. You attribute very juſtly the Source 'of our general Iniquity to Board-Wages, and the Man-'ner of living out of a domeſtick Way: But I cannot 'give you my Thoughts on this Subject any Way ſo 'well, as by a ſhort Account of my own Life to this 'the Forty fifth Year of my Age; that is to ſay, from 'my being firſt a Foot-boy at Fourteen, to my preſent 'Station of a Nobleman's Porter in the Year of my Age 'above-mentioned.

'KNOW then, that my Father was a poor Tenant 'to the Family of Sir *Stephen Rackrent*: Sir *Stephen* put 'me to School, or rather made me follow his Son *Har-'ry* to School, from my Ninth Year; and there, tho' 'Sir *Stephen* paid ſomething for my Learning, I was 'uſed like a Servant, and was forced to get what 'Scraps of Learning I could by my own Induſtry, for 'the School-maſter took very little Notice of me. My 'young Maſter was a Lad of very ſprightly Parts; and 'my being conſtantly about him, and loving him, was 'no ſmall Advantage to me. My Maſter loved me ex-'treamly, and has often been whipped for not keep-'ing me at a Diſtance. He uſed always to ſay, That 'when he came to his Eſtate I ſhould have a Leaſe of 'my Father's Tenement for nothing. I came up to 'Town with him to *Weſtminſter* School; at which time 'he taught me at Night all he learnt, and put me to 'find out Words in the Dictionary when he was about 'his Exerciſe. It was the Will of Providence that 'Maſter *Harry* was taken very ill of a Fever, of which 'he died within ten Days after his firſt falling ſick. 'Here was the firſt Sorrow I ever knew; and I aſſure 'you, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, I remember the beautiful 'Action of the ſweet Youth in his Fever, as freſh as 'if it were Yeſterday. If he wanted any thing, it muſt 'be given him by *Tom*: When I let any thing fall 'through the Grief I was under, he would cry, Do 'not beat the poor Boy: Give him ſome more Julep for 'me, no Body elſe ſhall give it me. He would ſtrive 'to hide his being ſo bad, when he ſaw I could not 'bear his being in ſo much Danger, and comforted me, 'ſaying, *Tom*, *Tom*, have a good Heart. When I

'was

'was holding a Cup at his Mouth he fell into Convu-
'ſions; and at this very Time I hear my dear Maſter's
'laſt Groan. I was quickly turned out of the Room,
'and left to ſob and beat my Head againſt the Wall at
'my Leiſure. The Grief I was in was inexpreſſible;
'and every Body thought it would have coſt me my
'Life. In a few Days my old Lady, who was one of
'the Houſewives of the World, thought of turning me
'out of Doors, becauſe I put her in mind of her Son.
'Sir *Stephen* propoſed putting me to Prentice, but my
'Lady being an excellent Manager, would not let her
'Husband throw away his Money in Acts of Charity.
'I had Senſe enough to be under the utmoſt Indig-
'nation, to ſee her diſcard, with ſo little Concern, one
'her Son had loved ſo much; and went out of the
'Houſe to ramble where-ever my Feet would carry
'me.

'THE third Day after I left Sir *Stephen*'s Family, I
'was ſtrolling up and down the Walks in the *Temple*.
'A young Gentleman of the Houſe, who (as I heard
'him ſay afterwards) ſeeing me half-ſtarved and well
'dreſſed, thought me an Equipage ready to his Hand,
'after very little Enquiry more than *Did I want a Ma-*
'ſter? bid me follow him: I did ſo, and in a very little
'while thought my ſelf the happieſt Creature in this
'World. My Time was taken up in carrying Letters
'to Wenches, or Meſſages to young Ladies of my Ma-
'ſter's Acquaintance. We rambled from Tavern to
'Tavern, to the Play-houſe, the Mulberry-Garden, and
'all Places of Reſort; where my Maſter engaged every
'Night in ſome new Amour, in which and Drinking
'he ſpent all his Time when he had Money. During
'theſe Extravagancies I had the Pleaſure of lying on
'the Stairs of a Tavern half a Night, playing at Dice
'with other Servants, and the like Idleneſſes. When
'my Maſter was Monyleſs, I was generally employed in
'tranſcribing amorous Pieces of Poetry, old Songs, and
'new Lampoons, This Life held till my Maſter married,
'and he had then the Prudence to turn me off, becauſe
'I was in the Secret of his Intreagues.

'I was utterly at a Loſs what Courſe to take next;
'when at laſt I applied my ſelf to a Fellow-ſufferer, one
'of his Miſtreſſes, a Woman of the Town. She hap-

'pening at that Time to be pretty full of Money, 'cloathed me from Head to Foot; and knowing me to 'be a ſharp Fellow, employed me accordingly. Some-'times I was to go abroad with her, and when ſhe had 'pitched upon a young Fellow ſhe thought for her 'Turn, I was to be dropped as one ſhe could not truſt. 'She would often cheapen Goods at the *New Ex-'change*; and when ſhe had a Mind to be attacked, ſhe 'would ſend me away on an Errand. When an hum-'ble Servant and ſhe were beginning a Parley, I came 'immediately, and told her Sir *John* was come home; 'then ſhe would order another Coach to prevent being 'dogged. The Lover makes Signs to me as I get be-'hind the Coach, I ſhake my Head it was impoſſible: 'I leave my Lady at the next Turning, and follow the 'Cully to know how to fall in his Way on another Oc-'caſion. Beſides good Offices of this Nature, I writ 'all my Miſtreſs's Love-letters; ſome from a Lady that 'ſaw ſuch a Gentleman at ſuch a Place in ſuch a co-lour-'ed Coat, ſome ſhewing the Terrour ſhe was in of a 'jealous old Husband, others explaining that the Seve-'rity of her Parents was ſuch (tho' her Fortune was 'ſettled) that ſhe was willing to run away with ſuch 'a one, tho' ſhe knew he was but a younger Brother. 'In a Word, my Half-Education and Love of idle 'Books, made me out-write all that made Love to her 'by way of Epiſtle; and as ſhe was extreamly cun-'ning, ſhe did well enough in Company by a skilful 'Affectation of the greateſt Modeſty. In the Midſt of 'all this, I was ſurprized with a Letter from her and a 'Ten Pound Note.

Honeſt Tom,

"YOU will never ſee me more. I am married to "a very cunning Country-Gentleman, who "might poſſibly gueſs ſomething if I kept you ſtill; "therefore farewel.

'WHEN this Place was loſt alſo in Marriage, I was 'reſolved to go among quite another People for the fu-'ture; and got in Butler to one of thoſe Families where 'there is a Coach kept, three or four Servants, a clean 'Houſe, and a good general Outſide upon a ſmall E-

'ſtate,

'ſtate. Here I lived very comfortably for ſome Time, 'till I unfortunately found my Maſter, the very gra-'veſt Man alive, in the Garret with the Chambermaid. 'I knew the World too well to think of ſtaying there; 'and the next Day pretended to have received a Let-'ter out of the Country that my Father was dying, 'and got my Diſcharge with a Bounty for my Diſcretion.

'THE next I lived with was a peeviſh ſingle Man, 'whom I ſtayed with for a Year and a Half. Moſt Part 'of the Time I paſſed very eaſily; for when I began to 'know him, I minded no more than he meant what 'he ſaid; ſo that one Day in good Humour he ſaid, '*I was the beſt Man he ever had, by my want of Reſpect* '*to him.*

'THESE, Sir, are the chief Occurrences of my 'Life; and I will not dwell upon very many other 'Places I have been in, where I have been the ſtrang-'eſt Fellow in the World, where no Body in the 'World had ſuch Servants as they, where ſure they 'were the unluckieſt People in the World in Servants, 'and ſo forth. All I mean by this Repreſentation, is, 'To ſhew you that we poor Servants are not (what 'you called us too generally) all Rogues; but that we 'are what we are, according to the Example of our 'Superiours. In the Family I am now in, I am guilty 'of no one Sin but Lying; which I do with a grave Face 'in my Gown and Staff every Day I live, and almoſt 'all Day long, in denying my Lord to impertinent Sui-'tors, and my Lady to unwelcome Viſitants. But, Sir, 'I am to let you know, that I am, when I can get a-'broad, a Leader of the Servants: I am he that keeps 'Time with beating my Cudgel againſt the Boards in 'the Gallery at an Opera; I am he that am touched 'ſo properly at a Tragedy, when the People of Quality 'are ſtaring at one another during the moſt important 'Incidents: When you hear in a Crowd a Cry in the 'right Place, an Humm where the Point is touched 'in a Speech, or an Huſſa ſet up where it is the Voice of 'the People; you may conclude it is begun, or joined by,

SIR,

Your more than humble Servant,

Thomas Truſty.

T

Thurſday,

N° 97. *Thurſday, June* 21.

Projicere animas —— Virg.

AMONG the looſe Papers which I have frequently ſpoken of heretofore, I find a Converſation between *Pharamond* and *Eucrate* upon the Subject of Duels, and the Copy of an Edict iſſued in Conſequence of that Diſcourſe.

EUCRATE argued, That nothing but the moſt ſevere and vindictive Puniſhments, ſuch as placing the Bodies of the Offenders in Chains, and putting them to Death by the moſt exquiſite Torments, would be ſufficient to extirpate a Crime which had ſo long prevailed and was ſo firmly fixed in the Opinion of the World as great and laudable; but the King anſwered, That indeed Inſtances of Ignominy were neceſſary in the Cure of this Evil; but conſidering that it prevailed only among ſuch as had a Nicety in their Senſe of Honour, and that it often happened that a Duel was fought to ſave Appearances to the World, when both Parties were in their Hearts in Amity and Reconciliation to each other; it was evident, that turning the Mode another way would effectually put a Stop to what had Being only as a Mode. That to ſuch Perſons, Poverty and Shame were Torments ſufficient; That he would not go further in puniſhing in others Crimes which he was ſatisfied he himſelf was moſt guilty of, in that he might have prevented them by ſpeaking his Diſpleaſure ſooner. Beſides which the King ſaid, he was in general averſe to Tortures, which was putting human Nature it ſelf, rather than the Criminal, to Diſgrace; and that he would be ſure not to uſe this Means where the Crime was but an ill Effect ariſing from a laudable Cauſe, the Fear of Shame. The King at the ſame time, ſpoke with much Grace upon the Subject of Mercy; and repented of many Acts of that kind which had a magnificent Aſpect in the doing, but dreadful Conſequences in the Example. Mercy to Particulars, he obſerved,

ved, was Cruelty in the General: That though a Prince could not revive a dead Man by taking the Life of him who killed him, neither could he make Reparation to the next that ſhould die by the evil Example; or anſwer to himſelf for the Partiality, in not pardoning the next as well as the former Offender, 'As for me, ſays *Pharamond*, 'I have conquered *France*, and yet have 'given Laws to my People: The Laws are my Methods 'of Life; they are not a Diminution but a Direction to 'my Power. I am ſtill abſolute to diſtinguiſh the Innocent and the Virtuous, to give Honours to the Brave 'and Generous: I am abſolute in my Good-will; none 'can oppoſe my Bounty, or preſcribe Rules for my Favour. While I can, as I pleaſe, reward the Good, I 'am under no Pain that I cannot pardon the Wicked: 'For which Reaſon, continued *Pharamond*, I will effectually put a Stop to this Evil, by expoſing no more 'the Tenderneſs of my Nature to the Importunity of 'having the ſame Reſpect to thoſe who are miſerable 'by their Fault, and thoſe who are ſo by their Misfortune. Flatterers (concluded the King ſmiling) repeat 'to us Princes, that we are Heaven's Vicegerents; let 'us be ſo, and let the only thing out of our Power be '*to do ill*.

SOON after the Evening wherein *Pharamond* and *Eucrate* had this Converſation, the following Edict was publiſhed.

Pharamond's Edict againſt Duels.

Pharamond, *King of the* Gauls, *to all his loving Subjects ſendeth Greeting.*

'WHEREAS it has come to our Royal Notice 'and Obſervation, that in Contempt of all 'Laws, Divine and Human, it is of late become a Cuſtom among the Nobility and Gentry of this our Kingdom upon ſlight and trivial, as well as great and urgent Provocations, to invite each other into the Field, 'there by their own Hands, and of their own Authority, 'to decide their Controverſies by Combat; We have 'thought fit to take the ſaid Cuſtom into our Royal 'Conſideration, and find, upon Enquiry into the uſual 'Cauſes whereon ſuch fatal Deciſions have ariſen, that

'by

'by this wicked Cuſtom, maugre all the Precepts of Our 'holy Religion, and the Rules of right Reaſon, the 'greateſt Act of the human Mind, *Forgiveneſs of Injuries*, 'is become vile and ſhameful; that the Rules of good 'Society and virtuous Converſation are hereby inverted; that the Looſe, the Vain, and the Impudent, inſult the Careful, the Diſcreet, and the Modeſt; that all 'Virtue is ſuppreſſed, and all Vice ſupported, in the one 'Act of being capable to dare to the Death. We have alſo further, with great Sorrow of Mind, obſerved that 'this dreadful Action, by long Impunity, (Our Royal 'Attention being employed upon Matters of more general Concern) is become honourable, and the Refuſal 'to engage in it ignominious. In theſe Our Royal 'Cares and Enquiries We are yet farther made to underſtand, that the Perſons of moſt eminent Worth, and 'moſt hopeful Abilities, accompanied with the Strongeſt 'Paſſion for true Glory, are ſuch as are moſt liable to be 'involved in the Dangers ariſing from this Licence. 'Now taking the ſaid Premiſes into our ſerious Conſideration, and well weighing that all ſuch Emergencies '(wherein the Mind is incapable of commanding it ſelf, 'and where the Injury is too ſudden or too exquiſite to 'be born) are particularly provided for by Laws heretofore enacted; and that the Qualities of leſs Injuries, 'like thoſe of Ingratitude, are too nice and delicate to 'come under general Rules; We do reſolve to blot this 'Faſhion, or Wantonneſs of Anger, out of the Minds 'of Our Subjects, by Our Royal Reſolations declared 'in this Edict, as follow.

'NO Perſon who either ſends or accepts a Challenge, 'or the Poſterity of either, tho' no Death enſues thereupon, ſhall be, after the Publication of this Our Edict, 'capable of bearing Office in theſe Our Dominions.

'THE Perſon who ſhall prove the ſending or receiving a Challenge, ſhall receive, to his own Uſe and 'Property, the whole perſonal Eſtate of both Parties; 'and their real Eſtate ſhall be immediately veſted in 'the next Heir of the Offenders, in as ample Manner as 'if the ſaid Offenders were actually deceaſed.

'IN Caſes where the Laws (which we have already granted to our Subjects) admit of an Appeal for Blood; 'when the Criminal is condemned by the ſaid Appeal,

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'he ſhall not only ſuffer Death, but his whole Eſtate, 'real, mixed, and perſonal, ſhall from the Hour of his 'Death be veſted in the next Heir of the Perſon whoſe 'Blood be ſpilt.

'THAT it ſhall not hereafter be in Our Royal 'Power, or of that of Our Succeſſors, to pardon the 'ſaid Offences, or reſtore the Offenders in their Eſtates, 'Honour, or Blood for ever.

Given at our Court at Blois *the 8th of* February, 420. *In the Second Year of Our Reign.* T

N° 98. *Friday, June* 22.

——*Tanta eſt quarendi cura decoris.* Juv.

THERE is not ſo variable a thing in Nature as a Lady's Head-dreſs: Within my own Memory I have known it riſe and fall above thirty Degrees. About ten Years ago it ſhot up to a very great Height, inſomuch that the female Part of our Species were much taller than the Men. The Women were of ſuch an enormous Stature, that *we appeared as Graſshoppers before them*: At preſent the whole Sex is in a manner dwarfed and ſhrunk into a Race of Beauties that ſeems almoſt another Species. I remember ſeveral Ladies, who were once very near ſeven Foot high, that at preſent want ſome Inches of five: How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole Sex be at preſent under any Pennance which we know nothing of, or whether they have caſt their Head-dreſſes in order to ſurprize us with ſomething in that kind which ſhall be intirely new; or whether ſome of the talleſt of the Sex, being too cunning for the reſt, have contrived this Method to make themſelves appear ſizeable, is ſtill a Secret; tho' I find moſt are of Opinion, they are at preſent like Trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly ſprout up and flouriſh with greater Heads than before. For my own Part, as I do not love to be inſulted by Women who are taller than my ſelf, I admire the

Sex

Sex much more in their preſent Humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural Dimenſions, than when they had extended their Perſons, and lengthened themſelves out into formidable and gigantick Figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful Edifice of Nature, nor for raiſing any whimſical Superſtructure upon her Plans: I muſt therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleaſed with the Coiffure now in Faſhion, and think it ſhews the good Senſe which at preſent very much reigns among the valuable Part of the Sex. One may obſerve, that Women in all Ages have taken more Pains than Men to adorn the outſide of their Heads; and indeed I very much admire, that thoſe female Architects, who raiſe ſuch wonderful Structures out of Ribbands, Lace, and Wire, have not been recorded for their reſpective Inventions. It is certain there has been as many Orders in theſe kinds of Building, as in thoſe which have been made of Marble: Sometimes they riſe in the Shape of a Pyramid, ſometimes like a Tower, and ſometimes like a Steeple. In *Juvenal*'s Time the Building grew by ſeveral Orders and Stories, as he has very humourouſly deſcribed it.

Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
Ædificat caput: Andromachen a fronte videbis;
Poſt minor eſt: Aliam credas. Juv.

But I do not remember, in any Part of my Reading, that the Head-dreſs aſpired to ſo great an Extravagance as in the fourteenth Century; when it was built up in a Couple of Cones or Spires, which ſtood ſo exceſſively high on each Side of the Head, that a Woman who was but a *Pigmy* without her Head dreſs, appeared like a *Coloſſus* upon putting it on. Monſieur *Paradin* ſays, 'That theſe 'old faſhioned Fontanges roſe an Ell above the Head; 'that they were pointed like Steeples, and had long 'looſe Pieces of Crape faſtened to the Tops of them, 'which were curiouſly fringed, and hung down their 'Backs like Streamers.

THE Women might poſſibly have carried this Gothick Building much higher, had not a famous Monk, *Thomas Conecte* by Name, attacked it with great Zeal and Reſolution. This holy Man travelled from Place to Place to preach down this monſtrous Commode; and ſucceeded

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ſo well in it, that as the Magicians ſacrificed their Books to the Flames upon the Preaching of an Apoſtle, many of the Women threw down their Head-dreſſes in the Middle of his Sermon, and made a Bonfire of them within Sight of the Pulpit. He was ſo renowned, as well for the Sanctity of his Life as his Manner of Preaching, that he had often a Congregation of Twenty thouſand People; the Men placing themſelves on the one Side of his Pulpit and the Women on the other, that appeared (to uſe the Similitude of an ingenious Writer) like a Foreſt of Cedars with their Heads reaching to the Clouds. He ſo warmed and animated the People againſt this monſtrous Ornament, that it lay under a kind of Perſecution; and whenever it appeared in Publick was pelted down by the Rabble, who flung Stones at the Perſons that wore it. But notwithſtanding this Prodigy vaniſhed while the Preacher was among them, it began to appear again ſome Months after his Departure, or, to tell it in Monſieur *Paradin*'s own Words, 'The Women that, like Snails in a Fright, had 'drawn in their Horns, ſhot them out again as ſoon as 'the Danger was over. This Extravagance of the Womens Head-dreſſes in that Age is taken Notice of by Monſieur *d'Argentre* in his Hiſtory of *Bretagne*, and by other Hiſtorians as well as the Perſon I have here quoted.

IT is uſually obſerved, That a good Reign is the only proper Time for the making of Laws againſt the Exorbitance of Power; in the ſame Manner an exceſſive Head-dreſs may be attacked the moſt effectually when the Faſhion is againſt it. I do therefore recommend this Paper to my female Readers by way of Prevention.

I would deſire the fair Sex to conſider how impoſſible it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the Maſter-piece of Nature. The Head has the moſt beautiful Appearance, as well as the higheſt Station, in a human Figure. Nature has laid out all her Art in beautifying the Face: She has touched it with Vermillion, planted in it a double Row of Ivory, made it the Seat of Smiles and Bluſhes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the Brightneſs of the Eyes, hung it on each Side with curious Organs of Senſe, given it Aires and Graces that cannot be deſcribed, and ſurrounded it with ſuch a flowing Shade of Hair as ſets all its Beauties

Beauties in the moſt agreeable Light: In ſhort, ſhe ſeems to have deſigned the Head as the Cupola to the moſt glorious of her Works; and when we load it with ſuch a Pile of ſupernumerary Ornaments, we deſtroy the Symmetry of the human Figure, and fooliſhly contrive to call off the Eye from great and real Beauties, to childiſh Gew-gaws, Ribbands, and Bone-lace. L

N° 99. *Saturday, June* 23.

——*Turpi ſecernis Honeſtum.* Hor.

THE Club, of which I have often declared my ſelf a Member, were laſt Night engaged in a Diſcourſe upon that which paſſes for the chief Point of Honour among Men and Women; and ſtarted a great many Hints upon the Subject, which I thought were entirely new. I ſhall therefore methodize the ſeveral Reflections that aroſe upon this Occaſion, and preſent my Reader with them for the Speculation of this Day; after having premiſed, that if there is any thing in this Paper which ſeems to differ with any Paſſage of laſt *Thurſday's*, the Reader will conſider this as the Sentiments of the Club, and the other as my own private Thoughts, or rather thoſe of *Pharamond*.

THE great Point of Honour in Men is Courage, and in Women Chaſtity. If a Man loſes his Honour in one Rencounter, it is not impoſſible for him to regain it in another; a Slip in a Woman's Honour is irrecoverable. I can give no Reaſon for fixing the Point of Honour to theſe two Qualities, unleſs it be that each Sex ſets the greateſt Value on the Qualification which render them the moſt amiable in the Eyes of the contrary Sex. Had Men choſe for themſelves, without Regard to the Opinions of the fair Sex, I ſhould believe the Choice would have fallen on Wiſdom or Virtue; or had Women determined their own Point of Honour, it is probable that Wit or Good-nature would have carried it againſt Chaſtity.

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NOTHING recommends a Man more to the female Sex than Courage; whether it be that they are pleaſed to ſee one who is a Terror to others fall like a Slave at their Feet. or that this Quality ſupplies their own principal Defect, in guarding them from Inſults, and avenging their Quarrels, or that Courage is a natural Indication of a ſtrong and ſprightly Conſtitution. On the other Side, nothing makes a Woman more eſteemed by the oppoſite Sex than Chaſtity; whether it be that we always prize thoſe moſt who are hardeſt to come at, or that nothing beſides Chaſtity, with its collateral Attendants, Truth, Fidelity, and Conſtancy, gives the Man a Property in the Perſon he loves, and conſequently endears her to him above all things.

I am very much pleaſed with a Paſſage in the Inſcription on a Monument erected in *Weſtminſter* Abby to the late Duke and Dutcheſs of *Mewcaſtle*: 'Her Name was '*Margaret Lucas*, youngeſt Siſter to the Lord *Lucas* of '*Colcheſter*; *a noble Family, for all the Brothers were va-* '*liant, and all the Siſters virtuous.*

IN Books of Chivalry, where the Point of Honour is ſtrained to Madneſs, the whole Story runs on Chaſtity and Courage. The Damſel is mounted on a white Palfry, as an Emblem of her Innocence; and, to avoid Scandal, muſt have a Dwarf for her Page. She is not to think of a Man, till ſome Misfortune has brought a Knight-Errant to her Relief. The Knight falls in Love, and did not Gratitude reſtrain her from murdering her Deliverer, would die at his Feet by her Diſdain. However, he muſt waſte many Years in the Deſart, before her Virgin Heart can think of a Surrender. The Knight goes off, attacks every thing he meets that is bigger and ſtronger than himſelf, ſeeks all Opportunities of being knocked on the Head, and after ſeven Years Rambling returns to his Miſtreſs, whoſe Chaſtity has been attacked in the mean Time by Giants and Tyrants, and undergone as many Trials as her Lover's Valour.

IN *Spain*, where there are ſtill great Remains of this romantick Humour, it is a tranſporting Favour for a Lady to caſt an accidental Glance on her Lover from a Window, tho' it be two or three Stories high; as it is uſual for the Lover to aſſert his Paſſion for his Miſtreſs, in ſingle Combat with a mad Bull.

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THE great Violation of the Point of Honour from Man to Man, is giving the Lie. One may tell another he whores, drinks, blaſphemes, and it may paſs unreſented; but to ſay he lies, tho' but in jeſt, is an Affront that nothing but Blood can expiate. The Reaſon perhaps may be, becauſe no other Vice implies a want of Courage ſo much as the making of a Lie; and therefore telling a Man he lies, is touching him in the moſt ſenſible Part of Honour, and indirectly calling him a Coward. I cannot omit under this Head what *Herodotus* tells us of the ancient *Perſians*, That from the Age of five Years to twenty they inſtruct their Sons only in three things, to manage the Horſe, to make uſe of the Bow, and to ſpeak Truth.

THE placing the Point of Honour in this falſe kind of Courage, has given Occaſion to the very refuſe of Mankind, who have neither Virtue nor common Senſe, to ſet up for Men of Honour. An *Engliſh* Peer, who has not been long dead, uſed to tell a pleaſant Story of a *French* Gentleman that viſited him early one Morning at *Paris*, and after great Profeſſions of Reſpect, let him know that he had it in his Power to oblige him; which, in ſhort, amounted this, that he believed he could tell his Lordſhip the Perſons Name who juſtled him as he came out from the Opera; but before he would proceed, he begged his Lordſhip that he would not deny him the Honour of making him his Second. The *Engliſh* Lord, to avoid being drawn into a very fooliſh Affair, told him that he was under Engagements for his two next Duels to a Couple of particular Friends. Upon which the Gentleman immediately withdrew, hoping his Lordſhip would not take it ill if he meddled no farther in an Affair from whence he himſelf was to receive no Advantage.

THE beating down this falſe Notion of Honour, in ſo vain and lively a People as thoſe of *France*, is deſervedly looked upon as one of the moſt glorious Parts of their preſent King's Reign. It is pity but the Puniſhment of theſe miſchievous Notions ſhould have in it ſome particular Circumſtances of Shame and Infamy; that thoſe who are Slaves to them may ſee, that inſtead of advancing their Reputations, they lead them to Ignominy and Diſhonour.

DEATH is not ſufficient to deter Men, who make it their Glory to deſpiſe it; but if every one that fought a Duel

Duel were to ſtand in the Pillory, it would quickly leſſen the Number of theſe imaginary Men of Honour, and put an End to ſo abſurd a Practice.

WHEN Honour is a Support to virtuous Principles, and runs parallel with the Laws of God and our Country, it cannot be too much cheriſhed and encouraged: But when the Dictates of Honour are contrary to thoſe of Religion and Equity, they are the greateſt Depravations of human Nature, by giving wrong Ambitions and falſe Ideas of what is good and laudable; and ſhould therefore be exploded by all Governments, and driven out as the Bane and Plague of human Society. L

Nº 100. *Monday, June* 25.

Nil ego contulerim jucundo ſanus amico. Hor.

A Man advanced in Years that thinks fit to look back upon his former Life, and calls that only Life which was paſſed with Satisfaction and Enjoyment, excluding all Parts which were not pleaſant to him, will find himſelf very young if not in his Infancy. Sickneſs, ill Humour, and Idleneſs will have robbed him of a great Share of that Space we ordinarily call our Life. It is therefore the Duty of every Man that would be true to himſelf, to obtain, if poſſible, a Diſpoſition, to be pleaſed, and place himſelf in a conſtant Aptitude for the Satisfactions of his Being. Inſtead of this, you hardly ſee a Man who is not uneaſy in Proportion to his Advancement in the Arts of Life. An affected Delicacy is the common Improvement we meet with in thoſe who pretend to be refined above others: They do not aim at true Pleaſures themſelves, but turn their Thoughts upon obſerving the falſe Pleaſures of other Men. Such People are Valetudinarians in Society, and they ſhould no more come into Company than a ſick Man ſhould come into the Air: If a Man is too weak to bear what is a Refreſhment to Men in Health, he muſt ſtill keep his Chamber. When any one in Sir ROGER's Company complains he is out of Order, he immediately calls for ſome

ſome Poſſet-Drink for him; for which Reaſon that Sort of People who are ever bewailing their Conſtitution in other Places, are the Chearfulleſt imaginable when he is preſent.

IT is a wonderful thing that ſo many, and they not reckoned abſurd, ſhall entertain thoſe with whom they converſe by giving them the Hiſtory of their Pains and Aches; and imagine ſuch Narrations their Quota of the Converſation. This is of all other the meaneſt Help to Diſcourſe; and a Man muſt not think at all, or think himſelf very inſignificant, when he finds an Account of his Head-ach anſwered by another's asking what News in the laſt Mail? Mutual good Humour is a Dreſs we ought to appear in where-ever we meet, and we ſhould make no Mention of what concerns our ſelves, without it be of Matters wherein our Friends ought to rejoyce: But indeed there are Crowds of People who put themſelves in no Method of pleaſing themſelves or others; ſuch are thoſe whom we uſually call indolent Perſons. Indolence is, methinks, an intermediate State between Pleaſure and Pain, and very much unbecoming any Part of our Life after we are out of the Nurſe's Arms. Such an Averſion to Labour creates a conſtant Wearineſs, and, one would think, ſhould make Exiſtence it ſelf a Burthen. The indolent Man deſcends from the Dignity of his Nature, and makes that Being which was Rational meerly Vegetative: His Life conſiſts only in the meer Encreaſe and Decay of a Body, which, with Relation to the reſt of the World, might as well have been uninformed, as the Habitation of a reaſonable Mind.

OF this Kind is the Life of that extraordinary Couple *Harry Terſett* and his Lady. *Harry* was in the Days of his Celibacy one of thoſe pert Creatures who have much Vivacity and little Underſtanding; Mrs. *Rebecca Quickly*, whom he married, had all that the Fire of Youth and a lively Manner could do towards making an agreeable Woman. Theſe two People of ſeeming Merit fell into each others Arms; and Paſſion being ſated, and no Reaſon or good Senſe in either to ſucceed it, their Life is now at a Stand; their Meals are inſipid, and their Time tedious; their Fortune has placed them above Care, and their Loſs of Taſte reduced them below

Diverſion.

Diverſion. When we talk of theſe as Inſtances of Inexiſtence, we do not mean, that in order to live it is neceſſary we ſhould always be in jovial Crews, or crowned with Chaplets of Roſes, as the merry Fellows among the Ancients are deſcribed; but it is intended by conſidering theſe Contraries to Pleaſure, Indolence, and too much Delicacy, to ſhew that it is Prudence to preſerve a Diſpoſition in our ſelves to receive a certain Delight in all we hear and ſee.

THIS portable Quality of good Humour ſeaſons all the Parts and Occurrences we meet with, in ſuch a Manner, that there are no Moments loſt; but they all paſs with ſo much Satisfaction, that the heavieſt of Loads, (when it is a Load) that of Time, is never felt by us. *Varilas* has this Quality to the higheſt Perfection, and communicates it where-ever he appears: The Sad, the Merry, the Severe, the Melancholy, ſhew a new Chearfulneſs when he comes amongſt them. At the ſame Time no one can repeat any thing that *Varilas* has ever ſaid that deſerves Repetition; but the Man has that innate Goodneſs of Temper, that he is welcome to every Body, becauſe every Man thinks he is ſo to him. He does not ſeem to contribute any thing to the Mirth of the Company; and yet upon Reflection you find it all happened by his being there. I thought it was whimſically ſaid of a Gentleman, That if *Vairlas* had Wit, it would be the beſt Wit in the World. It is certain, when a well corrected lively Imagination and good Breeding are added to a ſweet Diſpoſition, they qualify it to be one of the greateſt Bleſſings, as well as Pleaſures of Life.

MEN would come into Company with ten times the Pleaſures they do, if they were ſure of hearing nothing which would ſhock them, as well as expected what would pleaſe them. When we know every Perſon that is ſpoken of is repreſented by one who has no ill Will, and every thing that is mentioned deſcribed by one that is apt to ſet it in the beſt Light, the Entertainment muſt be delicate, becauſe the Cook has nothing brought to his Hand but what is the moſt excellent in its Kind. Beautiful Pictures are the Entertainments of pure Minds, and Deformities of the corrupted. It is a Degree towards the Life of Angels, when we enjoy Converſation

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wherein there is nothing presented but in its Excellence; and a Degree towards that of Dæmons, wherein nothing is shewn but in its Degeneracy. T

Nº 101. *Tuesday, June* 26.

Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Castore Pollux,
Post ingentia facta Deorum in templa recepti;
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus aspera bella
Componunt agros assignant, oppida condunt;
Plovavere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis:—— Hor.

CENSURE, says a late ingenious Author, *is the Tax a Man pays to the Publick for being Eminent.* It is a Folly for an eminent Man to think of escaping it, and a Weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious Persons of Antiquity, and indeed of every Age in the World, have passed through this fiery Persecution. There is no Defence against Reproach but Obscurity; it is a kind of Concomitant to Greatness, as Satyrs and Invectives were an essential Part of a *Roman* Triumph.

IF Men of Eminence are exposed to Censure on one Hand, they are as much liable to Flattery on the other. If they receive Reproaches which are not due to them, they likewise receive Praises which they do not deserve. In a Word, the Man in a high Post is never regarded with an indifferent Eye, but always considered as a Friend or an Enemy. For this Reason Persons in great Stations have seldom their true Characters drawn till several Years after their Deaths. Their personal Friendships and Enmities must cease, and the Parties they were engaged in be at an End, before their Faults or their Virtues can have Justice done them. When Writers have the least Opportunities of knowing the Truth, they are in the best Disposition to tell it.

IT is therefore the Privilege of Posterity to adjust the Characters of illustrious Persons, and to set Matters right between

between thoſe Antagoniſts, who by their Rivalry for Greatneſs divided a whole Age into Factions. We can now allow *Caſar* to be a great Man, without derogating from *Pompey*; and celebrate the Virtues of *Cato*, without detracting from thoſe of *Caſar*. Every one that has been long dead has a due Proportion of Praiſe allotted him, in which whilſt he lived his Friends were too profuſe and his Enemies too ſparing.

ACCORDING to Sir *Iſaac Newton*'s Calculations, the laſt Comet that made its Appearance in 1680, imbibed ſo much Heat by its Approaches to the Sun, that it would have been two thouſand times hotter than red hot Iron, had it been a Globe of that Metal; and that ſuppoſing it as big as the Earth, and at the ſame Diſtance from the Sun, it would be fifty thouſand Years in cooling, before it recovered its natural Temper. In the like manner, if an *Engliſh* Man conſiders the great Ferment in which our Political World is thrown at preſent, and how intenſely it is heated in all its Parts, he cannot ſuppoſe that it will cool again into leſs than three hundred Years. In ſuch a Tract of Time it is poſſible that the Heats of the preſent Age may be extinguiſhed, and our ſeveral Claſſes of great Men repreſented under their proper Characters. Some eminent Hiſtorian may then probably ariſe that will not write *recentibus odiis* (as *Tacitus* expreſſes it) with the Paſſions and Prejudices of a contemporary Author, but make an impartial Diſtribution of Fame among the Great Men of the preſent Age.

I cannot forbear entertaining my ſelf very often with the Idea of ſuch an imaginary Hiſtorian deſcribing the Reign of *ANNE* the Firſt, and introducing it with a Preface to his Reader; that he is now entring upon the moſt ſhining Part of the *Engliſh* Story. The great Rivals in Fame will be then diſtinguiſhed according to their reſpective Merits, and ſhine in their proper Points of Light. Such an one (ſays the Hiſtorian) tho' variouſly repreſented by the Writers of his own Age, appears to have been a Man of more than ordinary Abilities, great Application, and uncommon Integrity: Nor was ſuch an one (tho' of an oppoſite Party and Intereſt) inferior to him in any of theſe Reſpects. The ſeveral Antagoniſts who now endeavour to depreciate one another, and

are celebrated or traduced by different Parties, will then have the ſame Body of Admirers, and appear Illuſtrious in the Opinion of the whole *Britiſh* Nation. The deſerving Man, who can now recommend himſelf to the Eſteem of but half his Countrymen, will then receive the Approbations and Applauſes of a whole Age.

AMONG the ſeveral Perſons that flouriſh in this glorious Reign, there is no Queſtion but ſuch a future Hiſtorian as the Perſon of whom I am ſpeaking, will make Mention of the Men of Genius and Learning, who have now any Figure in the *Britiſh* Nation. For my own Part, I often flatter my ſelf with the honourable Mention which will then be made of me; and have drawn up a Paragraph in my own Imagination, that I fancy will not be altogether unlike what will be found in ſome Page or other of this imaginary Hiſtorian.

IT was under this Reign, ſays he, that the SPECTATOR Publiſhed thoſe little Diurnal Eſſays which are ſtill extant. We know very little of the Name or Perſon of this Author, except only that he was a Man of a very ſhort Face, extreamly addicted to Silence, and ſo great a Lover of Knowledge, that he made a Voyage to *Grand Cairo* for no other Reaſon, but to take the Meaſure of a Pyramid. He chief Friend was one Sir ROGER DE COVERLY, a whimſical Country Knight, and a *Templer* whoſe Name he has not tranſmitted to us. He lived as a Lodger at the Houſe of a Widow-Woman, and was a great Humouriſt in all Parts of his Life. This is all we can affirm with any Certainty of his Perſon and Character. As for his Speculations, notwithſtanding the ſeveral obſolete Words and obſcure Phraſes of the Age in which he lived, we ſtill underſtand enough of them to ſee the Diverſions and Characters of the *Engliſh* Nation in his Time: Not but that we are to make Allowance for the Mirth and Humour of the Author, who has doubtleſs ſtrained many Repreſentations of Things beyond the Truth. For if we interpret his Words in their litteral Meaning, we muſt ſuppoſe that Women of the firſt Quality uſed to paſs away whole Mornings at a Puppet-Show: That they atteſted their Principles by their *Patches*: That an Audience would ſit out an Evening to hear a Dramatical Performance written

written in a Language which they did not underſtand: That Chairs and Flower-Pots were introduced as Actors upon the *Britiſh* Stage: That a promiſcuous Aſſembly of Men and Women were allowed to meet at Midnight in Maſques within the Verge of the Court; with many Improbabilities of the like Nature. We muſt therefore, in theſe and the like Caſes, ſuppoſe that theſe remote Hints and Alluſions aimed at ſome certain Follies which were then in Vogue, and which at preſent we have not any Notion of. We may gueſs by ſeveral Paſſages in the *Speculations*, that there were Writers who endeavoured to detract from the Works of this Author; but as nothing of this Nature is come down to us, we cannot gueſs at any Objections that could be made to his Paper. If we conſider his Style with that Indulgence which we muſt ſhew to old *Engliſh* Writers, or if we look into the Variety of his Subjects, with thoſe ſeveral Critical Diſſertations, Moral Reflections, * * * * *

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THE following Part of the Paragraph is ſo much to my Advantage, and beyond any thing I can pretend to, that I hope my Reader will excuſe me for not inſerting it. L

N° 102. *Wedneſday, June* 27.

——*Luſus animo debent aliquando dari,*
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat ſibi. Phædr.

I Do not know whether to call the following Letter a Satyr upon Coquets, or a Repreſentation of their ſeveral fantaſtical Accompliſhments, or what other Title to give it; but as it is I ſhall communicate it to the Publick. It will ſufficiently explain its own Intentions, ſo that I ſhall give it my Reader at Length without either Preface or Poſtſcript.

Mr. SPECTATOR

'WOMEN are armed with Fans as Men with 'Swords, and ſometimes do more Execution 'with them. To the end therefore that Ladies may be 'entire Miſtreſſes of the Weapon which they bear, I 'have erected an Academy for the training up of young 'Women in the *Exerciſe of the Fan*, according to the 'moſt faſhionable Airs and Motions that are now pra-'ctiſed at Court. The Ladies who *carry* Fans under me 'are drawn up twice a Day in my great Hall, where 'they are inſtructed in the Uſe of their Arms, and *ex-'erciſed* by the following Words of Command,

Handle your Fans,
Unfurl your Fans,
Diſcharge your Fans,
Ground your Fans,
Recover your Fans,
Flutter your Fans.

'By the right Obſervation of theſe few plain Words 'of Command, a Woman of a tolerable Genius who 'will apply her ſelf diligently to her Excerciſe for the 'Space of but one half Year, ſhall be able to give her 'Fan all the Graces than can poſſibly enter into that 'little modiſh Machine.

'BUT to the end that my Readers may form to 'themſelves a right Notion of this *Exerciſe*, I beg Leave 'to explain it to them in all its Parts. When my Female 'Regiment is drawn up in Array, with every one her 'Weapon in her Hand, upon my giving the Word to '*handle their Fans*, each of them ſhakes her Fan at me 'with a Smile, then gives her Right-hand Woman a 'Tap upon the Shoulder, then preſſes her Lips with the 'Extremity of her Fan, then lets her Arms fall in an 'eaſy Motion, and ſtands in a Readineſs to receive the 'next Word of Command. All this is done with a cloſe 'Fan, and is generally learned in the firſt Week.

'The next Motion is that of *unfurling the Fan*, in 'which are comprehended ſeveral little Flirts and Vi-'brations, as alſo gradual and deliberate Openings, with 'many voluntary Fallings aſunder in the Fan it ſelf, that 'are ſeldom learned under a Month's Practice. This

Part

'Part of the *Exerciſe* pleaſes the Spectators more than any 'other, as it diſcovers on a Sudden an infinite Number of 'Cupids, Garlands, Altars, Birds, Beaſts, Rainbows, and 'the like agreeable Figures, that diſplay themſelves to 'View, whilſt every one in the Regiment holds a Picture 'in her Hand.

'UPON my giving the Word to *diſcharge their Fans*, 'they give one general Crack that may be heard at a con-'ſiderable Diſtance when the Wind ſits fair. This is one 'of the moſt difficult Parts of the *Exerciſe*; but I have ſe-'veral Ladies with me, who at their firſt Entrance could 'not give a Pop loud enough to be heard at the further 'End of a Room, who can now *diſcharge a Fan* in ſuch 'a Manner, that it ſhall make a Report like a Pocket-'Piſtol. I have likewiſe taken Care (in order to hinder 'young Women from letting off their Fans in wrong 'Places or unſuitable Occaſions) to ſhew upon what Sub-'ject the Crack of a Fan may come in properly: I have 'likewiſe invented a Fan, with which a Girl of Sixteen, 'by the Help of a little Wind which is encloſed about 'one of the largeſt Sticks, can make as loud a Crack as 'a Woman of Fifty with an ordinary Fan.

'WHEN the Fans are thus *diſcharged*, the Word of 'Command in Courſe is to *ground their Fans*. This teaches 'a Lady to quit her Fan gracefully when ſhe throws it 'aſide in order to take up a Pack of Cards, adjuſt a Curl 'of Hair, replace a falling Pin, or apply her ſelf to any 'other Matter of Importance. This part of the *Exerciſe*, 'as it only conſiſts in toſſing a Fan with an Air upon a 'long Table (which ſtands by for that Purpoſe.) may be 'learned in two Days Time as well as in a Twelvemonth.

'WHEN my Female Regiment is thus diſarmed, I 'generally let them walk about the Room for ſome time; 'when on a ſudden (like Ladies that look upon their 'Watches after a long Viſit) they all of them haſten to 'their Arms, catch them up in a Hurry, and place them-'ſelves in their proper Stations upon my calling out *reco-'ver your Fans*. This Part of the *Excerciſe* is not difficult, 'provided a Woman applies her Thoughts to it.

'THE *Fluttering of the Fan* is the laſt, and indeed the 'Maſter-piece of the whole *Exerciſe*; but if a Lady does 'not miſpend her Time, ſhe may make her ſelf Miſtreſs

'of it in three Months. I generally lay aſide the Dog-'days and the hot Time of the Summer for the teaching 'this Part of the *Exerciſe*, for as ſoon as ever I pronounce '*Flutter your Fans*, the Place is filled with ſo many Ze-'phyrs and gentle Breezes as are very refreſhing in that 'Seaſon of the Year, though they might be dangerous to 'Ladies of a tender Conſtitution in any other.

'THERE is an infinite Variety of Motions to 'be made uſe of in the *Flutter of a Fan*: There is the 'angry Flutter, the modeſt Flutter, the timorous Flut-'ter, the confuſed Flutter, the merry Flutter, and the 'amorous Flutter. Not to be tedious, there is ſcarce 'any Emotion in the Mind which does not produce a 'ſuitable Agitation in the Fan; inſomuch, that if I only 'ſee the Fan of a diſciplin'd Lady, I know very well 'whether ſhe laughs, frowns, or bluſhes. I have ſeen a 'Fan ſo very angry, that it would have been dangerous 'for the abſent Lover who provoked it to have come 'within the Wind of it; and at other Times ſo very lan-'guiſhing, that I have been glad for the Lady's Sake the 'Lover was at a ſufficient Diſtance from it. I need not 'add, that a Fan is either a Prude or Coquet, according 'to the Nature of the Perſon who bears it. To conclude 'my Letter, I muſt acquaint you that I have from my 'own Obſervations compiled a little Treatiſe for the Uſe 'of my Scholars, entitled, *The Paſſions of the Fan*; which 'I will communicate to you, if you think it may be of 'Uſe to the Publick. I ſhall have a general Review on '*Thurſday* next; to which you ſhall be very welcome if 'you will honour it with your Preſence.

I am, &c.

'P. S. I teach young Gentlemen the whole Art of 'Gallanting a Fan.

N. B. I have ſeveral little plain Fans made for this Uſe, 'to avoid Expence. L

Thurſday,

Nº 103. *Thurſday, June* 28.

——Sibi quivis
Speret idem fruſtra ſudet fruſtraque laboret
Auſus idem —— Hor.

MY Friend the Divine having been uſed with Words of Complaiſance (which he thinks could be properly applied to no one living, and I think could be only ſpoken of him, and that in his Abſence) was ſo extreamly offended with the exceſſive way of ſpeaking Civilities among us, that he made a Diſcourſe againſt it at the Club; which he concluded with this Remark, that he had not heard one Compliment made in our Society ſince its Commencement. Every one was pleaſed with his Concluſion; and as each knew his good Will to the reſt, he was convinced that the many Profeſſions of Kindneſs and Service, which we ordinarily meet with, are not natural where the Heart is well inclined; but are a Proſtitution of Speech, ſeldom intended to mean Any Part of what they expreſs, never to mean All they expreſs. Our Reverend Friend, upon this Topick, pointed to us two or three Paragraphs on this Subject in the firſt Sermon of the firſt Volume of the late Arch-Biſhop's Poſthumous Works. I do not know that I ever read any thing that pleaſed me more; and as it is the Praiſe of *Longinus*, that he ſpeaks of the Sublime in a Stile ſuitable to it, ſo one may ſay of this Author upon Sincerity, that he abhors any Pomp of Rhetorick on this Occaſion, and treats it with a more than ordinary Simplicity, at once to be a Preacher and an Example. With what Command of himſelf does he lay before us, in the Language and Temper of his Profeſſion, a Fault, which by the leaſt Liberty and Warmth of Expreſſion would be the moſt lively Wit and Satyr? But his Heart was better diſpoſed, and the good Man chaſtiſed the great Wit in ſuch a manner, that he was able to ſpeak as follows.

'——AMONGST too many other Inſtances of the 'great Corruption and Degeneracy of the Age wherein 'we live, the great and general want of Sincerity in Con-'verſation is none of the leaſt. The World is grown ſo 'full of Diſſimulation and Compliment, that Mens Words 'are hardly any Signification of their Thoughts; and if 'any Man meaſure his Words by his Heart, and ſpeak as 'he thinks, and do not expreſs more Kindneſs to every 'Man, than Men uſually have for any Man, he can hard-'ly eſcape the Cenſure of want of Breeding. The old '*Engliſh* Plainneſs and Sincerity, that generous Integrity 'of Nature, and Honeſty of Diſpoſition, which always 'argues true Greatneſs of Mind, and is uſually accom-'panied with undaunted Courage and Reſolution, is in 'a great meaſure loſt amongſt us: There hath been a 'long Endeavour to transform us into Foreign Manners 'and Faſhions, and to bring us to a ſervile Imitation of 'none of the beſt of our Neighbours, in ſome of the 'worſt of their Qualities. The Dialect of Converſation 'is now-a-days ſo ſwelled with Vanity and Compliment, 'and ſo ſurfeited (as I may ſay) of Expreſſions of Kind-'neſs and Reſpect, that if a Man that lived an Age or 'two ago ſhould return into the World again he would 'really want a Dictionary to help him to underſtand his 'own Language, and to know the true intrinſick Value 'of the Phraſe in Faſhion, and would hardly at firſt be-'lieve at what a low Rate the higheſt Strains and Ex-'preſſions of Kindneſs imaginable do commonly paſs in 'current Payment; and when he ſhould come to under-'ſtand it, it would be a great while before he could 'bring himſelf with a good Countenance and a good 'Conſcience to converſe with Men upon equal Terms, 'and in their own way.

'AND in truth it is hard to ſay, whether it ſhould 'more provoke our Contempt or our Pity, to hear what 'ſolemn Expreſſions of Reſpect and Kindneſs will paſs 'between Men, almoſt upon no Occaſion; how great 'Honour and Eſteem they will declare for one whom 'perhaps they never ſaw before, and how intirely they 'are all on the ſudden devoted to his Service and Inte-'reſt, for no Reaſon; how infinitely and eternally ob-'liged to him, for no Benefit; and how extreamly they will

will be concerned for him, yea and afflicted too, for no Cauſe. I know it is ſaid, in Juſtification of this 'hollow kind of Converſation, that there it no Harm no 'real Deceit in Compliment, but the matter is well e-'nough, ſo long as we underſtand one another; *& Ver-'ba valent ut Nummi Words are like Money*; and when the 'current Value of them is generally underſtood, no Man 'is cheated by them. This is ſomething, if ſuch Words 'were any thing; but being brought into the Accompt, 'they are meer Cyphers. However it is ſtill a juſt Mat-'ter of Complaint, that Sincerity and Plainneſs are out of 'Faſhion, and that our Language is running into a Lie; 'that Men have almoſt quite perverted the uſe of Speech, 'and made Words to ſignifie nothing; that the greateſt 'part of the Converſation of Mankind, is little elſe but 'driving a Trade of Diſſimulation; inſomuch that it 'would make a Man heartily ſick and weary of the 'World, to ſee the little Sincerity that is in Uſe and Pra-'ctice among Men.

WHEN the Vice is placed in this contemptible Light, he argues unanſwerably againſt it, in Words and Thoughts ſo natural, that any Man who reads them would imagine he himſelf could have been Author of them.

'IF the Show of any thing be good for any thing, I 'am ſure Sincerity is better; for why does any Man diſ-'ſemble, or ſeem to be that which he is not, but be-'cauſe he thinks it good to have ſuch a Quality as he 'pretends to? For to counterfeit and diſſemble, is to put 'on the Appearance of ſome real Excellency. Now the 'beſt Way in the World to ſeem to be any thing, is real-'ly to be what he would ſeem to be. Beſides, that it 'is many times as troubleſome to make good the Pre-'tence of a good Quality, as to have it; and if a Man 'have it not, it is ten to one but he is diſcovered to 'want it; and then all his Pains and Labour to ſeem to 'have it, is loſt.

IN another Part of the ſame Diſcourſe he goes on to ſhew, that all Artifice muſt naturally tend to the Diſap-pointment of him that practiſes it.

'WHATSOEVER Convenience may be thought 'to be in Falſhood and Diſſimulation, it is ſoon over; 'but the Inconvenience of it is perpetual, becauſe it

'brings a Man under an everlasting Jealousie and Suspici-
'on, so that he is not believed when he speaks Truth, nor
'trusted when perhaps he means honestly: When a Man
'hath once forfeited the Reputation of his Integrity, he
'is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither
'Truth nor Falshood. R

N° 104. *Friday, June* 29.

——*Qualis equos Threissa fatigat*
Harpalyce——

IT would be a noble Improvement, or rather a Recovery of what we call good Breeding, if nothing were to pass amongst us for agreeable which was the least Transgression against that Rule of Life called Decorum, or a Regard to Decency. This would command the Respect of Mankind, because it carries in it Deference to their good Opinion; as Humility lodged in a worthy Mind, is always attended with a certain Homage, which no haughty Soul, with all the Arts imaginable, will ever be able to purchase. *Tully* says, Virtue and Decency are so nearly related, that it is difficult to separate them from each other but in our Imagination. As the Beauty of the Body always accompanies the Health of it, so certainly is Decency concomitant to Virtue: As Beauty of Body, with an agreeable Carriage, pleases the Eye, and that Pleasure consists in that we observe all the Parts with a certain Elegance are proportioned to each other; so does Decency of Behaviour which appears in our Lives, obtain the Approbation of all with whom we converse, from the Order, Constancy, and Moderation of our Words and Actions. This flows from the Reverence we bear towards every good Man, and to the World in general; for to be negligent of what any one thinks of you, does not only shew you arrogant but abandoned. In all these Considerations we are to distinguish how one Virtue differs from another: As it is the Part of Justice never to do Violence, it is of Modesty never to commit Offence.

In

In this laſt Particular lyes the whole Force of what is called Decency; to this Purpoſe that excellent Moraliſt abovementioned talks of Decency; but this Quality is more eaſily comprehended by an ordinary Capacity, than expreſſed with all his Eloquence. This Decency of Behaviour is generally tranſgreſſed among all Orders of Men; nay, the very Women, tho' themſelves created it as it were for Ornament, are often very much miſtaken in this ornamental Part of Life. It would methinks be a ſhort Rule for Behaviour, if every young Lady in her Dreſs, Words, and Actions were only to recommend her ſelf as a Siſter, Daughter, or Wife, and make her ſelf the more eſteemed in one of thoſe Characters. The Care of themſelves, with Regard to the Families in which Women are born, is the beſt Motive for their being courted to come into the Alliance of other Houſes. Nothing can promote this End more than a ſtrict Preſervation of Decency. I ſhould be glad if a certain Equeſtrian Order of Ladies, ſome of whom one meets in an Evening at every Outlet of the Town, would take this Subject into their ſerious Conſideration: In order thereunto the following Letter may not be wholly unworthy their Peruſal.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'GOING lately to take the Air in one of the moſt
'beautiful Evenings this Seaſon has produced; as
'I was admiring the Serenity of the Sky, the lively Co-
'lours of the Fields, and the Variety of the Landskip
'every Way around me, my Eyes were ſuddenly called
'off from theſe inanimate Objects by a little Party of
'Horſemen I ſaw paſſing the Road. The greater Part
'of them eſcaped my particular Obſervation, by reaſon
'that my whole Attention was fixed on a very fair Youth
'who rode in the Midſt of them, and ſeemed to have
'been dreſſed by ſome Deſcription in a Romance. His
'Features, Complexion, and Habit had a remarkable Ef-
'feminacy, and a certain languiſhing Vanity appeared in
'his Air: His Hair, well curl'd and powder'd, hung to a
'conſiderable Length on his Shoulders, and was wantonly
'ty'd, as if by the Hands of his Miſtreſs, in a Scarlet
'Ribbon, which played like a Streamer behind hm: He
'had a Coat and Waſtecoat of blue Camlet trimmed and
'em-

'embroidered with Silver; a Cravat of the fineſt Lace; and 'wore, in a ſmart Cock, a little Beaver Hat edged with 'Silver, and made more ſprightly by a Feather. His 'Horſe too, which was a Pacer, was adorned after the 'ſame airy Manner, and ſeemed to ſhare in the Vanity 'of the Rider. As I was pitying the Luxury of this 'young Perſon, who appeared to me to have been edu-'cated only as an Object of Sight, I perceived on my 'nearer Approach, and as I turned my Eyes downward, 'Part of the Equipage I had not obſerved before, which 'was a Petticoat of the ſame with the Coat and Waſte-'coat. After this Diſcovery, I looked again on the Face 'of the fair *Amazon* who had thus deceived me, and 'thought thoſe Features which had before offended me 'by their Softneſs, were now ſtrengthened into as im-'proper a Boldneſs; and tho' her Eyes, Noſe, and Mouth 'ſeemed to be formed with perfect Symmetry, I am 'not certain whether ſhe, who in Appearance was a ve-'ry handſome Youth, may not be in Reality a very in-'different Woman.

'THERE is an Objection which naturally preſents 'it ſelf againſt theſe occaſional Perplexities and Mixtures 'of Dreſs, which is that they ſeem to break in upon 'that Propriety and Diſtinction of Appearance in which 'the Beauty of different Characters is preſerved; and if 'they ſhould be more frequent than they are at preſent, 'would look like turning our publick Aſſemblies into a 'general Maſquerade. The Model of the *Amazonian* 'Hunting Habit for Ladies, was, as I take it, firſt im-'ported from *France* and well enough expreſſes the 'Gaiety of a People who are taught to do any thing ſo 'it be with an Aſſurance; but I cannot help thinking it 'ſits awkardly yet on our *Engliſh* Modeſty. The Petti-'coat is a kind of Incumbrance upon it, and if the '*Amazons* ſhould think fit to go on in this Plunder of 'our Sex's Ornaments, they ought to add to their Spoils, 'and compleat their Triumph over us, by wearing the 'Breeches.

'IF it be natural to contract inſenſibly the Manners 'of thoſe we imitate, the Ladies who are pleaſed with 'aſſuming our Dreſſes will do us more Honour than we 'deſerve, but they will do it at their own Expence.

'Why

'Why ſhould the lovely *Camilla* deceive us in more Shapes 'than her own, and affect to be repreſented in her Picture 'with a Gun and a Spaniel; while her elder Brother, the 'Heir of a worthy Family, is drawn in Silks like his 'Siſter? The Dreſs and Air of a Man are not well to be 'divided; and thoſe who would not be content with the 'Latter, ought never to think of aſſuming the Former. 'There is ſo large a Portion of natural Agreeableneſs a-'mong the fair Sex of our Iſland, that they ſeem betray-'ed into theſe romantick Habits without having the ſame 'Occaſion for them with their Inventors: All that needs 'to be deſired of them is, that they would *be themſelves*, 'that is, what Nature deſigned them; and to ſee their 'Miſtake when they depart from this let them look up-'on a Man who affects the Softneſs and Effeminacy of 'a Woman, to learn how their Sex muſt appear to us 'when approaching to the Reſemblance of a Man.

I am, SIR,

T *Your moſt Humble Servant.*

N° 105. *Saturday, June* 30.

——*Id arbitror*
Adprime in vita eſſe utile, ne quid nimis. Ter. Andr.

MY Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB values himſelf very much upon what he calls the Knowledge of Mankind, which has coſt him many Diſaſters in his Youth; for WILL. reckons every Misfortune that he has met with among the Women, and every Rencounter among the Men, as Parts of his Education; and fancies he ſhould never have been the Man he is, had not he broke Windows, knocked down Conſtables, diſturbed honeſt People with his Midnight Serenades, and beat up a lewd Woman's Quarters, when he was a young Fellow. The engaging in Adventures of this nature, WILL. calls the ſtudying of Mankind; and terms this Knowledge of the Town, the Knowledge of the World. WILL. ingenuouſly

nuously confeſſes, that for half his Life his Head ached every Morning with reading of Men over-night; and at preſent comforts himſelf under certain Pains which he endures from time to time, that without them he could not have been acquainted with the Gallantries of the Age. This WILL. looks upon as the Learning of a Gentleman, and regards all other kinds of Science as the Accompliſhments of one whom he calls a Scholar, a Bookiſh Man, or a Philoſopher.

FOR theſe Reaſons WILL. ſhines in mixed Company, where he has the Diſcretion not to go out of his Depth and has often a certain way of making his real Ignorance appear a ſeeming one. Our Club however has frequently caught him tripping, at which times they never ſpare him. For as WILL. often inſults us with the Knowledge of the Town, we ſometimes take our Revenge upon him by our Knowledge of Books.

HE was laſt Week producing two or three Letters which he writ in his Youth to a Coquet Lady. The Raillery of them was natural, and well enough for a meer Man of the Town; but, very unluckily, ſeveral of the Words were wrong ſpelt. WILL. laught this off at firſt as well as he could, but finding himſelf puſhed on all ſides, and eſpecially by the *Templer*, he told us, with a little Paſſion, that he never liked Pedantry in Spelling, and that he ſpelt like a Gentleman, and not like a Scholar: Upon this WILL. had Recourſe to his old Topick of ſhewing the narrow Spiritedneſs, the Pride, and Ignorance of Pedants; which he carried ſo far, that upon my retiring to my Lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together ſuch Reflections as occurred to me upon that Subject.

A Man who has been brought up among Books, and is able to talk of nothing elſe, is a very indifferent Companion, and what we call a Pedant. But, methinks, we ſhould enlarge the Title, and give it every one that does not know how to think out of his Profeſſion, and particular way of Life.

WHAT is a greater Pedant than a meer Man of the Town? Barr him the Play-houſes, a Catalogue of the reigning Beauties, and an Account of a few faſhionable Diſtempers that have befallen him, and you ſtrike him Dumb. How many a pretty Gentleman's Knowledge lies

lies all within the Verge of the Court? He will tell you the Names of the Principal Favourites, repeat the ſhrewd Sayings of a Man of Quality, whiſper an Intreague that is not yet blown upon by common Fame; or, if the Sphere of his Obſervations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the Incidents, Turns, and Revolutions in a Game of Ombre. When he has gone thus far he has ſhown you the whole Circle of his Accompliſhments, his Parts are drained, and he is diſabled from any further Converſation. What are theſe but rank Pedants? and yet theſe are the Men who value themſelves moſt on their Exemption from the Pedantry of Col'eges.

I might here mention the Military Pedant, who always talks in a Camp and is ſtorming Towns, making Lodgments, and fighting Battels from one end of the Year to the other. Every thing he ſpeaks ſmells of Gunpowder; if you take away his Artillery from him, he has not a Word to ſay for himſelf. I might likewiſe mention the Law Pedant, that is perpetually putting Caſes, repeating the Tranſactions of *Weſtminſter-Hall* wrangling with you upon the moſt indifferent Circumſtances of Life, and not to be convinced of the Diſtance of a Place, or of the moſt trivial Point in Converſation, but by dint of Argument. The State-Pedant is wrapt up in News, and loſt in Politicks. If you mention either of the Kings of *Spain* or *Poland*, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the *Gazzete*, you drop him. In ſhort, a meer Courtier, a meer Soldier, a meer Scholar, a meer any thing, is an inſipid Pedantick Character, and equally ridiculous.

OF all the Species of Pedants, which I have mentioned, the Book-Pedant is much the moſt ſupportable; he has at leaſt an exerciſed Underſtanding, and a Head which is full though confuſed, ſo that a Man who converſes with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may poſſibly turn to his own Advantage, tho' they are of little uſe to the Owner. The worſt kind of Pedants among Learned Men, are ſuch as are naturally endued with a very ſmall Share of common Senſe, and have read a great number of Books without Taſte or Diſtinction.

THE Truth of it is, Learning like Travelling, and all other Methods of Improvement, as it finiſhes good Senſe,

ſo

ſo it makes a ſilly Man ten thouſand times more inſufferable, by ſupplying variety of Matter to his Impertinence, and giving him an Opportunity of abounding in Abſurdities.

SHALLOW Pedants cry up one another much more than Men of ſolid and uſeful Learning. To read the Titles they give an Editor, or Collator of a Manuſcript, you would take him for the Glory of the Common-Wealth of Letters, and the Wonder of his Age; when perhaps upon Examination you find that he has only Rectify'd a *Greek* Particle, or laid out a whole Sentence in proper Commas.

THEY are obliged indeed to be thus laviſh of their Praiſes, that they may keep one another in Countenance; and it is no wonder if a great deal of Knowledge, which is not capable of making a Man Wiſe, has a natural Tendency to make him Vain and Arrogant. L

N° 106. *Monday, July* 2.

—— Hinc tibi Copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu. Hor.

HAVING often received an Invitation from my Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY to paſs away a Month with him in the Country, I laſt Week accompanied him thither, and am ſettled with him for ſome Time at his Country-houſe, where I intend to form ſeveral of my enſuing Speculations. Sir ROGER, who is very well acquainted with my Humour, lets me riſe and go to Bed when I pleaſe, dine at his own Table or in my Chamber as I think fit, ſit ſtill and ſay nothing without bidding me be merry. When the Gentlemen of the Country come to ſee him, he only ſhews me at a Diſtance. As I have been walking in his Fields I have obſerved them ſtealing a Sight of me over an Hedge, and have heard the Knight deſiring them not to let me ſee them, for that I hated to be ſtared at.

I

I am the more at Eaſe in Sir ROGER's Family, becauſe it conſiſts of ſober and ſtaid Perſons; for as the Knight is the beſt Maſter in the World, he ſeldom changes his Servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his Servants never care for leaving him: By this Means his Domeſticks are all in Years, and grown old with their Maſter. You would take his Valet de Chambre for his Brother, his Butler is grey-headed, his Groom is one of the graveſt Men that I have ever ſeen, and his Coachman has the looks of a Privy Counſellor. You ſee the Goodneſs of the Maſter even in the old Houſe-dog, and in a grey Pad that is kept in the Stable with great Care and Tenderneſs out of Regard to his paſt Services, tho' he has been uſeleſs for ſeveral Years.

I could not but obſerve with a great deal of Pleaſure the Joy that appeared in the Countenances of theſe ancient Domeſticks upon my Friend's Arrival at his Country-Seat. Some of them could not refrain from Tears at the Sight of their old Maſter; every one of them preſs'd forward to do ſomething for him, and ſeemed diſcouraged if they were not employed. At the ſame Time the good old Knight, with a Mixture of the Father and the Maſter of the Family, tempered the Enquiries after his own Affairs with ſeveral kind Queſtions relating to themſelves. This Humanity and Good-nature engages every Body to him, ſo that when he is pleaſant upon any of them, all his Family are in good Humour, and none ſo much as the Perſon whom he diverts himſelf with: On the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any Infirmity of old Age, it is eaſie for a Stander-by to obſerve a ſecret Concern in the Looks of all his Servants.

MY worthy Friend has put me under the particular Care of his Butler, who is a very prudent Man, and, as well as the reſt of his Fellow-Servants, wonderfully deſirous of pleaſing me, becauſe they have often heard their Maſter talk of me as of his particular Friend.

MY chief Companion, when Sir ROGER is diverting himſelf in the Woods or the Fields, is a very venerable Man, who is ever with Sir ROGER, and has lived at his Houſe in the Nature of a Chaplain above thirty Years. This Gentleman is a Perſon of good Senſe and ſome Learning, of a very regular Life and obliging Converſation:

He

He heartily loves Sir ROGER. and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's Eſteem; ſo that he lives in the Family rather as a Relation than a Dependant.

I have obſerved in ſeveral of my Papers, that my Friend Sir ROGER, amidſt all his good Qualities, is ſomething of an Humourиſt, and that his Virtues, as well as Imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain Extravagance, which makes them particularly *his*, and diſtinguiſhes them from thoſe of other Men. This Caſt of Mind, as it is generally very innocent in it ſelf, ſo it renders his Converſation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the ſame Degree of Senſe and Virtue would appear in their common and ordinary Colours. As I was walking with him laſt Night, he aſk'd me how I liked the good Man whom I have juſt now mentioned? and without ſtaying for my Anſwer, told me, That he was afraid of being inſulted with Latin and Greek at his own Table; for which Reaſon, he deſired a particular Friend of his at the Univerſity to find him out a Clergyman rather of plain Senſe than much Learning of a good Aſpect, a clear Voice, a ſociable Temper, and, if poſſible, a Man that underſtood a little of Back-Gammon. My Friend, ſays Sir ROGER, found me out this Gentleman, who, beſides the Endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good Scholar though he does not ſhew it. I have given him the Parſonage of the Pariſh; and becauſe I know his Value, have ſettled upon him a good Annuity for Life. If he out-lives me, he ſhall find that he was higher in my Eſteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty Years; and though he does not know I have taken Notice of it, has never in all that Time asked any thing of me for himſelf, tho' he is every Day ſolliciting me for ſomething in Behalf of one or other of my Tenants his Pariſhioners. There has not been a Law-Suit in the Pariſh ſince he has lived among them: If any Diſpute ariſes, they apply themſelves to him for the Deciſion; if they do not acquieſce in his Judgment, which I think never happened above once, or twice at moſt, they appeal to me. At his firſt ſettling with me, I made him a Preſent of all the good Sermons which have been printed in *Engliſh*, and only begged of him that every *Sunday* he would pronounce one of them in the Pulpit. Accordingly, he has digeſted

digeſted them into ſuch a Series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued Syſtem of practical Divinity.

AS Sir ROGER was going on in his Story, the Gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the Knight's asking him who preached to Morrow (for it was *Saturday* Night) told us, the Biſhop of St. *Aſaph* in the Morning, and Doctor *South* in the Afternoon. He then ſhewed us his Liſt of Preachers for the whole Year, where I ſaw with a great deal of Pleaſure Archbiſhop *Tillotſon*, Biſhop *Saunderſon*, Doctor *Barrow*, Doctor *Calamy*, with ſeveral living Authors who have publiſhed Diſcourſes of Practical Divinity. I no ſooner ſaw this Venerable Man in the Pulpit, but I very much approved of my Friend's inſiſting upon the Qualifications of a good Aſpect and a clear Voice; for I was ſo charmed with the Gracefulneſs of his Figure and Delivery, as well as with the Diſcourſes he pronounced, that I think I never paſſed any Time more to my Satisfaction. A Sermon repeated after this Manner, is like the Compoſition of a Poet in the Mouth of a graceful Actor.

I could heartily wiſh that more of our Country-Clergy would follow this Example; and inſtead of waſting their Spirits in laborious Compoſitions of their own, would endeavour after a handſome Elocution, and all thoſe other Talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater Maſters. This would not only be more eaſie to themſelves, but more edifying to the People. L

N° 107. *Tueſday, July* 3.

Æſopo ingentem ſtatuam poſuere Attici,
Servumque collocârunt Æterna in Baſi,
Patere honoris ſcirent ut Cuncti viam. Phæd.

THE Reception, manner of Attendance, undiſturbed Freedom and Quiet, which I meet with here in the Country, has confirmed me in the Opinion I always had, that the general Corruption of Manners in

Servants

Servants is owing to the Conduct of Maſters. The Aſpect of every one in the Family carries ſo much Satisfaction, that it appears he knows the happy Lot which has befallen him in being a Member of it. There is one Particular which I ſave ſeldom ſeen but at Sir ROGER's; it is uſual in all other Places, that Servants fly from the parts of the Houſe through which their Maſter is paſſing; on the contrary, here they induſtriouſly place themſelves in his way, and it is on both ſides, as it were, underſtood as a Viſit when the Servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the Human and equal Temper of the Man of the Houſe, who alſo perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great Eſtate, with ſuch Oeconomy as ever to be much before-hand. This makes his own Mind untroubled, and conſequently unapt to vent peeviſh Expreſſions, or give paſſionate or inconſiſtent Orders to thoſe about him. Thus Reſpect and Love go together; and a certain Chearfulneſs in Performance of their Duty is the particular Diſtinction of the lower part of this Family. When a Servant is called before his Maſter, he does not come with an Expectation to hear himſelf rated for ſome trivial Fault, threatned to be ſtripped, or uſed with any other unbecoming Language, which mean Maſters often give to worthy Servants; but it is often to know, what Road he took that he came ſo readily back according to Order; whether he paſſed by ſuch a Ground, if the old Man who rents it is in good Health; or whether he gave Sir ROGER's Love to him, or the like.

A Man who preſerves a Reſpect, founded on his Benevolence to his Dependants, lives rather like a Prince than a Maſter in his Family; his Orders are received as Favours, rather than Duties; and the Diſtinction of approaching him, is part of the Reward for executing what is command d by him.

THERE is another Circumſtance in which my Friend excells in his Management, which is the manner of rewarding his Servants: He has ever been of Opinion, that giving his caſt Clothes to be worn by Valets has a very ill Effect upon little Minds, and creates a ſilly Senſe of Equality between the Parties, in Perſons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleaſant on this Occaſion, and deſcribe a young Gentleman abuſing his Man in

in that Coat, which a Month or two before was the moſt pleaſing Diſtinction he was conſcious of in himſelf. He would turn his Diſcourſe ſtill more pleaſantly upon the Ladies Bounties of this kind; and I have heard him ſay he knew a fine Woman, who diſtributed Rewards and Puniſhments in giving becoming or unbecoming Dreſſes to her Maids.

BUT my good Friend is above theſe little Inſtances of Good-will, in beſtowing only Trifles on his Servants; a good Servant to him is ſure of having it in his Choice very ſoon of being no Servant at all. As I before obſerved, he is ſo good an Husband, and knows ſo thoroughly that the Skill of the Purſe is the Cardinal Virtue of this Life; I ſay, he knows ſo well that Frugality is the Support of Generoſity, that he can often ſpare a large Fine when a Tenement falls, and give that Settlement to a good Servant who has a Mind to go into the World, or make a Stranger pay the Fine to that Servant, for his more comfortable Maintenance, if he ſtays in his Service.

A Man of Honour and Generoſity conſiders, it would be miſerable to himſelf to have no Will but that of another, tho' it were of the beſt Perſon breathing, and for that Reaſon goes on as faſt as he is able to put his Servants into independent Livelihoods. The greateſt part of Sir Roger's Eſtate is tenanted by Perſons who have ſerved himſelf or his Anceſtors. It was to me extreamly pleaſant to obſerve the Viſitants from ſeveral Parts to welcome his Arrival into the Country; and all the Difference that I could take notice of, between the late Servants who came to ſee him, and thoſe who ſtaid in the Family, was, that theſe latter were looked upon as finer Gentlemen and better Courtiers.

THIS Manumiſſion and placing them in a way of Livelihood, I look upon as only what is due to a good Servant, which Encouragement will make his Succeſſor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is ſomething wonderful in the narrowneſs of thoſe Minds, which can be pleaſed, and be barren of Bounty to thoſe who pleaſe them.

ONE might, on this occaſion, recount the Senſe that Great Perſons in all Ages have had of the Merit of their Dependants, and the Heroick Services which Men have done

done their Masters in the Extremity of their Fortunes; and shewn, to their undone Patrons, that Fortune was all the Difference between them; but as I design this my Speculation only as a gentle Admonition to thankless Masters, I shall not go out of the Occurrences of common Life, but assert it as a general Observation, that I never saw, but in Sir ROGER's Family, and one or two more, good Servants treated as they ought to be. Sir ROGER's Kindness extends to their Childrens Children, and this very Morning he sent his Coachman's Grandson to Prentice. I shall conclude this Paper with an Account of a Picture in his Gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future Observation.

AT the very upper End of this handsome Structure I saw the Portraiture of two young Men standing in a River, the one naked the other in a Livery. The Person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to shew in his Face exquisite Joy and Love towards the other. I thought the fainting Figure resembled my Friend Sir ROGER; and looking at the Butler, who stood by me, for an Account of it, he informed me that the Person in the Livery was a Servant of Sir ROGER's, who stood on the Shore while his Master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden Illness, and sink under Water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir ROGER took off the Dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great Bounty at that time, followed by his Favour ever since, had made him Master of that pretty Seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this House. I remembred indeed Sir ROGER said there lived a very worthy Gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning any thing further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfy'd at some part of the Picture, my Attendant informed me, that it was against Sir ROGER's Will, and at the earnest Request of the Gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the Habit in which he had saved his Master.

R

Wednesday,

N° 108. *Wedneſday, July* 4.

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens. Phæd.

AS I was Yeſterday Morning walking with Sir ROGER before his Houſe, a Country-Fellow brought him a huge Fiſh, which, he told him, Mr. *William Wimble* had caught that very Morning; and that he preſented it, with his Service, to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the ſame Time he delivered a Letter, which my Friend read to me as ſoon as the Meſſenger left him.

Sir ROGER,

'I Deſire you to accept of a Jack, which is the beſt I 'have caught this Seaſon. I intend to come and 'ſtay with you a Week, and ſee how the Perch bite in 'the *Black River*. I obſerved, with ſome Concern, the 'laſt Time I ſaw you upon the Bowling-Green, that 'your Whip wanted a Laſh to it: I will bring half a Do-'zen with me that I twiſted laſt Week, which I hope 'will ſerve you all the Time you are in the Country. I 'have not been out of the Saddle for ſix Days laſt paſt, 'having been at *Eaton* with Sir *John*'s eldeſt Son. He 'takes to his Learning hugely. I am,

SIR, Your humble Servant,

Will. Wimble.

THIS extraordinary Letter, and Meſſage that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the Character and Quality of the Gentleman who ſent them; which I found to be as follows; *Will. Wimble* is younger Brother to a Baronet, and deſcended of the ancient Family of the *Wimbles*. He is now between Forty and Fifty; but being bred to no Buſineſs and born to no Eſtate, he generally lives with his elder Brother as Superintendent of his Game. He hunts a Pack of Dogs better than any Man in the Country, and is very famous for finding out a Hare. He

is

is extreamly well verſed in all the little Handicrafts of an idle Man: He makes a *May*-fly to a Miracle; and furniſhes the whole Country with Angle-Rods. As he is a good-natured officious Fellow, and very much eſteemed upon Account of his Family, he is a welcome Gueſt at every Houſe, and keeps up a good Correſpondence among all the Gentlemen about him. He carries a Tulip-Root in his Pocket from one to another, or exchanges a Puppy between a couple of Friends that live perhaps in the oppoſite Sides of the County. *Will.* is a particular Favourite of all the young Heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a Net that he has weaved, or a Setting-dog that he has *made* himſelf: He now and then preſents a Pair of Garters of his own knitting to their Mothers or Siſters; and raiſes a great deal of Mirth among them, by enquiring as often as he meets them *how they wear*? Theſe Gentleman-like Manufactures and obliging little Humours, make *Will.* the Darling of the Country.

Sir ROGER was proceeding in the Character of him, when he ſaw him make up to us, with two or three Hazle-twigs in his Hand that he had cut in Sir ROGER's Woods, as he came through them, in his Way to the Houſe. I was very much pleaſed to obſerve on one Side the hearty and ſincere Welcome with which Sir ROGER received him, and on the other the ſecret Joy which his Gueſt diſcovered at Sight of the good old Knight. After the firſt Salutes were over, *Will.* deſired Sir ROGER to lend him one of his Servants to carry a Set of Shuttle-cocks he had with him in a little Box to a Lady that lived about a Mile off, to whom it ſeems he had promiſed ſuch a Preſent for above this half Year. Sir ROGER's Back was no ſooner turned, but honeſt *Will.* began to tell me of a large Cock-Pheaſant that he had ſprung in one of the neighbouring Woods, with two or three other Adventures of the ſame Nature. Odd and uncommon Characters are the Game that I look for, and moſt delight in; for which Reaſon I was as much pleaſed with the Novelty of the Perſon that talked to me, as he could be for his Life with the ſpringing of a Pheaſant, and therefore liſtned to him with more than ordinary Attention.

IN the Midſt of his Diſcourſe the Bell rung to Dinner, where the Gentleman I have been ſpeaking of had the Pleaſure

Pleaſure of ſeeing the huge Jack, he had caught, ſerved up for the firſt Diſh in a moſt ſumptuous Manner. Upon our ſitting down to it he gave us a long Account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the Bank, with ſeveral other Particulars that laſted all the firſt Courſe. A Diſh of Wild-fowl that came afterwards furniſhed Converſation for the reſt of the Dinner, which concluded with a late Invention of *Will*'s for improving the Quail Pipe.

UPON withdrawing into my Room after Dinner, I was ſecretly touched with Compaſſion towards the honeſt Gentleman that had dined with us; and could not but conſider with a great deal of Concern, how ſo good an Heart and ſuch buſy Hands were wholly employed in Trifles; that ſo much Humanity ſhould be ſo little beneficial to others, and ſo much Induſtry ſo little Advantageous to himſelf. The ſame Temper of Mind and Application to Affairs might have recommended him to the publick Eſteem, and have raiſed his Fortune in another Station of Life. What good to his Country or himſelf might not a Trader or Merchant have done with ſuch uſeful tho' ordinary Qualifications?

WILL. WIMBLE's is the Caſe of many a younger Brother of a great Family, who had rather ſee their Children ſtarve like Gentlemen, than thrive in a Trade or Profeſſion that is beneath their Quality. This Humour fills ſeveral Parts of *Europe* with Pride and Beggary. It is the Happineſs of a trading Nation, like ours, that the younger Sons, tho' uncapable of any liberal Art or Profeſſion, may be placed in ſuch a Way of Life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with the beſt of their Family: Accordingly we find ſeveral Citizens that were launched into the World with narrow Fortunes, riſing by an honeſt Induſtry to greater Eſtates than thoſe of their elder Brothers. It is not improbable but *Will.* was formerly tried at Divinity, Law, or Phyſick; and that finding his Genius did not lie that Way, his Parents gave him up at length to his own Inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for Studies of a higher Nature, he was perfectly well turned for the Occupations of Trade and Commerce. As I think this is a Point which cannot be too much inculcated, I ſhall deſire my Reader to compare what I have here writ-

ten with what I have ſaid in my Twenty firſt Speculation. L

N° 109. *Thurſday, July* 5.

Abnormis ſapiens —— —— Hor.

I Was this Morning walking in the Gallery, when Sir ROGER entered at the end oppoſite to me, and advancing towards me, ſaid, he was glad to meet me among his Relations the DE COVERLYS, and hoped I liked the Converſation of ſo much good Company, who were as ſilent as my ſelf. I knew he alluded to the Pictures, and as he is a Gentleman who does not a little value himſelf upon his ancient Deſcent, I expected he would give me ſome Account of them. We were now arrived at the upper End of the Gallery, when the Knight faced towards one of the Pictures, and as we ſtood before it, he entered into the Matter, after his blunt way of ſaying things, as they occur to his Imagination, without regular Introduction, or Care to preſerve the Appearance of Chain of Thought.

'IT is, ſaid he, worth while to conſider the Force of 'Dreſs; and how the Perſons of one Age differ from 'thoſe of another, merely by that only. One may ob'ſerve alſo that the General Faſhion of one Age has been 'followed by one particular Set of People in another, and 'by them preſerved from one Generation to another. 'Thus the vaſt jetting Coat and ſmall Bonnet, which was 'the Habit in *Harry* the Seventh's time, is kept on in the 'Yeomen of the Guard; not without a good and Politick 'View, becauſe they look a Foot taller, and a Foot and 'an half broader: Beſides that, the Cap leaves the Face 'expanded, and conſequently more Terrible, and fitter 'to ſtand at the Entrance of Palaces.

'THIS Predeceſſor of ours, you ſee, is dreſſed after 'this manner, and his Cheeks would be no larger than 'mine were he in a Hat as I am. He was the laſt Man 'that won a Prize in the Tilt-Yard (which is now a

'Common

'Common Street before *Whitehall*) You ſee the broken 'Lance that lyes there by his right Foot; He ſhivered that 'Lance of his Adverſary all to Pieces; and bearing him-'ſelf, look you Sir, in this manner. at the ſame time 'he came within the Target of the Gentleman who rode 'againſt him, and taking him with incredible Force before 'him on the Pummel of his Saddle, he in that manner 'rid the Turnament over, with an Air that ſhewed he 'did it rather to perform the Rule of the Liſts, than ex-'poſe his Enemy; however, it appeared he knew how 'to make uſe of a Victory, and with a gentle Trot he 'marched up to a Gallery where their Miſtreſs ſat (for 'they were Rivals) and let him down with laudable 'Courteſy and pardonable Inſolence. I don't know but 'it might be exactly where the Coffee-houſe is now.

'YOU are to know this my Anceſtor was not only of 'a military Genius but fit alſo for the Arts of Peace, for 'he play'd on the Baſe-viol as well as any Gentleman at 'Court; you ſee where his Viol hangs by his Basket-hilt 'Sword. The Action at the Tilt-yard you may be ſure 'won the Fair Lady, who was a Maid of Honour, and 'the greateſt Beauty of her time; here ſhe ſtands, the 'next Picture. You ſee, Sir, my Great Great Great 'Grand-Mother has on the new-faſhioned Petticoat, ex-'cept that the Modern is gathered at the Waſte; my 'Grandmother appears as if ſhe ſtood in a large Drum, 'whereas the Ladies now walk as if they were in a Go-'Cart. For all this Lady was bred at Court, ſhe became 'an Excellent Country-Wife, ſhe brought ten Children, 'and when I ſhew you the Library, you ſhall ſee in her own 'hand (allowing for the Difference of the Language,) the 'beſt Receipt now in *England* both for an Haſty-Pud-'ding and a Whitepot.

'IF you pleaſe to fall back a little, becauſe 'tis neceſ-'ſary to look at the three next Pictures at one View; 'theſe are three Siſters. She on the right Hand, who is 'ſo very beautiful, dyed a Maid; the next to her, ſtill 'handſomer, had the ſame Fate, againſt her Will; this 'homely thing in the middle had both their Portions ad-'ded to her own, and was ſtollen by a neighbouring Gen-'tleman, a Man of Stratagem and Reſolution, for he 'poiſoned three Maſtiffs to come at her, and knocked

'down two Deer-ſtealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all Families: The Theft of this Romp and ſo much Mony, was no great matter to our Eſtate. But the next Heir that poſſeſſed it was this ſoft Gentleman, whom you ſee there: Obſerve the ſmall Buttons, the little Boots, the Laces, the Slaſhes about his Cloaths, and above all the Poſture he is drawn in, (which to be ſure was his own chuſing;) you ſee he ſits with one Hand on a Desk writing, and looking as it were another way, like an eaſy Writer, or a Sonneteer: He was one of thoſe that had too much Wit to know how to live in the World; he was a Man of no Juſtice, but great good Manners; he ruined every Body that had any thing to do with him, but never ſaid a rude thing in his Life; the moſt indolent Perſon in the World, he would ſign a Deed that paſſed away half his Eſtate with his Gloves on, but would not put on his Hat before a Lady if it were to ſave his Country. He is ſaid to be the firſt that made Love by ſqueezing the Hand. He left the Eſtate with ten thouſand Pounds Debt upon it, but however by all Hands I have been informed that he was every way the fineſt Gentleman in the World. That Debt lay heavy on our Houſe for one Generation, but it was retrieved by a Gift from that Honeſt Man you ſee there, a Citizen of our Name, but nothing at all a-kin to us. I know Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has ſaid behind my Back, that this Man was deſcended from one of the ten Children of the Maid of Honour I ſhewed you above. But it was never made out; we winked at the thing indeed, becauſe Mony was wanting at that time.

Here I ſaw my Friend a little embarraſſed, and turned my Face to the next Portraiture.

SIR ROGER went on with his Account of the Gallery in the following manner. 'This Man (pointing to 'him I look'd at) I take to be the Honour of our Houſe. 'Sir HUMPHRY DE COVERLY; he was in his Dealings as punctual as a Tradeſman, and as generous as a 'Gentleman. He would have thought himſelf as much 'undone by breaking his Word, as if it were to be follow'ed by Bankruptcy. He ſerved his Country as Knight 'of this Shire to his dying Day. He found it no eaſie matter

'matter to maintain an Integrity in his Words and Actions, 'even in things that regarded the Offices which were in- 'cumbent upon him, in the Care of his own Affairs and 'Relations of Life, and therefore dreaded (tho' he had 'great Talents) to go into Employments of State, where 'he muſt be expoſed to the Snares of Ambition. Inno- 'cence of Life and great Ability were the diſtinguiſhing Parts 'of his Character; the latter, he had often obſerved, had 'led to the Deſtruction of the former, and uſed frequent- 'ly to lament that Great and Good had not the ſame Sig- 'nification. He was an excellent Husbandman but had 'reſolved not to exceed ſuch a degree of Wealth; all a- 'bove it he beſtowed in ſecret Bounties many Years after 'the Sum he aimed at for his own uſe was attained. Yet 'he did not ſlacken his Induſtry, but to a decent old Age 'ſpent the Life and Fortune which was ſuperfluous to 'himſelf, in the Service of his Friends and Neighbours.

HERE we were called to Dinner, and Sir ROGER ended the Diſcourſe of this Gentleman, by telling me, as we followed the Servant, that this his Anceſtor was a Brave Man, and narrowly eſcaped being killed in the Civil Wars; 'For, ſaid he, he was ſent out of the Field upon 'a private Meſſage the Day before the Battel of *Worceſter*. The Whim of narrowly eſcaping, by having been within a Day of Danger; with other Matters above-mentioned, mixed with good Senſe, left me at a Loſs whether I was more delighted with my Friend's Wiſdom or Simplicity. R

N° 110. *Friday, July* 6.

Horror ubique animos, ſimul ipſa ſilentia terrent. Virg.

AT a little Diſtance from Sir ROGER's Houſe, among the Ruins of an old Abby, there is a long Walk of aged Elms; which are ſhot up ſo very high, that when one paſſes under them, the Rooks and Crows that reſt upon the Tops of them ſeem to be Cawing in another Region. I am very much delighted with this Sort of Noiſe, which I conſider as a kind of natural Prayer to that Being who ſupplies the Wants of his whole

Creation, and who, in the beautiful Language of the *Pſalms*, feedeth the young Ravens that call upon him. I like this Retirement the better, becauſe of an ill Report it lies under of being *haunted*; for which Reaſon (as I have been told in the Family) no living Creature ever walks in it beſides the Chaplain. My good Friend the Butler deſired me with a very grave Face not to venture my ſelf in it after Sun-ſet, for that one of the Footmen had been almoſt frighted out of his Wits by a Spirit that appeared to him in the Shape of a black Horſe without an Head; to which he added, that about a Month ago one of the Maids coming home late that way with a Pail of Milk upon her Head, heard ſuch a Ruſtling among the Buſhes that ſhe let it fall.

I was taking a Walk in this Place laſt Night between the Hours of Nine and Ten, and could not but fancy it one of the moſt proper Scenes in the World for a Ghoſt to appear in. The Ruins of the Abby are ſcattered up and down on every ſide, and half covered with Ivy and Elder-Buſhes, the Harbours of ſeveral ſolitary Birds which ſeldom make their Appearance 'till the Dusk of the Evening. The Place was formerly a Church-yard, and has ſtill ſeveral Marks in it of Graves and Burying-Places. There is ſuch an Eccho among the old Ruins and Vaults, that if you ſtamp but a little louder than ordinary you hear the Sound repeated. At the ſame time the Walk of Elms, with the Croaking of the Ravens which from time to time are heard from the Tops of them, looks exceeding ſolemn and venerable. Theſe Objects naturally raiſe Serioufneſs and Attention; and when Night heightens the Awfulneſs of the Place, and pours out her ſupernumerary Horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder that weak Minds fill it with Spectres and Apparitions.

Mr. *LOCKE* in his Chapter of the Aſſociation of Ideas, has very curious Remarks to ſhew how by the Prejudice of Education one Idea often introduces into the Mind a whole Set that bear no Reſemblance to one another in the Nature of things. Among ſeveral Examples of this Kind, he produces the following Inſtance. *The Ideas of Goblins and Sprights have really no more to do with Darkneſs than Light: Yet let but a fooliſh Maid inculcate theſe often on the Mind of a Child, and raiſe them there together,*

together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives; but Darkness shall ever afterward bring with it those frightful Ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other.

AS I was walking in this Solitude, where the Dusk of the Evening conspired with so many other Occasions of Terrour, I observed a Cow grazing not far from me, which an Imagination that is apt to *startle* might easily have construed into a black Horse without an Head; and I dare say the poor Footman lost his Wits upon some such trivial Occasion.

MY Friend Sir ROGER has often told me with a great deal of Mirth, that at his first coming to his Estate he found three Parts of his House altogether useless; that the best Room in it had the Reputation of being haunted, and by that Means was locked up; that Noises had been heard in his long Gallery, so that he could not get a Servant to enter it after eight a Clock at Night; that the Door of one of his Chambers was nailed up, because there went a Story in the Family that a Butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his Mother, who lived to a great Age, had shut up half the Rooms in the House, in which either her Husband, a Son. or Daughter had died. The Knight seeing his Habitation reduced to so small a Compass, and himself in a Manner shut out of his own House, upon the Death of his Mother ordered all the Apartments to be flung open, and *exorcised* by his Chaplain, who lay in every Room one after another, and by that Means dissipated the Fears which had so long reigned in the Family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous Horrours, did not I find them so very much prevail in all Parts of the Country. At the same Time I think a Person who is thus terrifyed with the Imagination of Ghosts and Spectres much more reasonable, than one who contrary to the Reports of all Historians sacred and prophane, ancient and modern, and to the Traditions of all Nations, thinks the Appearance of Spirits fabulous and groundless: Could not I give my self up to this general Testimony of Mankind, I should to the Relations of particular Persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other Matters of Fact. I might here

add, that not only the Hiſtorians, to whom we may join the Poets, but likewiſe the Philoſophers of Antiquity, have favoured this Opinion. *Lucretius* himſelf, though by the Courſe of his Philoſophy he was obliged to maintain that the Soul did not exiſt ſeparate from the Body, makes no Doubt of the Reality of Apparitions, and that Men have often appeared after their Death. This I think very remarkable; he was ſo preſſed with the Matter of Fact which he could not have the Confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the moſt abſurd unphiloſophical Notions that was ever ſtarted. He tells us, That the Surfaces of all Bodies are perpetually flying off from their reſpective Bodies, one after another; and that theſe Surfaces or thin Caſes that included each other whilſt they were joined in the Body like the Coats of an Onion, are ſometimes ſeen entire when they are ſeparated from it; by which Means we often behold the Shapes and Shadows of Perſons who are either dead or abſent.

I ſhall diſmiſs this Paper with a Story out of *Joſephus*, not ſo much for the Sake of the Story it ſelf, as for the moral Reflections with which the Author concludes it, and which I ſhall here ſet down in his own Words. '*Glaphyra* the Daughter of King *Archilaus*, after the 'Death of her two firſt Husbands (being married to 'a third, who was Brother to her firſt Husband, and ſo 'paſſionately in Love with her that he turned off his 'former Wife to make Room for this Marriage) had a 'very odd kind of Dream. She fancied that ſhe ſaw her 'firſt Husband coming towards her, and that ſhe embra-'ced him with great Tenderneſs; when in the Midſt of 'the Pleaſure which ſhe expreſſed at the Sight of him, 'he reproached her after the following Manner: *Gla-'phyra*, ſays he, thou haſt made good the old Saying, 'That Women are not to be truſted. Was not I the 'Husband of thy Virginity? have I not Children by 'thee? How couldſt thou forget our Loves ſo far as to 'enter into a ſecond Marriage, and after that into a third, 'nay to take for thy Husband a Man who has ſo ſhame-'leſly crept into the Bed of his Brother? However, for 'the Sake of our paſſed Loves, I ſhall free thee from thy 'preſent Reproach, and make thee mine for ever. *Gla-*

'*phyra*

'*phyra* told this Dream to ſeveral Women of her Ac-
'quaintance, and died ſoon after. I thought this Story
'might not be impertinent in this Place, wherein I
'ſpeak of thoſe Kings: Beſides that, the Example de-
'ſerves to be taken Notice of, as it contains a moſt
'certain Proof of the Immortality of the Soul, and of
'Divine Providence. If any Man thinks theſe Facts incre-
'dible, let him enjoy his Opinion to himſelf; but let him
'not endeavour to diſturb the Belief of others, who by
'Inſtances of this Nature are excited to the Study of
'Virtue. L

N° 111. *Saturday, July 7.*

——*Inter Silvas Academi quærere Verum.* Hor.

THE Courſe of my laſt Speculation led me inſenſibly into a Subject upon which I always meditate with great Delight, I mean the Immortality of the Soul. I was Yeſterday walking alone in one of my Friend's Woods, and loſt my ſelf in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my Mind the ſeveral Arguments that eſtabliſh this great Point, which is the Baſis of Morality, and the Source of all the pleaſing Hopes and ſecret Joys that can ariſe in the Heart of a reaſonable Creature. I conſidered thoſe ſeveral Proofs drawn,

FIRST, From the Nature of the Soul it ſelf, and particularly is Immateriality; which tho' not abſolutely neceſſary to the Eternity of its Duration, has, I think, been evinced to almoſt a Demonſtration.

SECONDLY, From its Paſſions and Sentiments, as particularly from its Love of Exiſtence, its Horrour of Annihilation, and its Hopes of Immortality, with that ſecret Satisfaction which it finds in the Practice of Virtue, and that Uneaſineſs which follows in it upon the Commiſſion of Vice.

THIRDLY, From the Nature of the Supreme Being, whoſe Juſtice, Goodneſs, Wiſdom and Veracity are all concerned in this great Point.

BUT among theſe and other excellent Arguments for the Immortality of the Soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual Progreſs of the Soul to its Perfection, without a Poſſibility of ever arriving at it; which is a Hint that I do not remember to have ſeen opened and improved by others who have written on this Subject, tho' it ſeems to me to carry a great Weight with it. How can it enter into the Thoughts of Man, that the Soul, which is capable of ſuch immenſe Perfections, and of receiving new Improvements to all Eternity, ſhall fall away into nothing almoſt as ſoon as it is created? Are ſuch Abilities made for no Purpoſe? A Brute arrives at a point of Perfection that he can never paſs: In a few Years he has all the Endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thouſand more, would be the ſame thing he is at preſent. Were a human Soul thus at a ſtand in her Accompliſhments, were her Faculties to be full blown, and incapable of further Enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away inſenſibly, and drop at once into a State of Annihilation. But can we believe a thinking Being, that is in a perpetual Progreſs of Improvements, and travelling on from Perfection to Perfection, after having juſt looked abroad into the Works of its Creator, and made a few Diſcoveries of his infinite Goodneſs, Wiſdom and Power, muſt periſh at her firſt ſetting out, and in the very beginning of her Enquiries?

A Man, conſidered in his preſent State, ſeems only ſent into the World to propagate his Kind. He provides himſelf with a Succeſſor, and immediately quits his Poſt to make room for him.

——————————————*hæres*,
Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam.

He does not ſeem born to enjoy Life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not ſurprizing to conſider in Animals, which are formed for our uſe, and can finiſh their Buſineſs in a ſhort Life. The Silk-worm, after having ſpun her Task, lays her Eggs and dies. But a Man can never have taken in his full meaſure of Knowledge, has not time to ſubdue his Paſſions, eſtabliſh his Soul in Virtue, and come up to the Perfection of his Nature, before he is hurried off the Stage. Would an infinitely wiſe Being

ing make ſuch glorious Creatures for ſo mean a Purpoſe? Can he delight in the Production of ſuch abortive Intelligences, ſuch ſhort-lived reaſonable Beings? Would he give us Talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that Wiſdom, which ſhines through all his Works, in the Formation of Man, without looking on this World as only a Nurſery for the next, and believing that the ſeveral Generations of rational Creatures, which riſe up and diſappear in ſuch quick Succeſſions, are only to receive their firſt Rudiments of Exiſtence here, and afterwards to be tranſplanted into a more friendly Climate, where they may ſpread and flouriſh to all Eternity?

THERE is not, in my Opinion, a more pleaſing and triumphant Conſideration in Religion than this of the perpetual Progreſs which the Soul makes towards the Perfection of its Nature, without ever arriving at a Period in it. To look upon the Soul as going on from Strength to Strength, to conſider that ſhe is to ſhine for ever with new Acceſſions of Glory, and brighten to all Eternity; that ſhe will be ſtill adding Virtue to Virtue, and Knowledge to Knowledge; carries in it ſomething wonderfully agreeable to that Ambition which is natural to the Mind of Man. Nay, it muſt be a Proſpect pleaſing to God himſelf, to ſee his Creation for ever beautifying in his Eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of Reſemblance.

METHINKS this ſingle Conſideration, of the Progreſs of a finite Spirit to Perfection, will be ſufficient to extinguiſh all Envy in inferior Natures, and all Contempt in ſuperior. That Cherubim which now appears as a God to a human Soul, knows very well that the Period will come about in Eternity, when the human Soul ſhall be as perfect as he himſelf now is: Nay, when ſhe ſhall look down upon that degree of Perfection, as much as ſhe now falls ſhort of it. It is true, the higher Nature ſtill advances, and by that means preſerves his Diſtance and Superiority in the Scale of Being; but he knows how high ſoever the Station is of which he ſtands poſſeſſed at preſent, the inferior Nature will at length mount up to it, and ſhine forth in the ſame Degree of Glory.

WITH

WITH what Aſtoniſhment and Veneration may we look into our own Souls, where there are ſuch hidden Stores of Virtue and Knowledge, ſuch inexhauſted Sources of Perfection? We know not yet what we ſhall be, nor will it ever enter into the Heart of Man to conceive the Glory that will be always in Reſerve for him. The Soul conſidered with its Creator, is like one of thoſe Mathematical Lines that may draw nearer to another for all Eternity without a Poſſibility of touching it: And can there be a Thought ſo tranſporting, as to conſider our ſelves in theſe perpetual Approaches to him, who is not only the Standard of Perfection but of Happineſs! L.

Nº 112. *Monday, July* 9.

Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεὺς, νόμῳ ὡς διάκεισαι,
Τιμᾶ—— Pyth.

I Am always very well pleaſed with a Country *Sunday*; and think, if keeping holy the Seventh Day were only a human Inſtitution, it would be the beſt Method that could have been thought of for the poliſhing and civilizing of Mankind. It is certain the Country-People would ſoon degenerate into a kind of Savages and Barbarians, were there not ſuch frequent Returns of a ſtated Time, in which the whole Village meet together with their beſt Faces and in their cleanlieſt Habits, to converſe with one another upon indifferent Subjects, hear their Duties explained to them, and join together in Adoration of the Supreme Being. *Sunday* clears away the Ruſt of the whole Week, not only as it refreſhes in their Minds the Notions of Religion, but as it puts both the Sexes upon appearing in their moſt agreeable Forms, and exerting all ſuch Qualities as are apt to give them a Figure in the Eye of the Village. A Country-Fellow diſtinguiſhes himſelf as much in the *Church-yard*, as a Citizen does upon the *Change*; the whole Pariſh-Politicks being generally diſcuſſed in that Place either after Sermon or before the Bell rings.

MY

MY Friend Sir ROGER being a good Church-man, has beautified the Inſide of his Church with ſeveral Texts of his own chuſing: He has likewiſe given a handſome Pulpit-Cloth, and railed in the Communion-Table at his own Expence. He has often told me, that at his coming to his Eſtate he found his Pariſhioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the Reſponſes, he gave every one of them a Haſſock and a Common-prayer Book; and at the ſame Time employed an itinerant Singing-Maſter, who goes about the Country for that Purpoſe, to inſtruct them rightly in the Tunes of the Pſalms; upon which they now very much value themſelves, and indeed out-do moſt of the Country Churches that I have ever heard.

AS Sir ROGER is Landlord to the whole Congregation, he keeps them in very good Order, and will ſuffer no Body to ſleep in it beſides himſelf; for if by Chance he has been ſurprized into a ſhort Nap at Sermon, upon recovering out of it he ſtands up and looks about him, and if he ſees any Body elſe nodding, either wakes them himſelf, or ſends his Servant to them. Several other of the old Knight's Particularities break out upon theſe Occaſions: Sometimes he will be lengthening out a Verſe in the Singing-Pſalms, half a Minnte after the reſt of the Congregation have done with it; ſometimes, when he is pleaſed with the Matter of his Devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the ſame Prayer; and ſometimes ſtands up when every Body elſe is upon their Knees, to count the Congregation, or ſee if any of his Tenants are miſſing.

I was Yeſterday very much ſurprized to hear my old Friend, in the Midſt of the Service, calling out to one *John Matthews* to mind what he was about, and not diſturb the Congregation. This *John Matthews* it ſeems is remarkable for being an idle Fellow, and at that Time was kicking his Heels for his Diverſion. This Authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd Manner which accompanies him in all Circumſtances of Life, has a very good Effect upon the Pariſh, who are not polite enough to ſee any thing ridiculous in his Behaviour; beſides that, the general good Senſe and Worthineſs of his Character, make his Friends obſerve theſe little Singularities as Foils that rather ſet off than blemiſh his good Qualities. AS

AS ſoon as the Sermon is finiſhed, no Body preſumes to ſtir till Sir ROGER is gone out of the Church. The Knight walks down from his Seat in the Chancel between a double Row of his Tenants, that ſtand bowing to him on each Side; and every now and then enquires how ſuch an one's Wife, or Mother, or Son, or Father do whom he does not ſee at Church; which is underſtood as a ſecret Reprimand to the Perſon that is abſent.

THE Chaplain has often told me, that upon a Catechizing-day, when Sir ROGER has been pleaſed with a Boy that anſwers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next Day for his Encouragement; and ſometimes accompanies it with a Flitch of Bacon to his Mother. Sir ROGER has likewiſe added five Pounds a Year to the Clerk's Place; and that he may encourage the young Fellows to make themſelves perfect in the Church-Service, has promiſed upon the Death of the preſent Incumbent, who is very old, to beſtow it according to Merit.

THE fair Underſtanding between Sir ROGER and his Chaplain, and their mutual Concurrence in doing Good, is the more remarkable, becauſe the very next Village is famous for the Differences and Contentions that riſe between the Parſon and the 'Squire, who live in a perpetual State of War. The Parſon is always preaching at the 'Squire, and the 'Squire to be revenged on the Parſon never comes to Church. The 'Squire has made all his Tenants Atheiſts and Tithe-Stealers; while the Parſon inſtructs them every *Sunday* in the Dignity of his Order, and inſinuates to them in almoſt every Sermon, that he is a better Man than his Patron. In ſhort, Matters are come to ſuch an Extremity, that the 'Squire has not ſaid his Prayers either in publick or private this half Year; and that the Parſon threatens him, if he does not mend his Manners, to pray for him in the Face of the whole Congregation.

FEUDS of this Nature, though too frequent in the Country, are very fatal to the ordinary People; who are ſo uſed to be dazled with Riches, that they pay as much Deference to the Underſtanding of a Man of an Eſtate, as of a Man of Learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any Truth, how important ſoever it may be, that is

is preached to them, when they know there are ſeveral Men of five hundred a Year who do not believe it. L.

N° 113. *Tueſday, July* 10.

——*Hærent infixi Pectore vultus.* Virg.

IN my firſt Deſcription of the Company in which I paſs moſt of my Time, it may be remembred that I mentioned a great Affliction which my Friend Sir ROGER had met with in his Youth; which was no leſs than a Diſappointment in Love. It happened this Evening, that we fell into a very pleaſing Walk at a Diſtance from his Houſe: As ſoon as we came into it, 'It is, quoth the good old Man, looking round him with a Smile, 'very 'hard, that any Part of my Land ſhould be ſettled upon 'one who has uſed me ſo ill as the perverſe Widow did; 'and yet I am ſure I could not ſee a Sprig of any Bough of 'this whole Walk of Trees, but I ſhould reflect upon her 'and her Severity. She has certainly the fineſt Hand of 'any Woman in the World. You are to know this was 'the Place wherein I uſed to muſe upon her; and by that 'Cuſtom I can never come into it, but the ſame tender 'Sentiments revive in my Mind, as if I had actually walk-'ed with that beautiful Creature under theſe Shades. I 'have been Fool enough to carve her Name on the Bark 'of ſeveral of theſe Trees; ſo unhappy is the Condition 'of Men in Love, to attempt the removing of their Paſſi-'on by the Methods which ſerve only to imprint it deeper. 'She has certainly the fineſt Hand of any Woman in the 'World.

HERE followed a profound Silence; and I was not diſpleaſed to obſerve my Friend falling ſo naturally into a Diſcourſe, which I had ever before taken Notice he induſtriouſly avoided. After a very long Pauſe, he entered upon an Account of this great Circumſtance in his Life, with an Air which I thought raiſed my Idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the Picture of that chearful Mind of his, before it received that Stroke

which

which has ever since affected his Words and Actions. But he went on as follows.

'I came to my Estate in my Twenty second Year, and 'resolved to follow the Steps of the most worthy of my 'Ancestors, who have inhabited this Spot of Earth before 'me, in all the Methods of Hospitality and good Neigh-'bourhood, for the Sake of my Fame; and in Country 'Sports and Recreations, for the Sake of my Health. In 'my Twenty third Year I was obliged to serve as Sheriff 'of the County; and in my Servants, Officers, and whole 'Equipage, indulged the Pleasure of a young Man (who 'did not think ill of his own Person) in taking that pub-'lick Occasion of shewing my Figure and Behaviour to 'Advantage. You may easily imagine to your self what 'Appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and 'was very well dressed, at the Head of a whole County, 'with Musick before me, a Feather in my Hat, and my 'Horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little 'pleased with the kind Looks and Glances I had from all 'the Balconies and Windows, as I rode to the Hall where 'the Assizes were held. But when I came there, a beau-'tiful Creature in a Widow's Habit sat in Court, to hear 'the Event of a Cause concerning her Dower. This com-'manding Creature (who was born for Destruction of all 'who behold her) put on such a Resignation in her Coun-'tenance, and bore the Whispers of all around the Court 'with such a pretty Uneasiness, I warrant you, and then 'recovered her self from one Eye to another, 'till she was 'perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in 'all she encountered, that at last, with a Murrain to her, 'she casts her bewitching Eye upon me. I no sooner met 'it, but I bowed like a great surprized Booby; and know-'ing her Cause to be the first which came on, I cried, 'like a captivated Calf as I was, Make Way for the De-'fendant's Witnesses. This sudden Partiality made all the 'Court immediately see the Sheriff also was become a 'Slave to the fine Widow. During the Time her Cause 'was upon Trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, 'with such a deep Attention to her Business, took Oppor-'tunities to have little Billets handed to her Counsel, then 'would be in such a pretty Confusion, occasioned, you 'must know, by acting before so much Company, that

'not

'not only I but the whole Court was prejudiced in her 'Favour; and all that the next Heir to her Husband had 'to urge, was thought ſo groundleſs and frivolous, that 'when it came to her Counſel to reply, there was not 'half ſo much ſaid as every one beſides in the Court 'thought he could have urged to her Advantage. You 'muſt underſtand, Sir, this perverſe Woman is one of 'thoſe unaccountable Creatures that ſecretly rejoice in 'the Admiration of Men, but indulge themſelves in no fur-'ther Conſequences. Hence it is that ſhe has ever had a 'Train of Admirers, and ſhe removes from her Slaves in 'Town to thoſe in the Country, according to the Seaſons 'of the Year. She is a reading Lady, and far gone in the 'Pleaſures of Friendſhip: She is always accompanied by 'a Confident, who is Witneſs to her daily Proteſtations 'againſt our Sex, and conſequently a Bar to her firſt Steps 'towards Love, upon the Strength of her own Maxims 'and Declarations.

'HOWEVER, I muſt needs ſay this accompliſhed 'Miſtreſs of mine has diſtinguiſhed me above the reſt, and 'has been known to declare SIR ROGER DE COVERLY 'was the tameſt and moſt human of all the Brutes in the 'Country. I was told ſhe ſaid ſo by one who thought 'he rallied me; upon the Strength of this ſlender En-'couragement of being thought leaſt deteſtable, I made 'new Liveries, new paired my Coach-Horſes, ſent them 'all to Town to be bitted, and taught to throw their 'Legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to 'croſs the Country and wait upon her. As ſoon as I 'thought my Retinue ſuitable to the Character of my 'Fortune and Youth, I ſet out from hence to make my 'Addreſſes. The particular Skill of this Lady has ever 'been to inflame your Wiſhes, and yet command Reſpect. 'To make her Miſtreſs of this Art, ſhe has a greater Share 'of Knowledge, Wit, and good Senſe, than is uſual even 'among Men of Merit. Then ſhe is beautiful beyond the 'Race of Women. If you won't let her go on with a 'certain Artifice with her Eyes, and the Skill of Beauty, 'ſhe will arm her ſelf with her real Charms, and ſtrike 'you with Admiration inſtead of Deſire. It is certain that 'if you were to behold the whole Woman, there is that 'Dignity in her Aſpect, that Compoſure in her Motion,

'that

that Complacency in her Manner, that if her Form makes you hope, her Merit makes you fear. But then again, ſhe is ſuch a deſperate Scholar, that no Country-Gentleman can approach her without being a Jeſt. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her Houſe I was admitted to her Preſence with great Civility; at the ſame Time ſhe placed her ſelf to be firſt ſeen by me in ſuch an Attitude, as I think you call the Poſture of a Picture, that ſhe diſcovered new Charms, and I at laſt came towards her with ſuch an Awe as made me ſpeechleſs. This ſhe no ſooner obſerved but ſhe made her Advantage of it, and began a Diſcourſe to me concerning Love and Honour, as they both are followed by Pretenders, and the real Votaries to them. When ſhe diſcuſſed theſe Points in a Diſcourſe, which I verily believe was as learned as the beſt Philoſopher in *Europe* could poſſibly make, ſhe asked me whether ſhe was ſo happy as to fall in with my Sentiments on theſe important Particulars. Her Confident ſat by her, and upon my being in the laſt Confuſion and Silence, this malicious Aid of hers turning to her ſays, I am very glad to obſerve Sir ROGER pauſes upon this Subject, and ſeems reſolved to deliver all his Sentiments upon the Matter when he pleaſes to ſpeak. They both kept their Countenances, and after I had ſat half an Hour meditating how to behave before ſuch profound Caſuiſts, I roſe up and took my Leave. Chance has ſince that Time thrown me very often in her Way, and ſhe as often has directed a Diſcourſe to me which I do not underſtand. This Barbarity has kept me ever at a Diſtance from the moſt beautiful Object my Eyes ever beheld. It is thus alſo ſhe deals with all Mankind, and you muſt make Love to her, as you would conquer the Sphinx, by poſing her. But were ſhe like other Women, and that there were any talking to her, how conſtant muſt the Pleaſure of that Man be, who could converſe with a Creature—— But, after all, you may be ſure her Heart is fixed on ſome one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed; but who can believe half that is ſaid! After ſhe had done ſpeaking to me, ſhe put her Hand to her Boſom and adjuſted her Tucker. Then ſhe caſt her Eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earneſtly. They ſay

ſhe

'ſhe ſings excellently: Her Voice in her ordinary Speech 'has ſomething in it inexpreſſiby ſweet. You muſt know 'I dined with her at a publick Table the Day after I firſt 'ſaw her, and ſhe helped me to ſome Tanſy in the Eye 'of all the Gentlemen in the Country: She has certainly 'the fineſt Hand of any Woman in the World. I can 'aſſure you, Sir, were you to behold her, you would be 'in the ſame Condition; for as her Speech is Muſick, her 'Form is Angelick. But I find I grow irregular while I 'am talking of her; but indeed it would be Stupidity to 'be unconcerned at ſuch Perfection. Oh the excellent 'Creature, ſhe is as inimitable to all Women, as ſhe is in-'acceſſible to all Men!

I found my Friend begin to rave, and inſenſibly led him towards the Houſe, that we might be joined by ſome other Company; and am convinced that the Widow is the ſecret Cauſe of all that Inconſiſtency which appears in ſome Parts of my Friend's Diſcourſe; tho' he has ſo much Command of himſelf as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of *Martial*, which one knows not how to render in Engliſh, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur.* I ſhall end this Paper with that whole Epigram, which repreſents with much Humour my honeſt Friend's Condition.

Quicquid agit Rufus nihil eſt, niſi Nævia Rufo,
Si gaudet, ſi flet, ſi tacet, hanc loquitur:
Cenat, propinat, poſcit, negat, annuit, una eſt
Nævia: Si non ſit Nævia, mutus erit.
Scriberet heſterna Patri cum Luce Salutem.
Nævia lux, inquit Nævia numen, ave.

Let Rufus *weep, rejoice, ſtand, ſit, or walk,*
Still he can nothing but of Nævia *talk:*
Let him eat drink ask Queſtions, or diſpute,
Still he muſt ſpeak of Nævia, *or be mute.*
He writ to his Father, ending with this Line,
I am, my Lovely Nævia, *ever thine.*

R *Wedneſday,*

N° 114. *Wedneſday, July* 11.

——*Paupertatis pudor & fuga* —— Hor.

OECONOMY in our Affairs, has the ſame Effect upon our Fortunes which good Breeding has upon our Converſations. There is a pretending Behaviour in both Caſes, which inſtead of making Men eſteemed, renders them both miſerable and contemptible. We had Yeſterday at Sir ROGER's a Set of Country Gentlemen who dined with him; and after Dinner the Glaſs was taken, by thoſe who pleaſed, pretty plentifully. Among others I obſerved a Perſon of a tolerable good Aſpect, who ſeemed to be more greedy of Liquor than any of the Company, and yet, methought, he did not taſte it with Delight. As he grew warm, he was ſuſpicious of every thing that was ſaid; and as he advanced towards being fudled, his Humour grew worſe. At the ſame Time his Bitterneſs ſeemed to be rather an inward Diſſatisfaction in his own Mind, than any Diſlike he had taken at the Company. Upon hearing his Name, I knew him to be a Gentleman of a conſiderable Fortune in this County, but greatly in Debt. What gives the unhappy Man this Peeviſhneſs of Spirit, is, that his Eſtate is dipped, and is eating out with Uſury; and yet he has not the Heart to ſell any Part of it. His proud Stomach, at the Coſt of reſtleſs Nights, conſtant Inquietudes, Danger of Affronts, and a thouſand nameleſs Inconveniencies, preſerves this Canker in his Fortune, rather than it ſhall be ſaid he is a Man of fewer Hundreds a Year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the Torment of Poverty, to avoid the Name of being leſs rich. If you go to his Houſe you ſee great Plenty; but ſerved in a Manner that ſhews it is all unnatural, and that the Maſter's Mind is not at home. There is a certain Waſte and Careleſſneſs in the Air of every thing, and the whole appears but a covered Indigence, a magnificent Poverty. That Neatneſs and Chearfulneſs which attends the Table of him who lives within Compaſs, is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine Way of Service in all about him.

THIS

THIS Gentleman's Conduct, tho' a very common way of Management, is as ridiculous as that Officer's would be, who had but few Men under his Command, and ſhould take the Charge of an Extent of Country rather than of a ſmall Paſs. To pay for, perſonate, and keep in a Man's Hands, a greater Eſtate than he really has, is of all others the moſt unpardonable Vanity, and muſt in the End reduce the Man who is guilty of it to Diſhonour. Yet if we look round us in any County of *Great-Britain*, we ſhall ſee many in this fatal Errour; if that may be called by ſo ſoft a Name, which proceeds from a falſe Shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary Behaviour would in a ſhort Time advance them to the Condition which they pretend to.

LAERTES has fifteen hundred Pounds a Year; which is mortgaged for ſix thouſand Pounds; but it is impoſſible to convince him that if he ſold as much as would pay off that Debt, he would ſave four Shillings in the Pound, which he gives for the Vanity of being the reputed Maſter of it. Yet if *Laertes* did this, he would, perhaps, be eaſier in his own Fortune; but then *Irus*, a Fellow of Yeſterday, who has but twelve hundred a Year, would be his Equal. Rather than this ſhall be, *Laertes* goes on to bring well-born Beggars in the World, and every Twelve-month charges his Eſtate with at leaſt one Year's Rent more by the Birth of a Child.

LAERTES and *Irus* are Neighbours, whoſe Way of living are an Abomination to each other. *Irus* is moved by the Fear of Poverty, and *Laertes* by the Shame of it. Tho' the Motive of Action is of ſo near Affinity in both, and may be reſolved into this, "that to each of them Pover-"ty is the greateſt of all Evils, yet are their Manners very widely different. Shame of Poverty makes *Laertes* launch into unneceſſary Equipage, vain Expence, and laviſh Entertainments; Fear of Poverty makes *Irus* allow himſelf only plain Neceſſaries, appear without a Servant, ſell his own Corn, attend his Labourers, and be himſelf a Labourer. Shame of Poverty makes *Laertes* go every Day a Step nearer to it; and Fear of Poverty ſtirs up *Irus* to make every Day ſome further Progreſs from it.

THESE different Motives produce the Exceſſes which Men are guilty of in the Negligence of and Proviſion for themſelves.

themſelves. Uſury, Stock-Jobbing, Extortion and Oppreſſion, have their Seed in the Dread of Want; and Vanity, Riot and Prodigality, from the Shame of it: But both theſe Exceſſes are infinitely below the Purſuit of a reaſonable Creature. After we have taken Care to command ſo much as is neceſſary for maintaining our ſelves in the Order of Men ſuitable to our Character, the Care of Superfluities is a Vice no leſs extravagant, than the Neglect of Neceſſaries would have been before.

CERTAIN it is that they are both out of Nature, when ſhe is followed with Reaſon and good Senſe. It is from this Reflection that I always read Mr. *Cowley* with the greateſt Pleaſure: His Magnanimity is as much above that of other conſiderable Men, as his Underſtanding; and it is a true diſtinguiſhing Spirit in the elegant Author who publiſhed his Works, to dwell ſo much upon the Temper of his Mind and the Moderation of his Deſires: By this Means he has rendered his Friend as amiable as famous. That State of Life which bears the Face of Poverty with Mr. *Cowley's great Vulgar*, is admirably deſcribed; and it is no ſmall Satisfaction to thoſe of the ſame Turn of Deſire, that he produces the Authority of the wiſeſt Men of the beſt Age of the World, to ſtrengthen his Opinion of the ordinary Purſuits of Mankind.

IT would methinks be no ill Maxim of Life, if, according to that Anceſtor of Sir ROGER, whom I lately mentioned, every Man would point to himſelf what Sum he would reſolve not to exceed. He might by this Means cheat himſelf into a Tranquility on this Side of that Expectation, or convert what he ſhould get above it to nobler Uſes than his own Pleaſures or Neceſſities. This Temper of Mind would exempt a Man from an ignorant Envy of reſtleſs Men above him, and a more inexcuſable Contempt of happy Men below him. This would be ſailing by ſome Compaſs, living with ſome Deſign; but to be eternally bewildered in Proſpects of future Gain, and putting on unneceſſary Armour againſt improbable Blows of Fortune, is a Mechanick Being which has not good Senſe for its Direction, but is carried on by a Sort of acquired Inſtinct towards things below our Conſideration and unworthy our Eſteem. It is poſſible that the Tranquility I now enjoy at Sir ROGER's may have created in me this

Way

Way of Thinking, which is ſo abſtracted from the common Reliſh of the World: But as I am now in a pleaſing Arbour ſurrounded with a beautiful Landskip, I find no Inclination ſo ſtrong as to continue in theſe Manſions, ſo remote from the oſtentatious Scenes of Life; and am at this preſent Writing Philoſopher enough to conclude with Mr. *Cowley*;

If e'er Ambition did my Fancy cheat,
With any Wiſh ſo mean as to be Great;
Continue, Heav'n, ſtill from me to remove,
The humble Bleſſings of that Life I love. T

N° 115. *Thurſday, July* 12.

—— *Ut ſit Mens ſana in Corpore ſano.* Juv.

BODILY Labour is of two kinds, either that which a Man ſubmits to for his Livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his Pleaſure. The latter of them generally changes the Name of Labour for that of Exerciſe, but differs only from ordinary Labour as it riſes from another Motive.

A Country Life abounds in both theſe kinds of Labour, and for that Reaſon gives a Man a greater Stock of Health, and conſequently a more perfect Enjoyment of himſelf, than any other way of Life. I conſider the Body as a Syſtem of Tubes and Glands, or to uſe a more Ruſtick Phraſe, a Bundle of Pipes and Strainers, fitted to one another after ſo wonderful a manner as to make a proper Engine for the Soul to work with. This Deſcription does not only comprehend the Bowels, Bones, Tendons, Veins, Nerves and Arteries, but every Muſcle and every Ligature, which is a Compoſition of Fibres, that are ſo many imperceptible Tubes or Pipes interwoven on all ſides with inviſible Glands or Strainers.

THIS general Idea of a Human Body, without conſidering it in the Niceties of Anatomy, lets us ſee how abſolutely neceſſary Labour is for the right Preſervation of it. There muſt be frequent Motions and Agitations, to mix,

mix, digeſt, and ſeparate the Juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanſe that Infinitude of Pipes and Strainers of which it is compoſed, and to give their ſolid Parts a more firm and laſting Tone. Labour or Exerciſe ferments the Humours, caſts them into their proper Channels, throws off Redundancies, and helps Nature in thoſe ſecret Diſtributions without which the Body cannot ſubſiſt in its Vigour, nor the Soul act with Chearfulneſs.

I might here mention the Effects which this has upon all the Faculties of the Mind, by keeping the Underſtanding clear, the Imagination untroubled, and refining thoſe Spirits that are neceſſary for the proper Exertion of our intellectual Faculties, during the preſent Laws of Union between Soul and Body. It is to a Neglect in this Particular that we muſt aſcribe the Spleen, which is ſo frequent in Men of ſtudious and ſedentary Tempers, as well as the Vapours to which thoſe of the other Sex are ſo often ſubject.

HAD not Exerciſe been abſolutely neceſſary for our Well-being, Nature would not have made the Body ſo proper for it, by giving ſuch an Activity to the Limbs, and ſuch a Pliancy to every Part as neceſſarily produce thoſe Compreſſions, Extentions, Contortions, Dilatations, and all other kinds of Motions that are neceſſary for the Preſervation of ſuch a Syſtem of Tubes and Glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want Inducements to engage us in ſuch an Exerciſe of the Body as is proper for its Welfare, it is ſo ordered that no thing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention Riches and Honour, even Food and Raiment are not to be come at without the Toil of the Hands and Sweat of the Brows. Providence furniſhes Materials, but expects that we ſhould Work them up our ſelves. The Earth muſt be laboured before it gives its Encreaſe, and when it is forced into its ſeveral Products, how many Hands muſt they paſs through before they are fit for Uſe? Manufactures, Trade, and Agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen Parts of the Species in twenty; and as for thoſe who are not obliged to Labour, by the Condition in which they are born they are more miſerable than the reſt of Mankind, unleſs they indulge themſelves in that voluntary Labour which goes by the Name of Exerciſe.

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MY Friend Sir ROGER has been an indefatigable Man in Buſineſs of this kind, and has hung ſeveral Parts of his Houſe with the Trophies of his former Labours. The Walls of his great Hall are covered with the Horns of ſeveral kinds of Deer that he has killed in the Chace, which he thinks the moſt valuable Furniture of his Houſe, as they afford him frequent Topicks of Diſcourſe, and ſhew that he has not been Idle. At the lower end of the Hall is a large Otter's Skin ſtuffed with Hay, which his Mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the Knight looks upon with great Satisfaction, becauſe it ſeems he was but nine Years old when his Dog killed him. A little Room adjoining to the Hall is a kind of Arſenal filled with Guns of ſeveral Sizes and Inventions, with which the Knight has made great Havock in the Woods, and deſtroyed many thouſands of Pheaſants, Partridges and Wood-Cocks. His Stable Doors are patched with Noſes that belonged to Foxes of the Knight's own hunting down. Sir ROGER ſhewed me one of them that for Diſtinction ſake has a Braſs Nail ſtruck through it, which coſt him about fifteen Hours riding, carried him through half a dozen Counties, killed him a Brace of Geldings, and loſt above half his Dogs. This the Knight looks upon as one of the greateſt Exploits of his Life. The perverſe Widow, whom I have given ſome Account of, was the Death of ſeveral Foxes; for Sir ROGER has told me that in the Courſe of his Amours he patched the Weſtern Door of his Stable. Whenever the Widow was cruel, the Foxes were ſure to pay for it. In Proportion as his Paſſion for the Widow abated, and old Age came on, he left off Fox-hunting; but a Hare is not yet ſafe that ſits within ten Miles of his Houſe.

THERE is no kind of Exerciſe which I would ſo recommend to my Readers of both Sexes as this of Riding, as there is none which ſo much conduces to Health, and is every way accommodated to the Body, according to the *Idea* which I have given of it. Doctor *Sydenham* is very laviſh in its Praiſes; and if the *Engliſh* Reader would ſee the Mechanical Effects of it deſcribed at length, he may find them in a Book publiſhed not many Years ſince, under the Title of the *Medicina Gymnaſtica*. For my own part, when I am in Town, for want of theſe Opportunities, I exerciſe my ſelf an Hour every Morning upon a dumb Bell that

is placed in a Corner of my Room, and pleaſes me the more becauſe it does every thing I require of it in the moſt profound Silence. My Landlady and her Daughters are ſo well acquainted with my Hours of Exerciſe, that they never come into my Room to diſturb me whilſt I am ringing.

WHEN I was ſome Years younger than I am at preſent, I uſed to employ my ſelf in a more laborious Diverſion, which I learned from a *Latin* Treatiſe of Exerciſes, that is written with great Erudition: It is there called the σκιομαχία, or the Fighting with a Man's own Shadow; and conſiſts in the brandiſhing of two ſhort Sticks graſped in each Hand, and loaden with Plugs of Lead at either end. This opens the Cheſt, exerciſes the Limbs, and gives a Man all the pleaſure of Boxing, without the Blows. I could wiſh that ſeveral Learned Men would lay out that Time which they employ in Controverſies and Diſputes about nothing, in *this Method* of fighting with their own Shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the Spleen, which makes them uneaſie to the Publick as well as to themſelves.

TO conclude, As I am a Compound of Soul and Body, I conſider my ſelf as obliged to a double Scheme of Duties; and think I have not fulfilled the Buſineſs of the Day, when I do not thus employ the one in Labour and Exerciſe, as well as the other in Study and Contemplation. L

N° 116. *Friday, July* 13.

——Vocat ingenti clamore Citharon,
Taygetique canes—— Virg.

THOSE who have ſearched into human Nature obſerve, that nothing ſo much ſhews the Nobleneſs of the Soul, as that its Felicity conſiſts in Action. Every Man has ſuch an active Principle in him, that he will find out ſomething to employ himſelf upon in whatever Place or State of Life he is poſted. I have heard of a Gentleman who was under cloſe Confinement in the *Baſtile* ſeven Years; during which Time he amuſed himſelf in ſcattering

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a few ſmall Pins about his Chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different Figures on the Arm of a great Chair. He often told his Friends afterwards, that unleſs he had found out this Piece of Exerciſe, he verily believed he ſhould have loſt his Senſes.

AFTER what has been ſaid, I need not inform my Readers, that Sir ROGER, with whoſe Character I hope they are at preſent pretty well acquainted, has in his Youth gone through the whole Courſe of thoſe rural Diverſions which the Country abounds in; and which ſeem to be extreamly well ſuited to that laborious Induſtry a Man may obſerve here in a far greater Degree than in Towns and Cities. I have before hinted at ſome of my Friend's Exploits: He has in his youthful Days taken forty Coveys of Partridges in a Seaſon; and tired many a Salmon with a Line conſiſting but of a ſingle Hair. The conſtant Thanks and good Wiſhes of the Neighbourhood always attended him, on Account of his remarkable Enmity towards Foxes; having deſtroyed more of thoſe Vermin in one Year, than it was thought the whole Country could have produced. Indeed the Knight does not ſcruple to own among his moſt intimate Friends, that in order to eſtabliſh his Reputation this Way, he has ſecretly ſent for great Numbers of them out of other Countries, which he uſed to turn looſe about the Country by Night, that he might the better ſignalize himſelf in their Deſtruction the next Day. His Hunting-Horſes were the fineſt and beſt managed in all theſe Parts: His Tenants are ſtill full of the Praiſes of a grey Stone-horſe that unhappily ſtaked himſelf ſeveral Years ſince, and was buried with great Solemnity in the Orchard.

SIR ROGER, being at preſent too old for Fox-hunting; to keep himſelf in Action, has diſpoſed of his Beagles and got a Pack of *Stop-Hounds*. What theſe want in Speed, he endeavours to make amends for by the Deepneſs of their Mouths and the Variety of their Notes, which are ſuited in ſuch Manner to each other, that the whole Cry makes up a compleat Conſort. He is ſo nice in this Particular, that a Gentleman having made him a Preſent of a very fine Hound the other Day, the Knight returned it by the Servant with a great many Expreſſions of Civility; but deſired him to tell his Maſter, that the Dog he had ſent was indeed a moſt excellent *Baſe*, but that at preſent he only

wanted a *Counter-Tenor*. Could I believe my Friend had ever read *Shakeſpear*, I ſhould certainly conclude he had taken the Hint from *Theſeus* in *The Midſummer-Night's Dream*.

MY Hounds are bred out of the Spartan *Kind,*
So flu'd, ſo ſanded; and their Heads are hung
With Ears that ſweep away the Morning Dew.
Crook Knee'd and dew-lap'd like Theſſalian *Bulls;*
Slow in Purſuit, but match'd in Mouths like Bells,
Each under each: A Cry more tuneable
Was never hallow'd to, nor chear'd with Horn.

SIR ROGER is ſo keen at this Sport, that he has been out almoſt every Day ſince I came down; and upon the Chaplain's Offering to lend me his eaſie Pad, I was prevail'd on Yeſterday Morning to make one of the Company. I was extremely pleaſed, as we rid along, to obſerve the general Benevolence of all the Neighbourhood towards my Friend. The Farmers Sons thought themſelves happy if they could open a Gate for the good old Knight as he paſſed by; which he generally requited with a Nod or a Smile, and a kind Inquiry after their Fathers or Uncles.

AFTER we had rid about a Mile from home, we came upon a large Heath, and the Sports-men began to beat. They had done ſo for ſome time, when, as I was at a little Diſtance from the reſt of the Company, I ſaw a Hare pop out from a ſmall Fruze-brake almoſt under my Horſe's Feet. I marked the Way ſhe took, which I endeavoured to make the Company ſenſible of by extending my Arm; but to no Purpoſe, 'till Sir ROGER, who knows that none of my extraordinary Motions are inſignificant, rode up to me, and asked me *if Puſs was gone that Way?* Upon my anſwering *Yes* he immediately call'd in the Dogs, and put them upon the Scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the Country Fellows muttering to his Companion, *That 'twas a Wonder they had not loſt all their Sport, for want of the ſilent Gentleman's crying* STOLE AWAY.

THIS, with my Averſion to leaping Hedges, made me withdraw to a riſing Ground from whence I could have the Pleaſure of the whole Chaſe, without the Fatigue of keeping in with the Hounds. The Hare immediately threw them above a Mile behind her; but I was pleaſed to find, that inſtead of running ſtrait forward, or in Hunter's Language,

guage, *Flying the Country*, as I was afraid ſhe might have done, ſhe wheeled about, and deſcribed a ſort of Circle round the Hill where I had taken my Station in ſuch Manner as gave me a very diſtinct View of the Sport. I could ſee her firſt paſs by, and the Dogs ſome Time afterwards unravelling the whole Track ſhe had made, and following her thro' all her Doubles. I was at the ſame Time delighted in obſerving that Deference which the reſt of the Pack paid to each particular Hound, according to the Character he had acquired amongſt them: If they were at a Fault, and an old Hound of good Reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole Cry; while a raw Dog, or one who was a noted *Liar*, might have yelped his Heart out, without being taken Notice of.

THE Hare now, after having ſquatted two or three Times, and been put up again as often, came ſtill nearer to the Place where ſhe was at firſt ſtarted. The Dogs purſued her, and theſe were followed by the jolly Knight, who rode upon a white Gelding, encompaſſed by his Tenants and Servants, and chearing his Hounds with all the Gaiety of Five and Twenty. One of the Sports-men rode up to me, and told me that he was ſure the Chaſe was almoſt at an End, becauſe the old Dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the Pack. The Fellow was in the Right. Our Hare took a large Field juſt under us, followed by the full Cry *in View*. I muſt confeſs the Brightneſs of the Weather, the Chearfulneſs of every thing around me, the *Chiding* of the Hounds, which was returned upon us in a double Eccho from two neighbouring Hills, with the Hollowing of the Sports-men, and the Sounding of the Horn, lifted my Spirits into a moſt lively Pleaſure, which I freely indulged becauſe I was ſure it was *innocent*. If I was under any Concern, it was on the Account of the poor Hare, that was now quite ſpent, and almoſt within the Reach of her Enemies; when the Huntſman getting forward, threw down his Pole before the Dogs. They were now within eight Yards of that Game which they had been purſuing for almoſt as many Hours; yet on the Signal before-mentioned they all made a ſudden ſtand, and tho' they continued opening as much as before, durſt not once attempt to paſs beyond the Pole. At the ſame Time Sir ROGER rode forward, and alighting, took up the Hare

in his Arms; which he ſoon after delivered to one of his Servants, with an Order, if ſhe could be kept alive, to let her go in his great Orchard; where, it ſeems, he has ſeveral of theſe Priſoners of War, who live together in a very comfortable Captivity. I was highly pleaſed to ſee the Diſcipline of the Pack, and the Good-nature of the Knight, who could not find in his Heart to murther a Creature that had given him ſo much Diverſion.

AS we were returning home, I remembred that Monſieur *Paſchal*, in his moſt excellent Diſcourſe on *the Miſery of Man*, tells us, That *all our Endeavours after Greatneſs proceed from nothing but a Deſire of being ſurrounded by a Multitude of Perſons and Affairs that may hinder us from looking into our ſelves, which is a View we cannot bear.* He afterwards goes on to ſhew that our Love of Sports comes from the ſame Reaſon, and is particularly ſevere upon HUNTING. *What*, ſays he, *unleſs it be to drown Thought, can make Men throw away ſo much Time and Pains upon a ſilly Animal, which they might buy cheaper in the Market?* The foregoing Reflection is certainly juſt, when a Man ſuffers his whole Mind to be drawn into his Sports, and altogether loſes himſelf in the Woods; but does not affect thoſe who propoſe a far more laudable End from this Exerciſe, I mean, *The Preſervation of Health and keeping all the Organs of the Soul in a Condition to execute her Orders.* Had that incomparable Perſon whom I laſt quoted been a little more indulgent to himſelf in this Point, the World might probably have enjoyed him much longer; whereas, thro' too great an Application to his Studies in his Youth, he contracted that ill Habit of Body, which, after a tedious Sickneſs, carried him off in the fortieth Year of his Age; and the whole Hiſtory we have of his Life 'till that Time, is but one continued Account of the Behaviour of a noble Soul ſtruggling under innumerable Pains and Diſtempers.

FOR my own Part, I intend to hunt twice a Week during my Stay with Sir ROGER; and ſhall preſcribe the moderate uſe of this Exerciſe to all my Country Friends, as the beſt Kind of Phyſick for mending a bad Conſtitution, and preſerving a good one.

I cannot do this better, than in the following Lines out of Mr. *Dryden*.

THE firſt Phyſicians by Debauch were made,
Exceſs began, and Sloth ſuſtains the Trade. By

By Chaſe our long-liv'd Fathers earn'd their Food,
Toil ſtrung the Nerves, and purify'd the Blood;
But we their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men,
Are dwindled down to threeſcore Years and ten.
Better to hunt in Fields for Health unbought,
Than ſee the Doctor for a nauſeous Draught.
The Wiſe for Cure on Exerciſe depend,
God never made his Work for Man to mend. X.

N° 117. *Saturday, July* 14.

——*Ipſi ſibi ſomnia fingunt.* Virg.

THERE are ſome Opinions in which a Man ſhould ſtand Neuter, without engaging his Aſſent to one ſide or the other. Such a hovering Faith as this, which refuſes to ſettle upon any Determination, is abſolutely neceſſary in a Mind that is careful to avoid Errors and Prepoſſeſſions. When the Arguments preſs equally on both ſides in Matters that are indifferent to us, the ſafeſt Method is to give up our ſelves to neither.

IT is with this Temper of Mind that I conſider the Subject of Witchcraft. When I hear the Relations that are made from all Parts of the World, not only from *Norway* and *Lapland*, from the *Eaſt* and *Weſt Indies*, but from every particular Nation in *Europe*, I cannot forbear thinking that there is ſuch an Intercourſe and Commerce with Evil Spirits, as that which we expreſs by the Name of Witchcraft. But when I conſider that the ignorant and credulous Parts of the World abound moſt in theſe Relations, and that the Perſons among us who are ſuppoſed to engage in ſuch an Infernal Commerce, are People of a weak Underſtanding and crazed Imagination, and at the ſame time reflect upon the many Impoſtures and Deluſions of this Nature that have been detected in all Ages, I endeavour to ſuſpend my Belief till I hear more certain Accounts than any which have yet come to my Knowledge. In ſhort, when I conſider the Queſtion, Whether there are ſuch Perſons in the World as thoſe we call Witches? my Mind is divided between the two oppoſite Opinions; or rather (to ſpeak my Thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been ſuch a thing as Witch-

craft; but at the ſame time can give no Credit to any Particular Inſtance of it.

I am engaged in this Speculation, by ſome Occurrences that I met with Yeſterday, which I ſhall give my Reader an Account of at large. As I was walking with my Friend Sir ROGER by the ſide of one of his Woods, an old Woman applied her ſelf to me for my Charity. Her Dreſs and Figure put me in mind of the following Deſcription in *Otway*.

In a cloſe Lane as I purſu'd my Journey
I ſpy'd a wrinkled Hag, *with Age grown double,*
Picking dry Sticks and mumbling to her ſelf.
Her Eyes with ſcalding Rheum were gall'd and red;
Cold Palſy ſhook her Head; her Hands ſeem'd wither'd;
And on her crooked Shoulders had ſhe wrapp'd
The tatter'd Remnants of an old ſtriped Hanging,
Which ſerv'd to keep her Carcaſs from the Cold:
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower Weeds were all o'er coarſly patch'd
With diff'rent colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And ſeem'd to ſpeak Variety of Wretchedneſs.

AS I was muſing on this Deſcription, and comparing it with the Object before me, the Knight told me, that this very old Woman had the Reputation of a Witch all over the Country, that her Lips were obſerved to be always in Motion, and that there was not a Switch about her Houſe which her Neighbours did not believe had carried her ſeveral hundreds of Miles. If ſhe chanced to ſtumble, they always found Sticks or Straws that lay in the Figure of a Croſs before her. If ſhe made any Miſtake at Church, and cryed *Amen* in a wrong Place, they never failed to conclude that ſhe was ſaying her Prayers backwards. There was not a Maid in the Pariſh that would take a Pin of her, though ſhe ſhould offer a Bag of Mony with it. She goes by the Name of *Moll White* and has made the Country ring with ſeveral imaginary Exploits which are palmed upon her. If the Dairy Maid does not make her Butter come ſo ſoon as ſhe would have it, *Moll White* is at the Bottom of the Churn. If a Horſe ſweats in the Stable, *Moll White* has been upon his Back. If a Hare makes an unexpected Eſcape from the Hounds, the Huntſman curſes *Moll White*. Nay, (ſays Sir ROGER) I have known the Maſter of the Pack, upon ſuch an

an Occaſion, ſend one of his Servants to ſee if *Moll White* had been out that Morning.

THIS Account raiſed my Curioſity ſo far, that I begged my Friend Sir ROGER to go with me into her Hovel, which ſtood in a ſolitary Corner under the ſide of the Wood. Upon our firſt entering Sir ROGER winked to me, and pointed at ſomething that ſtood behind the Door, which upon looking that way I found to be an old Broomſtaff. At the ſame time he whiſpered me in the Ear to take notice of a Tabby Cat that ſat in the Chimney-Corner, which as the Knight told me, lay under as bad a Report as *Moll White* her ſelf; for beſides that *Moll* is ſaid often to accompany her in the ſame Shape, the Cat is reported to have ſpoken twice or thrice in her Life, and to have played ſeveral Pranks above the Capacity of an ordinary Cat.

I was ſecretly concerned to ſee Human Nature in ſo much Wretchedneſs and Diſgrace, but at the ſame time could not forbear ſmiling to hear Sir ROGER, who is a little puzzled about the old Woman, adviſing her as a Juſtice of Peace to avoid all Communication with the Devil, and never to hurt any of her Neighbours Cattle. We concluded our Viſit with a Bounty, which was very acceptable.

IN our Return home Sir ROGER told me that old *Moll* had been often brought before him for making Children ſpit Pins, and giving Maids the Night-Mare; and that the Country People would be toſſing her into a Pond and trying Experiments with her every Day, if it was not for him and his Chaplain.

I have ſince found, upon Enquiry, that Sir ROGER was ſeveral times ſtagger'd with the Reports that had been brought him concerning this old Woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the County Seſſions, had not his Chaplain with much ado perſuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this Account, becauſe I hear there is ſcarce a Village in *England* that has not a *Moll White* in it. When an old Woman begins to doat, and grow chargeable to a Pariſh, ſhe is generally turned into a Witch, and fills the whole Country with extravagant Fancies, imaginary Diſtempers, and terrifying Dreams. In the mean time, the poor Wretch that is the innocent Occaſion of ſo many Evils begins to be frighted at her ſelf, and ſometimes confeſſes ſecret Commerces and Familiarities that her Imagination

gination forms in a delirious old Age. This frequently cuts off Charity from the greateſt Objects of Compaſſion, and inſpires People with a Malevolence towards thoſe poor decrepid Parts of our Species in whom Human Nature is defaced by Infirmity and Dotage. L.

N° 118. *Monday, July* 16.

——*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.* Virg.

THIS agreeable Seat is ſurrounded with ſo many pleaſing Walks which are ſtruck out of a Wood, in the Midſt of which the Houſe ſtands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one Labyrinth of Delight to another. To one uſed to live in a City the Charms of the Country are ſo exquiſite, that the Mind is loſt in a certain Tranſport which raiſes us above ordinary Life, and yet is not ſtrong enough to be inconſiſtent with Tranquility. This State of Mind was I in, raviſhed with the Murmur of Waters, the Whiſper of Breezes, the Singing of Birds; and whether I looked up to the Heavens, down on the Earth, or turned to the Proſpects around me, ſtill ſtruck with new Senſe of Pleaſure; when I found by the Voice of my Friend who walked by me, that we had inſenſibly ſtroled into the Grove ſacred to the Widow. This Woman, ſays he, is of all others the moſt unintelligible; ſhe either deſigns to marry, or ſhe does not. What is the moſt perplexing of all, is, that ſhe does not either ſay to her Lovers ſhe has any Reſolution againſt that Condition of Life in general, or that ſhe baniſhes them; but conſcious of her own Merit, ſhe permits their Addreſſes without Fear of any ill Conſequence, or want of Reſpect, from their Rage or Deſpair. She has that in her Aſpect, againſt which it is impoſſible to offend. A Man whoſe Thoughts are conſtantly bent upon ſo agreeable an Object, muſt be excuſed if the ordinary Occurrences in Converſation are below his Attention. I call her indeed perverſe; but alas! why do I call her ſo? Becauſe her ſuperior Merit is ſuch, that I cannot approach her without Awe, that my Heart is checked by too much Eſteem: I am angry that her Charms are not more acceſſible, that I am more inclined to worſhip than ſalute her: How often

have

have I wiſhed her unhappy, that I might have an Opportunity of ſerving her? and how often troubled in that very Imagination, at giving her the Pain of being obliged? Well, I have led a miſerable Life in ſecret upon her Account; but fancy ſhe would have condeſcended to have ſome Regard for me, if it had not been for that watchful Animal her Confident.

OF all Perſons under the Sun (continued he calling me by my Name) be ſure to ſet a Mark upon Confidents: They are of all People the moſt impertinent. What is moſt pleaſant to obſerve in them, is, that they aſſume to themſelves the Merit of the Perſons whom they have in their Cuſtody. *Oreſtilla* is a great Fortune, and in wonderful Danger of Surprizes, therefore full of Suſpicions of the leaſt indifferent thing, particularly careful of new Acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. *Themiſta*, her Favourite Woman, is every whit as careful of whom ſhe ſpeaks to, and what ſhe ſays. Let the Ward be a Beauty her Confident ſhall treat you with an Air of Diſtance; let her be a Fortune, and ſhe aſſumes the ſuſpicious Behaviour of her Friend and Patroneſs. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried Women of Diſtinction, are to all Intents and Purpoſes married, except the Conſideration of different Sexes. They are directly under the Conduct of their Whiſperer; and think they are in a State of Freedom, while they can prate with one of theſe Attendants of all Men in general, and ſtill avoid the Man they moſt like. You do not ſee one Heireſs in a hundred whoſe Fate does not turn upon this Circumſtance of chuſing a Confident. Thus it is that the Lady is addreſſed to, preſented, and flattered, only by Proxy, in her Woman. In my Caſe, how is it poſſible that —— Sir ROGER was proceeding in his Harangue, when we heard the Voice of one ſpeaking very importunately, and repeating theſe Words, 'What, not one Smile? We followed the Sound till we came to a cloſe Thicket, on the other Side of which we ſaw a young Woman ſitting as it were in a perſonated Sullenneſs juſt over a tranſparent Fountain. Oppoſite to her ſtood Mr. *William*, Sir ROGER's Maſter of the Game. The Knight whiſpered me, 'Hiſt, 'theſe are Lovers. The Huntſman looking earneſtly at the Shadow of the young Maiden in the Stream, 'Oh thou 'dear Picture, if thou could'ſt remain there in the Abſence

'of

'of that fair Creature whom you repreſent in the Water, 'how willingly could I ſtand here ſatisfied for ever, without troubling my dear *Betty* her ſelf with any Mention 'of her unfortunate *William*, whom ſhe is angry with: 'But alas! when ſhe pleaſes to be gone, thou wilt alſo va-'niſh —— Yet let me talk to thee whilſt thou doſt ſtay. 'Tell my deareſt *Betty* thou doſt not more depend upon 'her, than does her *William*: Her Abſence will make away 'with me, as well as thee. If ſhe offers to remove thee, 'I'll jump into theſe Waves to lay hold on thee; her her-'ſelf, her own dear Perſon, I muſt never embrace again.... 'Still do you hear me without one Smile —— It is too 'much to bear-----He had no ſooner ſpoke theſe Words, but he made an Offer of throwing himſelf into the Water: At which his Miſtreſs ſtarted up, and at the next Inſtant he jumped acroſs the Fountain and met her in an Embrace. She half recovering from her fright, ſaid in the moſt charming Voice imaginable, and with a Tone of Complaint, "I thought how well you would drown your ſelf. "No, no, you won't drown your ſelf till you have taken "your leave of *Suſan Holiday*. The Huntſman, with a Tenderneſs that ſpoke the moſt paſſionate Love, and with his Cheek cloſe to hers, whiſpered the ſofteſt Vows of Fidelity in her Ear, and cryed, 'Don't my Dear believe a Word '*Kate Willow* ſays; ſhe is ſpiteful and makes Stories, becauſe 'ſhe loves to hear me talk to her ſelf for your Sake. Look you there, quoth Sir ROGER, do you ſee there, all Miſchief comes from Confidents! But let us not interrupt them; the Maid is honeſt, and the Man dare not be otherwiſe, for he knows I loved her Father: I will interpoſe in this Matter, and haſten the Wedding. *Kate Willow* is a witty miſchievous Wench in the Neigbourhood, who was a Beauty; and makes me hope I ſhall ſee the perverſe Widow in her Condition. She was ſo flippant with her Anſwers to all the honeſt Fellows that came near her, and ſo very vain of her Beauty, that ſhe has valued her ſelf upon her Charms till they are ceaſed. She therefore now makes it her Buſineſs to prevent other young Women from being more Diſcreet than ſhe was her ſelf: However, the ſawcy Thing ſaid the other Day well enough, 'Sir ROGER and I muſt 'make a Match, for we are both deſpiſed by thoſe we

'loved:

loved: The Huſſy has a great deal of Power where-ever ſhe comes, and has her Share of Cunning.

HOWEVER, when I reflect upon this Woman, I do not know whether in the Main I am the worſe for having loved her: Whenever ſhe is recalled to my Imagination my Youth returns, and I feel a forgotten Warmth in my Veins. This Affliction in my Life has ſtreaked all my Conduct with a Softneſs, of which I ſhould otherwiſe have been incapable. It is, perhaps, to this dear Image in my Heart owing, that I am apt to relent, that I eaſily forgive, and that many deſirable things are grown into my Temper, which I ſhould not have arrived at by better Motives than the Thought of being one Day hers. I am pretty well ſatisfied ſuch a Paſſion as I have had is never well cured; and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had ſome whimſical Effect upon my Brain: For I frequently find, that in my moſt ſerious Diſcourſe I let fall ſome comical Familiarity of Speech or odd Phraſe that makes the Company laugh: However, I cannot but allow ſhe is a moſt excellent Woman. When ſhe is in the Country I warrant ſhe does not run into Dairies, but reads upon the Nature of Plants; but has a Glaſs Hive, and comes into the Garden out of Books to ſee them work, and obſerve the Policies of their Common-wealth. She underſtands every thing. I'd give ten Pounds to hear her argue with my Friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT about Trade. No, no, for all ſhe looks ſo innocent as it were, take my Word for it ſhe is no Fool. T

Nº 119. *Tueſday, July* 17.

Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
Stultus ego huic noſtræ ſimilem —— —— Virg.

THE firſt and moſt obvious Reflections which ariſe in a Man who changes the City for the Country, are upon the different Manners of the People whom he meets with in thoſe two different Scenes of Life. By Manners I do not mean Morals, but Behaviour and Good Breeding

Breeding, as they ſhew themſelves in the Town and in the Country.

AND here, in the firſt place, I muſt obſerve a very great Revolution that has happened in this Article of good Breeding. Several obliging Deferencies, Condeſcentions and Submiſſions, with many outward Forms and Ceremonies that accompany them, were firſt of all brought up among the politer Part of Mankind, who lived in Courts and Cities, and diſtinguiſhed themſelves from the Ruſtick part of the Species (who on all Occaſions acted bluntly and naturally) by ſuch a mutual Complaiſance and Intercourſe of Civilities. Theſe Forms of Converſation by degrees multiplied and grew troubleſome; the modiſh World found too great a Conſtraint in them, and have therefore thrown moſt of them aſide. Converſation, like the *Romiſh* Religion, was ſo encumbered with Show and Ceremony, that it ſtood in need of a Reformation to retrench its Superfluities, and reſtore it to its natural good Senſe and Beauty. At preſent therefore an unconſtrained Carriage, and a certain Openneſs of Behaviour, are the height of Good Breeding. The Faſhionable World is grown free and eaſie; our Manners ſit more looſe upon us: Nothing is ſo modiſh as an agreeable Negligence. In a Word, Good Breeding ſhews it ſelf moſt, where to an ordinary Eye it appears the leaſt.

IF after this we look on the People of Mode in the Country, we find in them the Manners of the laſt Age. They have no ſooner fetched themſelves up to the Faſhion of the Polite World but the Town has dropped them, and are nearer to the firſt State of Nature than to thoſe Refinements which formerly reigned in the Court, and ſtill prevail in the Country. One may now know a Man that never converſed in the World by his Exceſs of Good Breeding. A Polite Country Squire ſhall make you as many Bows in half an Hour, as would ſerve a Courtier for a Week. There is infinitely more to do about Place and Precedency in a Meeting of Juſtices Wives, than in an Aſſembly of Dutcheſſes.

THIS Rural Politeneſs is very troubleſome to a Man of my Temper, who generally take the Chair that is next me, and walk firſt or laſt, in the Front or in the Rear, as Chance directs. I have known my Friend Sir ROGER's Dinner almoſt cold before the Company could adjuſt the Ceremonial,

nial, and be prevailed upon to ſit down; and have heartily pitied my old Friend, when I have ſeen him forced to pick and cull his Gueſts, as they ſat at the ſeveral Parts of his Table, that he might drink their Healths according to their reſpective Ranks and Qualities. Honeſt *Will. Wimble*, who I ſhould have thought had been altogether uninfected with Ceremony, gives me abundance of Trouble in this Particular. Though he has been fiſhing all the Morning, he will not help himſelf at Dinner 'till I am ſerved. When we are going out of the Hall, he runs behind me; and laſt Night, as we were walking in the Fields, ſtopped ſhort at a Stile 'till I came up to it, and upon my making Signs to him to get over, told me, with a ſerious Smile, that ſure I believed they had no Manners in the Country.

THERE has happened another Revolution in the Point of good Breeding, which relates to the Converſation among Men of Mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the firſt Diſtinctions of a well-bred Man, to expreſs every thing that had the moſt remote Appearance of being obſcene, in modeſt Terms and diſtant Phraſes; whilſt the Clown, who had no ſuch Delicacy of Conception and Expreſſion, clothed his *Ideas* in thoſe plain homely Terms that are the moſt obvious and natural. This kind of Good Manners was perhaps carried to an Exceſs, ſo as to make Converſation too ſtiff, formal and preciſe; for which Reaſon (as Hypocriſie in one Age is generally ſucceeded by Atheiſm in another) Converſation is in a great meaſure relapſed into the firſt Extream; So that at preſent ſeveral of our Men of the Town, and particularly thoſe who have been poliſhed in *France*, make uſe of the moſt coarſe uncivilized Words in our Language, and utter themſelves often in ſuch a manner as a Clown would bluſh to hear.

THIS infamous Piece of Good-Breeding, which reigns among the Coxcombs of the Town, has not yet made its way into the Country; and as it is impoſſible for ſuch an irrational way of Converſation to laſt long among a People that makes any Profeſſion of Religion, or Show of Modeſty, if the Country Gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the Lurch. Their Good-Breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a Parcel of lewd Clowns, while they fancy themſelves talking together like Men of Wit and Pleaſure.

AS

AS the two Points of Good Breeding, which I have hitherto inſiſted upon, regard Behaviour and Converſation, there is a third which turns upon Dreſs. In this too the Country are very much behind hand. The Rural Beaus are not yet got out of the Faſhion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the Country in red Coats and laced Hats, while the Women in many Parts are ſtill trying to outvie one another in the Height of their Head-Dreſſes.

BUT a Friend of mine, who is now upon the Weſtern Circuit, having promiſed to give me an Account of the ſeveral Modes and Faſhions that prevail in the different Parts of the Nation through which he paſſes, I ſhall defer the enlarging upon this laſt Topick 'till I have received a Letter from him, which I expect every Poſt. L.

Nº 120. *Wedneſday, July* 18.

——Equidem credo, quia ſit Divinitus illis
Ingenium —— —— Virg.

MY Friend Sir ROGER is very often merry with me, upon my paſſing ſo much of my Time among his Poultry: He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a Bird's Neſt, and ſeveral times ſitting an Hour or two together near an Hen and Chicken. He tells me he believes I am perſonally acquainted with every Fowl about his Houſe; calls ſuch a particular Cock my Favourite, and frequently complains that his Ducks and Geeſe have more of my Company than himſelf.

I muſt confeſs I am infinitely delighted with thoſe Speculations of Nature which are to be made in a Country-Life; and as my Reading has very much lain among Books of natural Hiſtory, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this Occaſion the ſeveral Remarks which I have met with in Authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own Obſervation: The Arguments for Providence drawn from the natural Hiſtory of Animals, being in my Opinion demonſtrative.

THE

THE Make of every Kind of Animal is different from that of every other Kind; and yet there is not the leaſt Turn in the Muſcles or Twiſt in the Fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular Animal's Way of Life than any other Caſt or Texture of them would have been.

THE moſt violent Appetites in all Creatures are *Luſt* and *Hunger*: The firſt, is a perpetual Call upon them to propagate their Kind; the latter, to preſerve themſelves.

IT is aſtoniſhing to conſider the different Degrees of Care that deſcend from the Parent to the Young, ſo far as is abſolutely neceſſary for the leaving a Poſterity. Some Creatures caſt their Eggs as Chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as Inſects and ſeveral Kinds of Fiſh: Others of a nicer Frame, find out proper Beds to depoſite them in, and there leave them; as the Serpent, the Crocodile, and Oſtrich: Others hatch their Eggs and tend the Birth, 'till it is able to ſhift for its ſelf.

WHAT can we call the Principle which directs every different Kind of Bird to obſerve a particular Plan in the Structure of its Neſt, and directs all of the ſame Species to work after the ſame Model? It cannot be *Imitation*; for though you hatch a Crow under a Hen, and never let it ſee any of the Works of its own Kind, the Neſt it makes ſhall be the ſame, to the laying of a Stick, with all the other Neſts of the ſame Species. It cannot be *Reaſon*; for were Animals indued with it to as great a Degree as Man, their Buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different Conveniences that they would propoſe to themſelves.

IS it not remarkable, that the ſame Temper of Weather which raiſes this genial Warmth in Animals, ſhould cover the Trees with Leaves, and the Fields with Graſs, for their Security and Concealment, and produce ſuch infinite Swarms of Inſects for the Support and Suſtenance of their reſpective Broods?

IS it not wonderful that the Love of the Parent ſhould be ſo violent while it laſts; and that it ſhould laſt no longer than is neceſſary for the Preſervation of the Young?

THE Violence of this natural Love is exemplified by a very barbarous Experiment; which I ſhall quote at length as

as I find it in an excellent Author, and hope my Readers will pardon the mentioning such an Instance of Cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually shew the Strength of that Principle in Animals of which I am here speaking. "A Person who was well skilled in Dissections opened a "Bitch, and as she lay in the most exquisite Tortures, of-"fered her one of her young Puppies, which she immedi-"ately fell a licking; and for the Time seemed insensible "of her own Pain: On the Removal, she kept her Eye fixt "on it, and began a wailing sort of Cry, which seemed "rather to proceed from the Loss of her young one, than "the Sense of her own Torments.

BUT notwithstanding this natural Love in Brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational Creatures, Providence has taken Care that it should be no longer troublesom to the Parent than it is useful to the Young; for so soon as the Wants of the latter cease, the Mother withdraws her Fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves: And what is a very remarkable Circumstance in this Part of Instinct, we find that the Love of the Parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual Time if the Preservation of the Species requires it; as we may see in Birds that drive away their Young as soon as they are able to get their Livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the Nest, or confined within a Cage, or by any other Means appear to be out of a Condition of supplying their own Necessities.

THIS natural Love is not observed in Animals to ascend from the Young to the Parent, which is not at all necessary for the Continuance of the Species: Nor indeed in reasonable Creatures does it rise in any Proportion, as it spreads it self downwards; for in all Family-Affection, we find Protection granted and Favours bestowed, are greater Motives to Love and Tenderness; than Safety, Benefits, or Life received.

ONE would wonder to hear Sceptical Men disputing for the Reason of Animals, and telling us it is only our Pride and Prejudices that will not allow them the Use of that Faculty.

REASON shews it self in all Occurrences of Life; whereas the Brute makes no Discovery of such a Talent, but in what immediately regards his own Preservation, or the

the Continuance of his Species. Animals in their Generation are wiſer than the Sons of Men; but their Wiſdom is confined to a few Particulars, and lies in a very narrow Compaſs. Take a Brute out of his Inſtinct, and you find him wholly deprived of Underſtanding. To uſe an Inſtance that comes often under Obſervation.

WITH what Caution does the Hen provide her ſelf a Neſt in Places unfrequented, and free from Noiſe and Diſturbance? When ſhe has laid her Eggs in ſuch a Manner that ſhe can cover them, what Care does ſhe take in turning them frequently, that all Parts may partake of the vital Warmth? When ſhe leaves them to provide for her neceſſary Suſtenance, how punctually does ſhe return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an Animal? In the Summer you ſee her giving her ſelf greater Freedoms, and quitting her Care for above two Hours together; but in Winter, when the Rigour of the Seaſon would chill the Principles of Life, and deſtroy the Young one, ſhe grows more aſſiduous in her Attendance, and ſtays away but half the Time. When the Birth approaches, with how much Nicety and Attention does ſhe help the Chick to break its Priſon? Not to take Notice of her covering it from the Injuries of the Weather, providing it proper Nouriſhment, and teaching it to help it ſelf; nor to mention her forſaking the Neſt, if after the uſual Time of reckoning the young one does not make its Appearance. A Chymical Operation could not be followed with greater Art or Diligence, than is ſeen in the hatching of a Chick; tho' there are many other Birds that ſhew an infinitely greater Sagacity in all the forementioned Particulars.

BUT at the ſame Time the Hen, that has all this ſeeming Ingenuity, (which is indeed abſolutely neceſſary for the Propagation of the Species) conſidered in other Reſpects, is without the leaſt Glimmerings of Thought or common Senſe. She miſtakes a Piece of Chalk for an Egg, and ſits upon it in the ſame manner: She is inſenſible of any Increaſe or Diminution in the Number of thoſe ſhe lays: She does not diſtinguiſh between her own and thoſe of another Species; and when the Birth appears of never ſo different a Bird, will cheriſh it for her own. In all theſe Circumſtances, which do not carry an immediate Regard

to

to the Subſiſtance of her ſelf or her Species, ſhe is a very Ideot.

THERE is not in my Opinion any thing more myſterious in Nature than this Inſtinct in Animals, which thus riſes above Reaſon, and falls infinitely ſhort of it. It cannot be accounted for by any Properties in Matter, and at the ſame Time works after ſo odd a Manner, that one cannot think it the Faculty of an intellectual Being. For my own Part, I look upon it as upon the Principle of Gravitation in Bodies, which is not to be explained by any known Qualities inherent in the Bodies themſelves, nor from any Laws of Mechaniſm, but, according to the beſt Notions of the greateſt Philoſophers, is an immediate Impreſſion from the firſt Mover, and the Divine Energy acting in the Creatures. L

Nº 121. *Thurſday, July* 19.

——*Jovis omnia plena.* Virg.

AS I was walking this Morning in the great Yard that belongs to my Friend's Country Houſe, I was wonderfully pleaſed to ſee the different Workings of Inſtinct in a Hen followed by a Brood of Ducks. The Young, upon the ſight of a Pond, immediately ran into it; while the Step-mother, with all imaginable Anxiety, hovered about the Borders of it, to call them out of an Element that appeared to her ſo dangerous and deſtructive. As the different Principle which acted in theſe different Animals cannot be termed Reaſon, ſo when we call it *Inſtinct*, we mean ſomething we have no Knowledge of. To me, as I hinted in my laſt Paper, it ſeems the immediate Direction of Providence, and ſuch an Operation of the Supreme Being, as that which determines all the Portions of Matter to their proper Centres. A Modern Philoſopher, quoted by Monſieur *Bayle* in his Learned Diſſertation on the Souls of Brutes, delivers the ſame Opinion, tho' in a bolder form of Words, where he ſays, *Deus eſt Anima Brutorum*. God himſelf is the Soul of Brutes. Who can tell what to call that ſeeming Sagacity in Animals, which directs them to ſuch

ſuch Food as is proper for them, and makes them naturally avoid whatever is noxious or unwholeſome? *Tully* has obſerved that a Lamb no ſooner falls from its Mother, but immediately and of its own accord applies it ſelf to the Teat. *Dampier*, in his Travels, tells us, that when Seamen are thrown upon any of the unknown Coaſts of *America*, they never venture upon the Fruit of any Tree, how tempting ſoever it may appear, unleſs they obſerve that it is marked with the Pecking of Birds; but fall on without any Fear or Apprehenſion where the Birds have been before them.

BUT notwithſtanding Animals have nothing like the uſe of Reaſon, we find in them all the lower Parts of our Nature, the Paſſions and Senſes in their greateſt Strength and Perfection. And here it is worth our Obſervation, that all Beaſts and Birds of Prey are wonderfully ſubject to Anger, Malice, Revenge, and all other violent Paſſions that may animate them in ſearch of their proper Food; as thoſe that are incapable of defending themſelves, or annoying others, or whoſe Safety lies chiefly in their Flight, are ſuſpicious, fearful and apprehenſive of every thing they ſee or hear; whilſt others that are of Aſſiſtance and Uſe to Man, have their Natures ſoftned with ſomething mild and tractable, and by that means are qualified for a Domeſtick Life. In this caſe the Paſſions generally correſpond with the Make of the Body. We do not find the Fury of a Lion in ſo weak and defenceleſs an Animal as a Lamb, nor the Meekneſs of a Lamb in a Creature ſo armed for Battle and Aſſault as the Lion. In the ſame manner, we find that particular Animals have a more or leſs exquiſite Sharpneſs and Sagacity in thoſe particular Senſes which moſt turn to their Advantage, and in which their Safety and Welfare is the moſt concerned.

NOR muſt we here omit that great Variety of Arms with which Nature has differently fortified the Bodies of ſeveral kind of Animals, ſuch as Claws, Hoofs and Horns, Teeth and Tuſks, a Tail, a Sting, a Trunk, or a *Proboſcis*. It is likewiſe obſerved by Naturaliſts, that it muſt be ſome hidden Principle, diſtinct from what we call Reaſon, which inſtructs Animals in the Uſe of theſe their Arms, and teaches them to manage 'em to the beſt Advantage; becauſe they naturally defend themſelves with that part in which their Strength lies, before the Weapon

be

be formed in it; as is remarkable in Lambs, which tho' they are bred within Doors, and never ſaw the Actions of their own Species, puſh at thoſe who approach them with their Foreheads, before the firſt budding of a Horn appears.

I ſhall add to theſe general Obſervations, an Inſtance which Mr. *Locke* has given us of Providence, even in the Imperfections of a Creature which ſeems the meaneſt and moſt deſpicable in the whole animal World. *We may*, ſays he, *from the make of an Oyſter, or Cockle, conclude, that it has not ſo many nor ſo quick Senſes as a Man, or ſeveral other Animals: Nor, if it had would it, in that State and Incapacity of transferring its ſelf from one Place to another, be bettered by them. What good would Sight and Hearing do to a Creature, that cannot move it ſelf to, or from the Object, wherein at a diſtance it perceives Good or Evil? And would not Quickneſs of Senſation be an Inconvenience to an Animal, that muſt be ſtill where Chance has once placed it; and there receive the Afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul Water, as it happens to come to it?*

I ſhall add to this Inſtance out of Mr. *Locke*, another out of the learned Dr. *Moor*, who cites it from *Cardan*, in relation to another Animal which Providence has left Defective, but at the ſame time has ſhewn its Wiſdom in the Formation of that Organ in which it ſeems chiefly to have failed. *What is more obvious and ordinary than a Mole? and yet what more palpable Argument of Providence than ſhe? The Members of her Body are ſo exactly fitted to her Nature and Manner of Life: For her Dwelling being under Ground where nothing is to be ſeen, Nature has ſo obſcurely fitted her with Eyes, that Naturaliſts can ſcarce agree whether ſhe have any Sight at all or no. But for amends what ſhe is capable of for her Defence and Warning of Danger, ſhe has very eminently conferred upon her; for ſhe is exceeding quick of Hearing. And then her ſhort Tail and ſhort Legs but broad Fore feet armed with ſharp Claws, we ſee by the Event to what Purpoſe they are, ſhe ſo ſwiftly working her ſelf under Ground and making her way ſo faſt in the Earth, as they that behold it cannot but admire it. Her Legs therefore are ſhort, that ſhe need dig no more than will ſerve the meer Thickneſs of her Body; and her Fore feet are broad that ſhe may ſcoup away much Earth at a time; and little or no Tail ſhe has, becauſe ſhe courſes it not on the Ground, like the Rat or Mouſe, of whoſe Kindred ſhe is, but lives under the Earth, and is fain to dig*

dig her ſelf a Dwelling there. And ſhe making her way thro' ſo thick an Element, which will not yield eaſily, as the Air or the Water, it had been dangerous to have drawn ſo long a Train behind her; for her Enemy might fall upon her Rear, and fetch her out before ſhe had compleated or got full poſſeſſion of her Works.

I cannot forbear mentioning Mr. *Boyle's* Remark upon this laſt Creature, who, I remember, ſomewhere in his Works obſerves, that though the Mole be not totally blind (as it is commonly thought,) ſhe has not Sight enough to diſtinguiſh particular Objects. Her Eye is ſaid to have but one Humour in it, which is ſuppos'd to give her the Idea of Light, but of nothing elſe, and is ſo formed that this Idea is probably painful to the Animal. Whenever ſhe comes up into broad Day ſhe might be in Danger of being taken, unleſs ſhe were thus affected by a Light ſtriking upon her Eye and immediately warning her to bury her ſelf in her proper Element. More Sight would be uſeleſs to her, as none at all might be fatal.

I have only inſtanced ſuch Animals as ſeem the moſt imperfect Works of Nature; and if Providence ſhews it ſelf even in the Blemiſhes of theſe Creatnres, how much more does it diſcover it ſelf in the ſeveral Endowments which it has variouſly beſtowed upon ſuch Creatures as are more or leſs finiſhed and compleated in their ſeveral Faculties, according to the Condition of Life in which they are poſted?

I could wiſh our Royal Society would compile a body of Natural Hiſtory, the beſt that could be gathered together from Books and Obſervations. If the ſeveral Writers among them took each his particular Species, and gave us a diſtinct Account of its Original, Birth, and Education; its Policies, Hoſtilities and Alliances, with the Frame and Texture of its inward and outward Parts, and particularly thoſe that diſtinguiſh it from all other Animals, with their peculiar Aptitudes for the State of Being in which Providence has placed them, it would be one of the beſt Services their Studies could do Mankind, and not a little redound to the Glory of the All-wiſe Contriver.

It is true, ſuch a Natural Hiſtory, after all the Diſquiſitions of the Learned, would be infinitely Short and Defective. Seas and Deſarts hide Millions of Animals from our

our Obſervation. Innumerable Artifices and Stratagems are acted in the *Howling Wilderneſs* and in the *Great Deep*, that can never come to our Knowledge. Beſides that there are infinitely more Species of Creatures which are not to be ſeen without nor indeed with the help of the fineſt Glaſſes, than of ſuch as are bulky enough for the naked Eye to take hold of. However, from the Conſideration of ſuch Animals as lie within the Compaſs of our Knowledge, we might eaſily form a Concluſion of the reſt, that the ſame Variety of Wiſdom and Goodneſs runs through the whole Creation, and puts every Creature in a condition to provide for its Safety and Subſiſtence in its proper Station.

Tully has given us an admiral Sketch of Natural Hiſtory, in his ſecond Book concerning the Nature of the Gods; and that in a Stile ſo raiſed by Metaphors and Deſcriptions, that it lifts the Subject above Raillery and Ridicule, which frequently fall on ſuch nice Obſervations, when they paſs through the Hands of an ordinary Writer. L

N° 122. *Friday, July* 20.

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo eſt. Publ. Syr. Frag.

A Man's firſt Care ſhould be to avoid the Reproaches of his own Heart; his next, to eſcape the Cenſures of the World: If the laſt interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwiſe, there cannot be a greater Satisfaction to an honeſt Mind, than to ſee thoſe Approbations which it gives it ſelf ſeconded by the Applauſes of the Publick: A Man is more ſure of his Conduct, when the Verdict which he paſſes upon his own Behaviour is thus warranted, and confirmed by the Opinion of all that know him.

MY worthy Friend Sir ROGER is one of thoſe who is not only at Peace within himſelf, but beloved and eſteemed by all about him. He receives a ſuitable Tribute for his univerſal Benevolence to Mankind, in the Returns of Affection and Good-will, which are paid him by every one that lives within his Neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three

three odd Inſtances of that general Reſpect which is ſhewn to the good old Knight. He would needs carry *Will. Wimble* and my ſelf with him to the Country-Aſſizes: As we were upon the Road *Will. Wimble* joined a couple of plain Men who rid before us, and converſed with them for ſome Time; during which my Friend Sir ROGER acquainted me with their Characters.

THE firſt of them, ſays he, that has a Spaniel by his Side, is a Yeoman of about an hundred Pounds a Year, an honeſt Man: He is juſt within the Game Act, and qualified to kill an Hare or a Pheaſant: He knocks down a Dinner with his Gun twice or thrice a Week; and by that Means lives much cheaper than thoſe who have not ſo good an Eſtate as himſelf. He would be a good Neighbour if he did not deſtroy ſo many Partridges: In ſhort, he is a very ſenſible Man; ſhoots flying; and has been ſeveral Times Foreman of the Petty-Jury.

THE other that rides along with him is *Tom Touchy*, a Fellow famous for *taking the Law* of every Body. There is not one in the Town where he lives that he has not ſued at a Quarter-Seſſions. The Rogue had once the Impudence to go to Law with the *Widow*. His Head is full of Coſts, Damages, and Ejectments: He plagued a couple of honeſt Gentlemen ſo long for a Treſpaſs in breaking one of his Hedges, 'till he was forced to ſell the Ground it encloſed to defray the Charges of the Proſecution: His Father left him fourſcore Pounds a Year; but he has *caſt* and been caſt ſo often, that he is not now worth thirty. I ſuppoſe he is going upon the old Buſineſs of the Willow-Tree.

AS Sir ROGER was giving me this Account of *Tom Touchy*, *Will. Wimble* and his two Companions ſtopped ſhort till we came up to them. After having paid their Reſpects to Sir ROGER, *Will.* told him that Mr. *Touchy* and he muſt appeal to him upon a Diſpute that aroſe between them. *Will.* it ſeems had been giving his Fellow-Travellers an Account of his angling one Day in ſuch a Hole; when *Tom Touchy*, inſtead of hearing out his Story, told him, that Mr. ſuch an One, if he pleaſed, might *take the Law of him* for fiſhing in that Part of the River. My Friend Sir ROGER heard them both, upon a round Trot; and after having pauſed ſome Time told them, with the Air of a Man who would not give his Judgment raſhly, that *much might be ſaid on both*

Sides. They were neither of them diſſatisfied with the Knight's Determination, becauſe neither of them found himſelf in the Wrong by it: Upon which we made the beſt of our Way to the Aſſizes.

THE Court was ſat before Sir ROGER came, but notwithſtanding all the Juſtices had taken their Places upon the Bench, they made Room for the old Knight at the Head of them; who for his Reputation in the Country took Occaſion to whiſper in the Judge's Ear, That *he was glad his Lordſhip had met with ſo much good Weather in his Circuit.* I was liſtening to the Proceedings of the Court with much Attention, and infinitely pleaſed with that great Appearance and Solemnity which ſo properly accompanies ſuch a publick Adminiſtration of our Laws; when, after about an Hour's Sitting, I obſerved to my great Surprize, in the Midſt of a Trial, that my Friend Sir ROGER was getting up to ſpeak. I was in ſome Pain for him, 'till I found he had acquitted himſelf of two or three Sentences, with a Look of much Buſineſs and great Intrepidity.

UPON his firſt Riſing the Court was huſhed, and a general Whiſper ran among the Country-People that Sir ROGER *was up.* The Speech he made was ſo little to the Purpoſe, that I ſhall not trouble my Readers with an Account of it; and I believe was not ſo much deſigned by the Knight himſelf to inform the Court, as to give him a Figure in my Eye, and keep up his Credit in the Country.

I was highly delighted, when the Court roſe, to ſee the Gentlemen of the Country gathering about my old Friend, and ſtriving who ſhould compliment him moſt; at the ſame Time that the ordinary People gazed upon him at a Diſtance, not a little admiring his Courage, that was not afraid to ſpeak to the Judge.

IN our Return home we met with a very odd Accident; which I cannot forbear relating, becauſe it ſhews how deſirous all who know Sir ROGER are of giving him Marks of their Eſteem. When we were arrived upon the Verge of his Eſtate, we ſtopped at a little Inn to reſt our ſelves and our Horſes. The Man of the Houſe had it ſeems been formerly a Servant in the Knight's Family; and to do Honour to his old Maſter, had ſome Time ſince, unknown to Sir ROGER, put him up in a Sign-poſt before the Door; ſo that *the Knight's Head* had hung out upon the Road about a Week

Week before he himſelf knew any thing of the Matter. As ſoon as Sir ROGER was acquainted with it, finding that his Servant's Indiſcretion proceeded wholly from Affection and Good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a Compliment; and when the Fellow ſeemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more deciſive Look, That it was too great an Honour for any Man under a Duke; but told him at the ſame time that it might be alter'd with a very few Touches, and that he himſelf would be at the Charge of it. Accordingly they got a Painter by the Knight's Directions to add a Pair of Whiskers to the Face, and by a little Aggravation of the Features to change it into the *Saracen's Head*. I ſhould not have known this Story, had not the Inn-keeper upon Sir ROGER's alighting told him in my Hearing, That his Honour's Head was brought back laſt Night with the Alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my Friend with his uſual Chearfulneſs related the Particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the Head to be brought into the Room. I could not forbear diſcovering greater Expreſſions of Mirth than ordinary upon the Appearance of this monſtrous Face, under which, notwithſtanding it was made to frown and ſtare in a moſt extraordinary Manner, I could ſtill diſcover a diſtant Reſemblance of my old Friend. Sir ROGER, upon ſeeing me laugh, deſired me to tell him truly if I thought it poſſible for People to know him in that Diſguiſe. I at firſt kept my uſual Silence; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not ſtill more like himſelf than a *Saracen*, I compoſed my Countenance in the beſt Manner I could, and replied, *That much might be ſaid on both Sides.*

THESE ſeveral Adventures, with the Knight's Behaviour in them, gave me as pleaſant a Day as ever I met with in any of my Travels. L

N° 123. *Saturday, July* 21.

Doctrina ſed vim promovet inſitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant:
Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ. Hor.

AS I was Yeſterday taking the Air with my Friend Sir ROGER, we were met by a freſh-coloured ruddy young Man, who rid by us full Speed, with a couple of Servants behind him. Upon my enquiry who he was, Sir ROGER told me that he was a young Gentleman of a conſiderable Eſtate, who had been educated by a tender Mother that liv'd not many Miles from the Place where we were. She is a very good Lady, ſays my Friend, but took ſo much Care of her Son's Health that ſhe has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that Reading was bad for his Eyes, and that Writing made his Head ake. He was let looſe among the Woods as ſoon as he was able to ride on Horſe-back, or to carry a Gun upon his Shoulder. To be brief, I found, by my Friend's Account of him, that he had got a great Stock of Health, but nothing elſe; and that if it were a Man's Buſineſs only to live, there would not be a more accompliſhed young Fellow in the whole County.

THE Truth of it is, ſince my reſiding in theſe Parts I have ſeen and heard innumerable Inſtances of young Heirs and elder Brothers, who either from their own reflecting upon the Eſtates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other Accompliſhments unneceſſary, or from hearing theſe Notions frequently inculcated to them by the Flattery of their Servants and Domeſticks, or from the ſame fooliſh Thought prevailing in thoſe who have the Care of their Education, are of no manner of uſe but to keep up their Families, and tranſmit their Lands and Houſes in a Line to Poſterity.

THIS

THIS makes me often think on a Story I have heard of two Friends, which I ſhall give my Reader at large, under feigned Names. The Moral of it may, I hope, be uſeful, though there are ſome Circumſtances which make it rather appear like a Novel, than a true Story.

EUDOXUS and *Leontine* began the World with ſmall Eſtates. They were both of them Men of good Senſe and great Virtue. They proſecuted their Studies together in their earlier Years, and entered into ſuch a Friendſhip as laſted to the end of their Lives. *Eudoxus*, at his firſt ſetting out in the World, threw himſelf into a Court, where by his natural Endowments and his acquired Abilities he made his way from one Poſt to another, till at length he had raiſed a very conſiderable Fortune. *Leontine* on the contrary ſought all Opportunities of improving his Mind by Study, Converſation and Travel. He was not only acquainted with all the Sciences, but with the moſt eminent Profeſſors of them throughout *Europe*. He knew perfectly well the Intereſts of its Princes, with the Cuſtoms and Faſhions of their Courts, and could ſcarce meet with the Name of an extraordinary Perſon in the Gazette whom he had not either talked to or ſeen. In ſhort, he had ſo well mixt and digeſted his Knowledge of Men and Books, that he made one of the moſt accompliſhed Perſons of his Age. During the whole courſe of his Studies and Travels he kept up a punctual Correſpondence with *Eudoxus*, who often made himſelf acceptable to the principal Men about Court by the Intelligence which he received from *Leontine*. When they were both turned of forty (an Age in which, according to Mr. *Cowley*, *there is no dallying with Life*) they determined, purſuant to the Reſolution they had taken in the beginning of their Lives, to retire, and paſs the remainder of their Days in the Country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the ſame time. *Leontine*, with his own and his Wife's Fortune, bought a Farm of three hundred a Year, which lay within the Neighbourhood of his Friend *Eudoxus*, who had purchaſed an Eſtate of as many thouſands. They were both of them *Fathers* about the ſame time, *Eudoxus* having a Son born to him, and *Leontine* a Daughter; but to the unſpeakable Grief of the latter, his young Wife (in whom all his Happineſs was wrapt up) died in a few days after the Birth of her Daughter. His Affliction

on would have been insupportable, had he not been comforted by the daily Visits and Conversations of his Friend. As they were one Day talking together with their usual Intimacy, *Leontine*, considering how incapable he was of giving his Daughter a proper Education in his own House, and *Eudoxus* reflecting on the ordinary Behaviour of a Son who knows himself to be the Heir of a great Estate, they both agreed upon an Exchange of Children, namely that the Boy should be bred up with *Leontine* as his Son, and that the Girl should live with *Eudoxus* as his Daughter, 'till they were each of them arrived at Years of Discretion. The Wife of *Eudoxus*, knowing that her Son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the Care of *Leontine*, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own Eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the Project. She therefore took *Leonilla*, for that was the Name of the Girl, and educated her as her own Daughter. The two Friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual Tenderness for the Children who were under their Direction, that each of them had the real Passion of a Father, where the Title was but imaginary. *Florio*, the Name of the young Heir that lived with *Leontine*, though he had all the Duty and Affection imaginable for his supposed Parent, was taught to rejoyce at the Sight of *Eudoxus* who visited his Friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural Affection as well as by the Rules of Prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by *Florio*. The Boy was now old enough to know his supposed Father's Circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the World by his own Industry. This Consideration grew stronger in him every Day, and produced so good an Effect, that he applied himself with more than ordinary Attention to the Pursuit of every thing which *Leontine* recommended to him. His natural Abilities, which were very good, assisted by the Directions of so excellent a Counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker Progress than ordinary through all the Parts of his Education. Before he was twenty Years of Age, having finished his Studies and Exercises with great Applause, he was removed from the University to the Inns of Court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable Proficients in the Studies of the Place, who know they shall arrive at great Estates without

without them. This was not *Florio*'s Caſe, he found that three hundred a Year was but a poor Eſtate for *Leontine* and himſelf to live upon, ſo that he ſtudied without Intermiſſion till he gained a very good Inſight into the Conſtitution and Laws of his Country.

I ſhould have told my Reader, that whilſt *Florio* lived at the Houſe of his Foſter-father he was always an acceptable Gueſt in the Family of *Eudoxus*, where he became acquainted with *Leonilla* from her Infancy. His Acquaintance with her by degres grew into Love, which in a Mind trained up in all the Sentiments of Honour and Virtue became a very uneaſy Paſſion. He deſpaired of gaining an Heireſs of ſo great a Fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect Methods. *Leonilla*, who was a Woman of the greateſt Beauty joined with the greateſt Modeſty, entertained at the ſame time a ſecret Paſſion for *Florio*, but conducted her ſelf with ſo much Prudence that ſhe never gave him the leaſt Intimation of it. *Florio* was now engaged in all thoſe Arts and Improvements that are proper to raiſe a Man's private Fortune, and give him a Figure in his Country, but ſecretly tormented with that Paſſion which burns with the greateſt Fury in a virtuous and noble Heart, when he received a ſudden Summons from *Leontine* to repair to him into the Country the next Day. For it ſeems *Eudoxus* was ſo filled with the Report of his Son's Reputation, that he could no longer with-hold making himſelf known to him. The Morning after his Arrival at the Houſe of his ſuppoſed Father, *Leontine* told him that *Eudoxus* had ſomething of great Importance to communicate to him; upon which the good Man embraced him, and wept. *Florio* was no ſooner arrived at the great Houſe that ſtood in his Neighbourhood, but *Eudoxus* took him by the Hand, after the firſt Salutes were over, and conducted him into his Cloſet. He there opened to him the whole Secret of his Parentage and Education, concluding after this manner. *I have no other way left of acknowledging my Gratitude to* Leontine, *than by marrying you to his Daughter. He ſhall not loſe the Pleaſure of being your Father, by the diſcovery I have made to you.* Leonilla *too ſhalt be ſtill my Daughter; her filial Piety though miſplaced, has been ſo exemplary that it deſerves the greateſt Reward I can confer upon it. You ſhall have the Pleaſure of ſeeing*

a great Eſtate fall to you, which you would have loſt the Reliſh of had you known your ſelf born to it. Continue only to deſerve it in the ſame manner you did before you were poſſeſſed of it. I have left your Mother in the next Room. Her Heart yearns toward you. She is making the ſame Diſcoveries to Leonilla *which I have made to your ſelf.* *Florio* was ſo overwhelmed with this Profuſion of Happineſs, that he was not able to make a Reply, but threw himſelf down at his Father's Feet, and amidſt a Flood of Tears, kiſſed and embraced his Knees, asking his Bleſſing, and expreſſing in dumb Show thoſe Sentiments of Love, Duty and Gratitude that were too big for Utterance. To conclude, the happy Pair were married, and half *Eudoxus*'s Eſtate ſettled upon them. *Leontine* and *Eudoxus* paſſed the Remainder of their Lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate Behaviour of *Florio* and *Leonilla* the juſt Recompence, as well as the natural Effects of that Care which they had beſtowed upon them in their Education. L

Nº 124. *Monday, July* 23.

Μέγα βίβλιον, μέγα κακόν.

A MAN who publiſhes his Works in a Volume, has an infinite Advantage over one who communicates his Writings to the World in looſe Tracts and ſingle Pieces. We do not expect to meet with any thing in a bulky Volume, till after ſome heavy Preamble, and ſeveral Words of Courſe, to prepare the Reader for what follows: Nay, Authors have eſtabliſhed it as a kind of Rule, That a Man ought to be dull ſometimes; as the moſt ſevere Reader makes Allowances for many Reſts and Nodding-places in a Voluminous Writer. This gave Occaſion to the famous *Greek* Proverb which I have choſen for my Motto, *That a great Book is a great Evil.*

ON the contrary, thoſe who publiſh their Thoughts in diſtinct Sheets, and as it were by Piece-meal, have none of theſe Advantages. We muſt immediately fall into our Subject, and treat every Part of it in a lively Manner, or our Papers are thrown by as dull and inſipid: Our Matter muſt lie

lie cloſe together, and either be wholly new in it ſelf, or in the Turn it receives from our Expreſſions. Were the Books of our beſt Authors thus to be retailed to the Publick, and every Page ſubmitted to the Taſte of forty or fifty thouſand Readers, I am afraid we ſhould complain of many flat Expreſſions, trivial Obſervations, beaten Topicks, and common Thoughts, which go off very well in the Lump. At the ſame time, notwithſtanding ſome Papers may be made up of broken Hints, and irregular Sketches, it is often expected that every Sheet ſhou'd be a kind of Treatiſe, and make out in Thought what it wants in Bulk: That a Point of Humour ſhould be worked up in all its Parts; and a Subject touched upon in its moſt eſſential Articles, without the Repititions, Tautologies, and Enlargements that are indulged to longer Labours. The ordinary Writers of Morality preſcribe to their Readers after the Galenick Way; their Medicines are made up in large Quantities. An Eſſay Writer muſt practiſe in the Chymical Method, and give the Virtue of a full Draught in a few Drops. Were all Books reduced thus to their Quinteſſence, many a bulky Author would make his Appearance in a Penny Paper: There would be ſcarce ſuch a thing in Nature as a Folio: The Works of an Age would be contained on a few Shelves; not to mention Millions of Volumes that would be utterly annihilated.

I cannot think that the Difficulty of furniſhing out ſeparate Papers of this Nature, has hindered Authors from communicating their Thoughts to the World after ſuch a Manner: Though I muſt confeſs I am amazed that the Preſs ſhould be only made uſe of in this Way by News-Writers, and the Zealots of Parties: as if it were not more advantageous to Mankind, to be inſtructed in Wiſdom and Virtue, than in Politicks; and to be made good Fathers, Husbands, and Sons, than Counſellors and Stateſmen. Had the Philoſophers and great Men of Antiquity, who took ſo much Pains in order to inſtruct Mankind, and leave the World wiſer and better than they found it; had they, I ſay, been poſſeſſed of the Art of Printing, there is no Queſtion but they would have made ſuch an Advantage of it in dealing out their Lectures to the Publick. Our common Prints would be of great Uſe were they thus calculated to diffuſe good Senſe through the Bulk of a People,

to clear up their Understandings, animate their Minds with Virtue, dissipate the Sorrows of a heavy Heart, or unbend the Mind from its more severe Employments with innocent Amusement. When Knowledge, instead of being bound up in Books, and kept in Libraries and Retirements, is thus obtruded upon the Publick; when it is canvassed in every Assembly, and exposed upon every Table; I cannot forbear reflecting upon that Passage in the *Proverbs*, *Wisdom cryeth without She uttereth her Voice in the Streets: She cryeth in the chief Place of Concourse, in the Openings of the Gates. In the City she uttereth her Words, saying, How long, ye simple ones, will ye love Simplicity? and the Scorners delight in their Scorning? and Fools hate Knowledge?*

THE many Letters which come to me from Persons of the best Sense in both Sexes, (for I may pronounce their Characters from their way of Writing) do not a little encourage me in the Prosecution of this my Undertaking: Besides that, my Bookseller tells me, the Demand for these my Papers increases daily. It is at his Instance that I shall continue my *rural Speculations* to the end of this Month; several having made up separate Sets of them, as they have done before of those relating to Wit, to Operas, to Points of Morality, or Subjects of Humour.

I am not at all mortified, when sometimes I see my Works thrown aside by Men of no Taste nor Learning. There is a kind of Heaviness and Ignorance that hangs upon the Minds of ordinary Men, which is too thick for Knowledge to break through: Their Souls are not to be enlightned.

——— *Nox atra cava circumvolat umbra.*

To these I must apply the Fable of the Mole, That after having consulted many Oculists for the bettering of his Sight, was at last provided with a good pair of Spectacles; but upon his endeavouring to make use of them, his Mother told him very prudently, "That Spectacles, though "they might help the Eye of a Man, could be of no use "to a Mole." It is not therefore for the Benefit of Moles that I publish these my daily Essays.

But besides such as are Moles through Ignorance, there are others who are Moles through Envy. As it is said in the Latin Proverb, "That one Man is a Woolf to another;

'ther;" ſo, generally ſpeaking, one Author is a Mole to another Author. It is impoſſible for them to diſcover Beauties in one another's Works; they have Eyes only for Spots and Blemiſhes: They can indeed ſee the Light, as it is ſaid of the Animals which are their Nameſakes, but the Idea of it is painful to them; they immediately ſhut their Eyes upon it, and withdraw themſelves into a wilful Obſcurity. I have already caught two or three of theſe dark undermining Vermin, and intend to make a String of them, in order to hang them up in one of my Papers, as an Example to all ſuch voluntary Moles. C

N° 125. *Tueſday, July* 24.

Ne pueri, ne tanta animis aſſueſcite bella:
Neu patriæ validas in viſcera vertite vires. Virg.

MY worthy Friend Sir ROGER, when we are talking of the Malice of Parties, very frequently tells us an Accident that happened to him when he was a School-Boy, which was at a time when the Feuds ran high between the Round-heads and Cavaliers. This worthy Knight being then but a Stripling, had Occaſion to enquire which was the Way to St. *Anne*'s Lane, upon which the Perſon whom he ſpoke to, inſtead of anſwering his Queſtion, called him a young Popiſh Cur, and asked him who had made *Anne* a Saint? The Boy being in ſome Confuſion, enquired of the next he met, which was the Way to *Anne*'s Lane; but was called a Prick-eared Cur for his Pains, and inſtead of being ſhewn the Way, was told, that ſhe had been a Saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. Upon this, ſays Sir ROGER, I did not think fit to repeat the former Queſtion, but going into every Lane of the Neighbourhood, asked what they called the Name of that Lane. By which ingenious Artifice he found out the Place he enquired after, without giving Offence to any Party. Sir ROGER generally cloſes this Narrative with Reflections on the Miſchief that Parties do in the Country; how they ſpoil good Neighbourhood,

bourhood, and make honeſt Gentlemen hate one another; beſides that they manifeſtly tend to the Prejudice of the Land-Tax, and the Deſtruction of the Game.

THERE cannot a greater Judgment befall a Country than ſuch a dreadful Spirit of Diviſion as rends a Government into two diſtinct People, and makes them greater Strangers and more averſe to one another, than if they were actuually two different Nations. The Effects of ſuch a Diviſion are pernicious to the laſt degree, not only with Regard to thoſe Advantages which they give the Common Enemy, but to thoſe private Evils which they produce in the Heart of almoſt every particular Perſon. This Influence is very fatal both to Mens Morals and their Underſtandings; It ſinks the Virtue of a Nation, and not only ſo, but deſtroys even Common Senſe.

A furious Party-Spirit, when it rages in its full Violence, exerts its ſelf in Civil War and Bloodſhed; and when it is under its greateſt Reſtraints naturally breaks out in Falſhood, Detraction, Calumny, and a partial Adminiſtration of Juſtice. In a Word, it fills a Nation with Spleen and Rancour, and extinguiſhes all the Seeds of Good-Nature, Compaſſion and Humanity.

PLUTARCH ſays very finely, That a Man ſhould not allow himſelf to hate even his Enemies, becauſe, ſays he, if you indulge this Paſſion in ſome Occaſions, it will riſe of it ſelf in others; if you hate your Enemies, you will contract ſuch a vicious Habit of Mind, as by Degrees will break out upon thoſe who are your Friends, or thoſe who are indifferent to you. I might here obſerve how admirably this Precept of Morality (which derives the Malignity of Hatred from the Paſſion it ſelf, and not from its Object) anſwers to that great Rule which was dictated to the World about an Hundred Years before this Philoſopher wrote; but inſtead of that, I ſhall only take Notice, with a real Grief of Heart, that the Minds of many good Men among us appear ſowered with Party-Principles, and alienated from one another in ſuch a manner, as ſeems to me altogether inconſiſtent with the Dictates either of Reaſon or Religion. Zeal for a Publick Cauſe is apt to breed Paſſions in the Hearts of virtuous Perſons, to which the Regard of their own private Intereſt would never have betrayed them.

IF

IF this Party-Spirit has ſo ill an Effect on our Morals, it has likewiſe a very great one upon our Judgments. We often hear a poor inſipid Paper or Pamphlet cryed up, and ſometimes a noble Piece depreciated, by thoſe who are of a different Principle from the Author. One who is actuated by this Spirit is almoſt under an Incapacity of diſcerning either real Blemiſhes or Beauties. A Man of Merit in a different Principle, is like an Object ſeen in two different Mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however ſtreight and entire it may be in it ſelf. For this Reaſon there is ſcarce a Perſon of any Figure in *England*, who does not go by two contrary Characters, as oppoſite to one another as Light and Darkneſs. Knowledge and Learning ſuffer in a particular manner from this ſtrange Prejudice, which at preſent prevails amongſt all Ranks and Degrees in the *Britiſh* Nation. As Men formerly became eminent in learned Societies by their Parts and Acquiſitions, they now diſtinguiſh themſelves by the Warmth and Violence with which they eſpouſe their reſpective Parties. Books are valued upon the like Conſiderations: An abuſive Scurrilous Style paſſes for Satyr, and a dull Scheme of Party-Notions is called fine Writing.

THERE is one Piece of Sophiſtry practiſed by both Sides, and that is the taking any ſcandalous Story that has been ever whiſpered or invented of a private Man, for a known undoubted Truth, and raiſing ſuitable Speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary Poſtulatums of theſe infamous Scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon firſt Principles granted by all Men, though in their Hearts they know they are falſe, or at beſt very doubtful. When they have laid theſe Foundations of Scurrility, it is no wonder that their Superſtructure is every way anſwerable to them. If this ſhameleſs Practice of the preſent Age endures much longer, Praiſe and Reproach will ceaſe to be Motives of Action in good Men.

There are certain Periods of Time in all Governments when this inhuman Spirit prevails. *Italy* was long torn in pieces by the *Guelfes* and *Gibellines*, and *France* by thoſe who were for and againſt the League: But it is very unhappy for a Man to be born in ſuch a ſtormy and tempeſtuous Seaſon. It is the reſtleſs Ambition of Artful Men that thus breaks

breaks a People into Factions, and draws ſeveral well-meaning Perſons to their Intereſt by a Specious Concern for their Country. How many honeſt Minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous Notions, out of their Zeal for the Publick Good? What Cruelties and Outrages would they not commit againſt Men of an adverſe Party, whom they would honour and eſteem, if inſtead of conſidering them as they are repreſented, they knew them as they are? Thus are Perſons of the greateſt Probity ſeduced into ſhameful Errors and Prejudices, and made bad Men even by that nobleſt of Principles, the Love of their Country. I cannot here forbear mentioning the Famous *Spaniſh* Proverb, *If there were neither Fools nor Knaves in the World, all People would be of one Mind.*

FOR my own part, I could heartily wiſh that all Honeſt Men would enter into an Aſſociation, for the Support of one another againſt the Endeavours of thoſe whom they ought to look upon as their Common Enemies, whatſoever ſide they may belong to. Were there ſuch an honeſt Body of Neutral Forces, we ſhould never ſee the worſt of Men in great Figures of Life, becauſe they are uſeful to a Party; nor the beſt unregarded, becauſe they are above practiſing thoſe Methods which would be grateful to their Faction. We ſhould then ſingle every Criminal out of the Herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear: On the contrary, we ſhould ſhelter diſtreſſed Innocence, and defend Virtue, however beſet with Contempt or Ridicule, Envy or Defamation. In ſhort, we ſhould not any longer regard our Fellow-Subjects as Whigs or Tories, but ſhould make the Man of Merit our Friend, and the Villain our Enemy. C

Nº 126. *Wedneſday, July* 25.

Tros Rutulusve fuat nullo diſcrimine habebo. Virg.

IN my Yeſterday's Paper I propoſed, that the honeſt Men of all Parties ſhould enter into a kind of Aſſociation for the Defence of one another and the Confuſion of their common Enemies. As it is deſigned this neutral Body

Body ſhould act with a Regard to nothing but Truth and Equity, and diveſt themſelves of the little Heats and Prepoſſeſſions that cleave to Parties of all Kinds. I have prepared for them the following Form of an Aſſociation, which may expreſs their Intentions in the moſt plain and ſimple Manner.

WE whoſe Names are hereunto ſubſcribed do ſolemnly declare that we do in our Conſciences believe two and two make four; and that we ſhall adjudge any Man whatſoever to be our Enemy who endeavours to perſwade us to the contrary. We are likewiſe ready to maintain, with the Hazard of all that is near and dear to us, that ſix is leſs than ſeven in all Times and all Places; and that ten will not be more three Years hence than it is at preſent. We do alſo firmly declare, that it is our Reſolution as long as we live to call black black, and white white. And we ſhall upon all Occaſions oppoſe ſuch Perſons that upon any Day of the Year ſhall call black white, or white black, with the utmoſt Peril of our Lives and Fortunes.

WERE there ſuch a Combination of honeſt Men, who without any Regard to Places would endeavour to extirpate all ſuch furious Zealots as would ſacrifice one half of their Country to the Paſſion and Intereſt of the other; as alſo ſuch infamous Hypocrites, that are for promoting their own Advantage, under Colour of the publick Good; with all the profligate immoral Retainers to each Side, that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit Submiſſion to their Leaders; we ſhould ſoon ſee that furious Party-Spirit extinguiſhed, which may in Time expoſe us to the Deriſion and Contempt of all the Nations about us.

A Member of this Society, that would thus carefully employ himſelf in making Room for Merit, by throwing down the worthleſs and depraved Part of Mankind from thoſe conſpicuous Stations of Life to which they have been ſometimes advanced, and all this without any Regard to his private Intereſt, would be no ſmall Benefactor to his Country.

I remember to have read in *Diodorus Siculus* an Account of a very active little Animal, which I think he calls the *Ichneumon*, that makes it the whole Buſineſs of his Life to break the Eggs of the Crocodile, which he is always in ſearch after. This Inſtinct is the more remarkable, becauſe

the

the *Ichneumon* never feeds upon the Eggs he has broken, nor any other Way finds his Account in them. Were it not for the inceſſant Labours of this induſtrious Animal, *Ægypt*, ſays the Hiſtorian, would be over-run with Crocodiles; for the *Ægyptians* are ſo far from deſtroying thoſe pernicious Creatures, that they worſhip them as Gods.

IF we look into the Behaviour of ordinary Partizans, we ſhall find them far from reſembling this diſintereſted Animal; and rather acting after the Example of the wild *Tartars*, who are ambitious of deſtroying a Man of the moſt extraordinary Parts and Accompliſhments, as thinking that upon his Deceaſe the ſame Talents, what-ever Poſt they qualified him for, enter of Courſe into his Deſtroyer.

AS in the whole Train of my Speculations, I have endeavoured as much as I am able to extinguiſh that pernicious Spirit of Paſſion and Prejudice, which rages with the ſame Violence in all Parties, I am ſtill the more deſirous of doing ſome Good in this Particular, becauſe I obſerve that the Spirit of Party reigns more in the Country than in the Town. It here contracts a kind of Brutality and ruſtick Fierceneſs, to which Men of a politer Converſation are wholly Strangers. It extends it ſelf even to the Return of the Bow and the Hat; and at the ſame Time that the Heads of Parties preſerve towards one another an outward Shew of good Breeding, and keep up a perpetual Intercourſe of Civilities, their Tools that are diſperſed in theſe outlying Parts will not ſo much as mingle together at a Cock-Match. This Humour fills the Country with ſeveral periodical Meetings of Whig Jockeys and Tory Fox-hunters; not to mention the innumerable Curſes, Frowns, and Whiſpers it produces at a Quarter-Seſſions.

I do not know whether I have obſerved in any of my former Papers, that my Friends Sir ROGER DE COVERLY and Sir ANDREW FREEPORT are of different Principles, the firſt of them inclined to the *landed* and the other to the *money'd* Intereſt. This Humour is ſo moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable Raillery, which very often diverts the reſt of the Club. I find however that the Knight is a much ſtronger Tory in the Country than in Town, which, as he has told me in my Ear, is abſolutely neceſſary for the keeping up his Intereſt. In all our Journey from *London* to his Houſe we did

did not ſo much as bait at a Whig-Inn; or if by Chance the Coachman ſtopped at a wrong Place, one of Sir ROGER's Servants would ride up to his Maſter full Speed, and whiſper to him that the Maſter of the Houſe was againſt ſuch an one in the laſt Election. This often betrayed us into hard Beds and bad Cheer; for we were not ſo inquiſitive about the Inn as the Inn-keeper; and provided our Landlord's Principles were ſound, did not take any Notice of the Staleneſs of his Proviſions. This I found ſtill the more inconvenient, becauſe the better the Hoſt was, the worſe generally were his Accommodations; the Fellow knowing very well, that thoſe who were his Friends would take up with coarſe Diet and an hard Lodging. For theſe Reaſons, all the while I was upon the Road I dreaded entring into an Houſe of any one that Sir ROGER had applauded for an honeſt Man.

SINCE my Stay at Sir ROGER's in the Country, I daily find more Inſtances of this narrow Party-Humour. Being upon the Bowling-Green at a neighbouring Market-Town the other Day, (for that is the Place where the Gentlemen of one Side meet once a Week) I obſerved a Stranger among them of a better Preſence and genteeler Behaviour than ordinary; but was much ſurprized, that notwithſtanding he was a very fair *Bettor*, no Body would take him up. But upon Enquiry I found, that he was one who had given a diſagreeable Vote in a former Parliament, for which Reaſon there was not a Man upon that Bowling-Green who would have ſo much Correſpondence with him as to win his Money of him.

AMONG other Inſtances of this Nature I muſt not omit one which concerns my ſelf. *Will. Wimble* was the other Day relating ſeveral ſtrange Stories that he had picked up no Body knows where of a certain great Man; and upon my ſtaring at him, as one that was ſurprized to hear ſuch things in the Country which had never been ſo much as whiſpered in the Town, *Will.* ſtopped ſhort in the Thread of his Diſcourſe, and after Dinner asked my Friend Sir ROGER in his Ear if he was ſure that I was not a Fanatick.

IT gives me a ſerious Concern to ſee ſuch a Spirit of Diſſention in the Country; not only as it deſtroys Virtue and common Senſe, and renders us in a Manner Barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our Animoſities, widens

widens our Breaches, and tranſmits our preſent Paſſions and Prejudices to our Poſterity. For my own Part, I am ſometimes afraid that I diſcover the Seeds of a Civil War in theſe our Diviſions; and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their firſt Principles, the Miſeries and Calamities of our Children. C

Nº 127. *Thurſday, July* 26.

——— *Quantum eſt in rebus Inane?* Perſ.

IT is our Cuſtom at Sir ROGER's, upon the coming in of the Poſt to ſit about a Pot of Coffee, and hear the old Knight read *Dyer*'s Letter; which he does with his Spectacles upon his Noſe, and in an audible Voice, ſmiling very often at thoſe little Strokes of Satyr which are ſo frequent in the Writings of that Author. I afterwards communicate to the Knight ſuch Packets as I receive under the Quality of SPECTATOR. The following Letter chancing to pleaſe him more than ordinary, I ſhall publiſh it at his Requeſt.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have diverted the Town almoſt a whole Month 'at the Expence of the Country, it is now high 'time that you ſhould give the Country their Revenge. 'Since your withdrawing from this Place, the fair Sex are 'run into great Extravagancies. Their Petticoats, which 'began to heave and ſwell before you left us, are now 'blown up into a moſt enormous Concave, and riſe every 'Day more and more: In ſhort, Sir, ſince our Women 'know themſelves to be out of the Eye of the SPECTA-'TOR, they will be kept within no Compaſs. You prai-'ſed them a little too ſoon, for the Modeſty of their Head-'Dreſſes: For as the Humour of a Sick Perſon is often dri-'ven out of one Limb into another, their Superfluity of 'Ornaments, inſtead of being entirely Baniſhed, ſeems on-'ly fallen from their Heads upon their lower Parts. What 'they have loſt in Heighth they make up in Breadth, and 'con-

'contrary to all Rules of Architecture widen the Foundations at the ſame time that they ſhorten the Superſtructure. Were they, like *Spaniſh* Jennets, to impregnate by the Wind, they could not have thought on a more proper Invention. But as we do not yet hear any particular Uſe in this Petticoat, or that it contains any thing more than what was ſuppoſed to be in thoſe of ſcantier Make, we are wonderfully at a loſs about it.

'THE Women give out, in Defence of theſe wide Bottoms, that they are Airy, and very proper for the Seaſon; but this I look upon to be only a Pretence, and a Piece of Art, for it is well known we have not had a more moderate Summer theſe many Years, ſo that it is certain the Heat they complain of cannot be in the Weather: Beſides, I would fain ask theſe tender-conſtitutioned Ladies, why they ſhould require more Cooling than their Mothers before them.

'I find ſeveral Speculative Perſons are of Opinion that our Sex has of late Years been very Saucy, and that the Hoop-Petticoat is made uſe of to keep us at a Diſtance. It is moſt certain that a Woman's Honour cannot be better entrenched than after this manner, in Circle within Circle, amidſt ſuch a Variety of Out-works and Lines of Circumvallation. A Female who is thus inveſted in Whale-Bone is ſufficiently ſecured againſt the Approaches of an ill-bred Fellow, who might as well think of Sir *George Etherege*'s way of making Love in a Tub, as in the midſt of ſo many Hoops.

'AMONG theſe various Conjectures, there are Men of Superſtitious Tempers, who look upon the Hoop-Petticoat as a kind of Prodigy. Some will have it that it portends the Downfall of the *French* King, and obſerve that the Farthingale appeared in *England* a little before the Ruin of the *Spaniſh* Monarchy. Others are of Opinion that it foretels Battel and Blood-ſhed, and believe it of the ſame Prognoſtication as the Tail of a Blazing Star. For my part, I am apt to think it is a Sign that Multitudes are coming into the World, rather than going out of it.

'THE firſt time I ſaw a Lady dreſſed in one of theſe Petticoats, I could not forbear blaming her in my own Thoughts for walking abroad when ſhe was *ſo near her*

Time,

'*Time*, but ſoon recovered my ſelf out of my Errour, when 'I found all the Modiſh Part of the Sex as *far gone* as her 'ſelf. It is generally thought ſome crafty Women have 'thus betrayed their Companions into Hoops, that they 'might make them acceſſary to their own Concealments, 'and by that means eſcape the Cenſure of the World; as 'wary Generals have ſometimes dreſſed two or three Do-'zen of their Friends in their own Habit that they might 'not draw upon themſelves any particular Attacks from 'the Enemy. The ſtrutting Petticoat ſmooths all Diſtinc-'tions, levels the Mother with the Daughter, and ſets Maids 'and Matrons, Wives and Widows, upon the ſame Bot-'tom. In the mean while, I cannot but be troubled to ſee 'ſo many well ſhaped innocent Virgins bloated up, and 'waddling up and down like big-bellied Women.

'SHOULD this Faſhion get among the ordinary Peo-'ple, our publick Ways would be ſo crouded that we ſhould 'want Street-room. Several Congregations of the beſt 'Faſhion find themſelves already very much ſtreightned, 'and if the Mode encreaſe I wiſh it may not drive many 'ordinary Women into Meetings and Conventicles. Should 'our Sex at the ſame time take it into their Heads to wear 'Trunk Breeches (as who knows what their Indignation 'at this Female Treatment may drive them to) a Man and 'his Wife would fill a whole Pew.

'YOU know, Sir. it is recorded of *Alexander* the 'Great, that in his *Indian* Expedition he buried ſeveral Suits 'of Armour which by his Directions were made much too 'big for any of his Soldiers, in order to give Poſterity an 'extraordinary Idea of him, and make them believe he had 'commanded an Army of Giants. I am perſuaded that 'if one of the preſent Petticoats happens to be hung up in 'any Repoſitory of Curioſities, it will lead into the ſame 'Error the Generations that lie ſome Removes from us; 'unleſs we can believe our Poſterity will think ſo diſre-'ſpectfully of their Great Grand-Mothers, that they made 'themſelves Monſtrous to appear Amiable.

'WHEN I ſurvey this new-faſhioned *Rotonda* in all 'its Parts, I cannot but think of the old Philoſopher, who 'after having entered into an *Egyptian* Temple, and look-'ed about for the Idol of the Place, at length diſcovered a 'little Black Monkey enſhrined in the midſt of it, upon

'which

'which he could not forbear crying out, (to the great Scandal of the Worſhippers,) What a magnificent Palace is 'here for ſuch a Ridiculous Inhabitant!

'THOUGH you have taken a Reſolution, in one of 'your Papers, to avoid deſcending to Particularities of Dreſs, 'I believe you will not think it below you, on ſo extraordinary an Occaſion, to Unhoop the fair Sex and cure this 'faſhionable Tympany that is got among them. I am apt 'to think the Petticoat will ſhrink of its own Accord at 'your firſt coming to Town; at leaſt a Touch of your 'Pen will make contract it ſelf, like the Senſitive Plant, 'and by that Means oblige ſeveral who are either terrified 'or aſtoniſhed at this portentous Novelty, and among the 'reſt,

C *Your Humble Servant*, &c.

N° 128. *Friday, July* 27.

—— *Concordia diſcors.* Luc.

WOMEN in their Nature are much more gay and joyous than Men; whether it be that their Blood is more refined, their Fibres more delicate, and their animal Spirits more light and volatile; or whether, as ſome have imagined, there may not be a kind of Sex in the very Soul, I ſhall not pretend to determine. As Vivacity is the Gift of Women, Gravity is that of Men. They ſhould each of them therefore keep a Watch upon the particular Biaſs which Nature has fixed in their Minds, that it may not *draw* too much, and lead them out of the Paths of Reaſon. This will certainly happen, if the one in every Word and Action affects the Character of being rigid and ſevere, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men ſhould beware of being captivated by a kind of ſavage Philoſophy, Women by a thoughtleſs Gallantry. Where theſe Precautions are not obſerved, the Man often degenerates into a Cynick, the Woman into a Coquet; the Man grows ſullen and moroſe, the Woman impertinent and fantaſtical.

BY

BY what I have ſaid we may conclude, Men and Women were made as Counterparts to one another, that the Pains and Anxieties of the Husband might be relieved by the Sprightlineſs and good Humour of the Wife. When theſe are rightly tempered, Care and Chearfulneſs go Hand in Hand; and the Family, like a Ship that is duly trimmed, wants neither Sail nor Ballaſt.

NATURAL Hiſtorians obſerve, (for whilſt I am in the Country I muſt fetch my Alluſions from thence) That only the Male Birds have Voices; That their Songs begin a little before Breeding-time, and end a little after: That whilſt the Hen is covering her Eggs, the Male generally takes his Stand upon a neighbouring Bough within her Hearing; and by that means amuſes and diverts her with his Songs during the whole Time of her Sitting.

THIS Contract among Birds laſts no longer than till a Brood of young ones ariſes from it; ſo that in the feather'd Kind, the Cares and Fatigues of the married State, if I may ſo call it, lie principally upon the Female. On the contrary, as in our Species the Man and the Woman are joined together for Life, and the main Burden reſts upon the former, Nature has given all the little Arts of Soothing and Blandiſhment to the Female, that ſhe may chear and animate her Companion in a conſtant and aſſiduous Application to the making a Proviſion for his Family, and the educating of their common Children. This however is not to be taken ſo ſtrictly, as if the ſame Duties were not often reciprocal and incumbent on both Parties; but only to ſet forth what ſeems to have been the general Intention of Nature, in the different Inclinations and Endowments which are beſtowed on the different Sexes.

BUT whatever was the Reaſon that Man and Woman were made with this Variety of Temper, if we obſerve the Conduct of the fair Sex, we find that they chuſe rather to aſſociate themſelves with a Perſon who reſembles them in that light and volatile Humour which is natural to them, than to ſuch as are qualified to moderate and counter-ballance it. It has been an old Complaint, That the Coxcomb carries it with them before the Man of Senſe. When we ſee a Fellow loud and talkative, full of inſipid Life and Laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female Favourite: Noiſe and Flutter are ſuch Accompliſh-

ments

ments as they cannot withſtand. To be ſhort, the Paſſion of an ordinary Woman for a Man, is nothing elſe but Self-love diverted upon another Object: She would have the Lover a Woman in every thing but the Sex. I do not know a finer Piece of Satyr on this Part of Womankind, than thoſe Lines of Mr. *Dryden*.

Our thoughtleſs Sex is caught by outward Form
And empty Noiſe, and loves it ſelf in Man.

THIS is a Source of infinite Calamities to the Sex, as it frequently joins them to Men who in their own Thoughts are as fine Creatures as themſelves; or if they chance to be good-humoured, ſerve only to diſſipate their Fortunes, inflame their Follies, and aggravate their Indiſcretions.

THE ſame female Levity is no leſs fatal to them after Marriage than before: It repreſents to their Imaginations the faithful prudent Husband as an honeſt tractable and domeſtick Animal; and turns their Thoughts upon the fine gay Gentleman that laughs, ſings, and dreſſes ſo much more agreeably.

AS this irregular Vivacity of Temper leads aſtray the Hearts of ordinary Women in the Choice of their Lovers and the Treatment of their Husbands, it operates with the ſame pernicious Influence towards their Children, who are taught to accompliſh themſelves in all thoſe ſublime Perfections that appear captivating in the Eye of their Mother. She admires in her Son what ſhe loved in her Gallant; and by that Means contributes all ſhe can to perpetuate her ſelf in a worthleſs Progeny.

THE younger *Fauſtina* was a lively Inſtance of this Sort of Women. Notwithſtanding ſhe was married to *Marcus Aurelius*, one of the greateſt, wiſeſt, and beſt of the *Roman* Emperors, ſhe thought a common Gladiator much the prettier Gentleman; and had taken ſuch Care to accompliſh her Son *Commodus* according to her own Notions of a fine Man, that when he aſcended the Throne of his Father, he became the moſt fooliſh and abandoned Tyrant that was ever placed at the Head of the *Roman* Empire, ſignalizing himſelf in nothing but the fighting of Prizes, and knocking out Mens Brains. As he had no Taſte of true Glory, we ſee him in ſeveral Medals and Statues which are ſtill extant

tant of him, equipped like an *Hercules* with a Club and a Lion's Skin.

I have been led into this Speculation by the Characters I have heard of a Country-Gentleman and his Lady, who do not live many Miles from Sir ROGER. The Wife is an old Coquet, that is always hankering after the Diverſions of the Town; the Husband a moroſe Ruſtick, that frowns and frets at the Name of it. The Wife is over-run with Affectation, the Husband ſunk into Brutality: The Lady cannot bear the Noiſe of the Larks and Nightingales, hates your tedious Summer-Days, and is ſick at the Sight of ſhady Woods and purling Streams; the Husband wonders how any one can be pleaſed with the Fooleries of Plays and Operas, and rails from Morning to Night at eſſenced Fops and tawdry Courtiers. The Children are educated in theſe different Notions of their Parents. The Sons follow the Father about his Grounds, while the Daughters read Volumes of Love-Letters and Romances to their Mother. By this Means it comes to paſs, that the Girls look upon their Father as a Clown, and the Boys think their Mother no better than ſhe ſhould be.

HOW different are the Lives of *Ariſtus* and *Aſpatia*? The innocent Vivacity of the one is tempered and compoſed by the chearful Gravity of the other. The Wife grows Wiſe by the Diſcourſes of the Husband, and the Husband good humour'd by the Converſations of the Wife. *Ariſtus* would not be ſo amiable were it not for his *Aſpatia*, nor *Aſpatia* ſo much to be eſteemed were it not for her *Ariſtus*. Their Virtues are blended in their Children, and diffuſe through the whole Family a perpetual Spirit of Benevolence, Complacency, and Satisfaction. C

Satur-day,

N° 129. *Saturday, July* 28.

Vertentem ſeſe fruſtra ſectabere canthum
Cum rota poſterior curras & in axe ſecundo. Perſ.

GREAT Maſters in Painting never care for drawing People in the Faſhion; as very well knowing that the Head-dreſs, or Periwig, that now prevails, and gives a Grace to their Portraitures at preſent, will make a very odd Figure, and perhaps look monſtrous, in the Eyes of Poſterity. For this Reaſon they often repreſent an illuſtrious Perſon in a *Roman* Habit, or in ſome other Dreſs that never varies. I could wiſh, for the ſake of my Country Friends, that there was ſuch a kind of *everlaſting Drapery* to be made uſe of by all who live at a certain diſtance from the Town, and that they would agree upon ſuch Faſhions as ſhould never be liable to Changes and Innovations. For want of this *Standing Dreſs*, a Man who takes a Journey into the Country is as much ſurprized, as one who walks in a Gallery of old Family Pictures; and finds as great a Variety of Garbs and Habits in the Perſons he Converſes with. Did they keep to one conſtant Dreſs they would ſometimes be in the Faſhion, which they never are as Matters are managed at preſent. If inſtead of running after the Mode, they would continue fixed in one certain Habit, the Mode would ſome time or other overtake them, as a Clock that ſtands ſtill is ſure to point right once in twelve Hours: In this Caſe therefore I would adviſe them, as a Gentleman did his Friend who was hunting about the whole Town after a rambling Fellow, If you follow him you will never find him, but if you plant your ſelf at the Corner of any one Street, I'll engage it will not be long before you ſee him.

I have already touched upon this Subject, in a Speculation which ſhews how cruelly the Country are led aſtray in following the Town; and equipped in a ridiculous Habit, when they fancy themſelves in the height of the Mode. Since that Speculation I have received a Letter (which I

there hinted at) from a Gentleman who is now in the Western Circuit.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'BEING a Lawyer of the *Middle Temple*, a *Corniſhman* 'by Birth, I generally ride the Western Circuit for 'my Health, and as I am not interrupted with Clients, 'have leiſure to make many Obſervations that eſcape the 'Notice of my Fellow-Travellers.

'ONE of the moſt faſhionable Women I met with 'in all the Circuit was my Landlady at *Stains*, where I 'chanced to be on a Holiday. Her Commode was not half 'a Foot high, and her Petticoat within ſome Yards of a 'modiſh Circumference. In the ſame Place I obſerved a 'young Fellow with a tollerable Periwig, had it not been 'covered with a Hat that was ſhaped in the *Ramillie* Cock. 'As I proceeded in my Journey I obſerved the Petticoat 'grew ſcantier and ſcantier, and about threeſcore Miles 'from *London* was ſo very unfaſhionable, that a Woman 'might walk in it without any manner of Inconveni- 'ence.

'NOT far from *Salisbury* I took Notice of a Juſtice of 'Peace's Lady, who was at leaſt ten Years behind hand 'in her Dreſs, but at the ſame time as fine as Hands could 'make her. She was flounced and furbelowed from Head 'to Foot; every Ribbon was wrinkled, and every Part 'of her Garments in Curl, ſo that ſhe looked like one of 'th ſe Animals which in the Country we call a *Frieze-* 'land Hen.

'NOT many Miles beyond this Place I was informed 'that one of the laſt Year's little Muffs had by ſome means 'or other ſtraggled into thoſe Parts, and that all the Wo- 'men of Faſhion were cutting their old Muffs in two, or 'retrenching them, according to the little Model which 'was got among them. I cannot believe the Report they 'have there, that it was ſent down frank'd by a Parlia- 'ment-man in a little Packet; but probably by next Win- 'ter this Faſhion will be at the height in the Country, 'when it is quite out at *London*.

'THE greateſt Beau at our next Country Seſſions 'was dreſſed in a moſt monſtrous Flaxen Periwig, that 'was made in King *William*'s Reign. The Wearer of it

'goes,

'goes, it ſeems, in his own Hair when he is at home, and 'lets his Wig lie in Buckle for a whole half Year, that he 'may put it on upon Occaſion to meet the Judges in it.

'I muſt not here omit an Adventure which happened 'to us in a Country Church upon the Frontiers of *Cornwall*. 'As we were in the midſt of the Service, a Lady who is 'the chief Woman of the Place, and had paſſed the Winter 'at *London* with her Husband, entered the Congregation 'in a little Head-dreſs and a Hoop'd-Petticoat. The Peo-'ple, who were wonderfully ſtartled at ſuch a Sight, all 'of them roſe up. Some ſtared at the prodigious Bottom, 'and ſome at the little Top of this ſtrange Dreſs. In the 'mean time the Lady of the Manor filled the *Area* of the 'Church, and walked up to her Pew with an unſpeakable 'Satisfaction, amidſt the Whiſpers, Conjectures and Aſto-'niſhments of the whole Congregation.

'UPON our way from hence we ſaw a young Fel-'low riding towards us full Gallop, with a Bob Wig and 'a black Silken Bag tied to it. He ſtopt ſhort at the Coach, 'to ask us how far the Judges were behind us. His Stay 'was ſo very ſhort, that we had only time to obſerve his 'new Silk Waſtcoat, which was unbuttoned in ſeveral 'Places to let us ſee that he had a clean Shirt on, which 'was ruffled down to his middle.

'FROM this Place, during our Progreſs through the 'moſt Weſtern Parts of the Kingdom, we fancied our 'ſelves in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, the People ha-'ving made very little Variations in their Dreſs ſince that 'time. The ſmarteſt of the Country Squires appear ſtill 'in the *Monmouth* Cock, and when they go a wooing '(whether they have any Poſt in the Militia or not) they 'generally put on a red Coat. We were indeed very much 'ſurprized, at the Place we lay at laſt Night, to meet with 'a Gentleman that had accoutered himſelf in a Night-Cap 'Wig, a Coat with long Pockets and ſlit Sleeves, and a pair 'of Shooes with high Scollop Tops; but we ſoon found 'by his Converſation that he was a Perſon who laughed 'at the Ignorance and Ruſticity of the Country People, 'and was reſolved to live and die in the Mode.

'*SIR*, If you think this Account of my Travels may 'be of any Advantage to the Publick, I will next Year 'trouble you with ſuch Occurrences as I ſhall meet with

'in other Parts of *England*. For I am informed there are 'greater Curioſities in the Northern Circuit than in the 'Weſtern; and that a Faſhion makes its Progreſs much 'ſlower into *Cumberland* than into *Cornwall*. I have heard 'in particular, that the Steenkirk arrived but two Months 'ago at *Newcaſtle*, and that there are ſeveral Commodes 'in thoſe Parts which are worth taking a Journey thither 'to ſee. C

N° 130. *Monday, July* 30.

——*Semperque recentes*
Convectare juvat prædas, & vivere rapto. Virg.

AS I was Yeſterday riding out in the Fields with my Friend Sir ROGER, we ſaw at a little Diſtance from us a Troop of Gypſies. Upon the firſt Diſcovery of them, my Friend was in ſome Doubt whether he ſhould not exert the *Juſtice of the Peace* upon ſuch a Band of Lawleſs Vagrants; but not having his Clerk with him, who is a neceſſary Counſellor on theſe Occaſions, and fearing that his Poultry might fare the worſe for it, he let the Thought drop: But at the ſame Time gave me a particular Account of the Miſchiefs they do in the Country, in ſtealing Peoples Goods and ſpoiling their Servants. If a ſtray Piece of Linnen hangs upon an Hedge, ſays Sir ROGER, they are ſure to have it; if a Hog loſes his Way in the Fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their Prey; our Geeſe cannot live in Peace for them; if a Man proſecutes them with Severity, his Hen-rooſt is ſure to pay for it: They generally ſtraggle into theſe Parts about this Time of the Year; and ſet the Heads of our Servant-Maids ſo agog for Husbands, that we do not expect to have any Buſineſs done, as it ſhould be, whilſt they are in the Country. I have an honeſt Dairy-Maid who croſſes their Hands with a Piece of Silver every Summer; and never fails being promiſed the handſomeſt young Fellow in the Pariſh

for

for her Pains, Your Friend the Butler has been Fool enough to be ſeduced by them; and though he is ſure to loſe a Knife, a Fork, or a Spoon every Time his Fortune is told him, generally ſhuts himſelf up in the Pantry with an old Gypſie for above half an Hour once in a Twelvemonth. Sweet-hearts are the things they live upon, which they beſtow very plentifully upon all thoſe that apply themſelves to them. You ſee now and then ſome handſome young Jades among them: The Sluts have often very white Teeth and black Eyes.

SIR ROGER obſerving that I liſtned with great Attention to his Account of a People who were ſo entirely new to me, told me, That if I would they ſhould tell us our Fortunes. As I was very well pleaſed with the Knight's Propoſal, we rid up and communicated our Hands to them. A *Caſſandra* of the Crew, after having examined my Lines very diligently, told me, That I loved a pretty Maid in a Corner, that I was a good Woman's Man, with ſome other Particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My Friend Sir ROGER alighted from his Horſe, and expoſing his Palm to two or three that ſtood by him, they crumpled it into all Shapes, and diligently ſcanned every Wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them who was older and more Sun-burnt than the reſt, told him, That he had a Widow in his Line of Life: Upon which the Knight cryed, Go, go, you are an idle Baggage; and at the ſame time ſmiled upon me. The Gypſie finding he was not diſpleaſed in his Heart, told him, after a further Enquiry into his Hand, that his True-love was conſtant, and that ſhe ſhould dream of him to Night. My old Friend cryed Piſh, and bid her go on. The Gypſie told him that he was a Batchelour, but would not be ſo long; and that he was dearer to ſome Body than he thought: The Knight ſtill repeated, She was an idle Baggage, and bid her go on. Ah Maſter, ſays the Gypſie, that roguiſh Leer of yours makes a pretty Woman's Heart ake; you ha'n't that Simper about the Mouth for Nothing —— The uncouth Gibberiſh with which all this was uttered, like the Darkneſs of an Oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be ſhort, the Knight left the Mony with her that he had croſſed her Hand with, and got up again on his Horſe.

AS we were riding away, Sir ROGER told me, that he knew ſeveral ſenſible People who believed theſe Gypſies now and then foretold very ſtrange things; and for Half an Hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the Height of his good Humour, meeting a common Beggar upon the Road who was no Conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his Pocket was pickt: That being a Kind of Palmiſtry at which this Race of Vermin are very dexterous.

I might here entertain my Reader with Hiſtorical Remarks on this idle profligate People, who infeſt all the Countries of *Europe*, and live in the Midſt of Governments in a kind of Common-wealth by themſelves. But inſtead of entering into Obſervations of this Nature, I ſhall fill the remaining part of my Paper with a Story which is ſtill freſh in *Holland*, and was printed in one of our Monthly Accounts about twenty Years ago. 'As the *Trekſchuyt*, or 'Hackney-boat, which carries Paſſengers from *Leiden* to '*Amſterdam*, was putting off, a Boy running along the Side 'of the Canal, deſired to be taken in; which the Maſter 'of the Boat refuſed, becauſe the Lad had not quite Money 'enough to pay the uſual Fare. An eminent Merchant 'being pleaſed with the Looks of the Boy, and ſecretly 'touched with Compaſſion towards him, paid the Money 'for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon 'talking with him afterwards, he found that he could 'ſpeak readily in three or four Languages, and learned 'upon further Examination that he had been ſtolen away 'when he was a Child by a Gypſy, and had rambled ever 'ſince with a Gang of thoſe Strolers up and down ſeveral 'Parts of *Europe*. It happened that the Merchant, whoſe 'Heart ſeems to have inclined towards the Boy by a ſecret 'kind of Inſtinct, had himſelf loſt a Child ſome Years be-'fore. The Parents, after a long Search for him, gave 'him for drowned in one of the Canals with which that 'Country abounds; and the Mother was ſo afflicted at the 'Loſs of a fine Boy, who was her only Son, that ſhe died 'for Grief of it. Upon laying together all Particulars, and 'examining the ſeveral Moles and Marks by which the 'Mother uſed to deſcribe the Child when he was firſt miſ-'ſing, the Boy proved to be the Son of the Merchant, 'whoſe Heart had ſo unaccountably melted at the Sight of 'him.

'him. The Lad was very well pleaſed to find a Father, 'who was ſo rich, and likely to leave him a good Eſtate; 'the Father, on the other Hand, was not a little delighted 'to ſee a Son return to him, whom he had given for loſt, 'with ſuch a Strength of Conſtitution, Sharpneſs of Un-'derſtanding, and Skill in Languages. Here the printed Story leaves off; but if I may give Credit to Reports, our Linguiſt having received ſuch extraordinary Rudiments towards a good Education, was afterwards trained up in every thing that becomes a Gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious Habits and Practices that he had been uſed to in the Courſe of his Peregrinations: Nay, it is ſaid, that he has ſince been employed in foreign Courts upon National Buſineſs, with great Reputation to himſelf, and Honour to thoſe who ſent him, and that he has viſited ſeveral Countries as a publick Miniſter, in which he formerly wandered as a Gypſy. C

N° 131. *Tueſday, July* 31.

—— Ipſe rurſum concedite Sylvæ.

IT is uſual for a Man who loves Country Sports to preſerve the Game in his own Grounds, and divert himſelf upon thoſe that belong to his Neighbour. My Friend Sir ROGER generally goes two or three Miles from his Houſe, and gets into the Frontiers of his Eſtate, before he beats about in ſearch of a Hare or Partridge, on purpoſe to ſpare his own Fields, where he is always ſure of finding Diverſion when the worſt comes to the worſt. By this means the Breed about his Houſe has time to encreaſe and multiply, beſides that the Sport is the more agreeable where the Game is the harder to come at, and where it does not lie ſo thick as to produce any Perplexity or Confuſion in the Purſuit. For theſe Reaſons the Country Gentleman, like the Fox, ſeldom preys near his own Home.

IN the ſame manner I have made a Month's Excurſion out of the Town, which is the great Field of Game for Sportſmen of my Species, to try my Fortune in the Country, where I have ſtarted ſeveral Subjects, and hunted them down, with ſome Pleaſure to my ſelf, and I hope to others. I am here forced to uſe a great deal of Diligence before I can ſpring any thing to my Mind, whereas in Town, whilſt I am following one Character, it is ten to one but I am croſſed in my Way by another, and put up ſuch a Variety of odd Creatures in both Sexes, that they foil the Scent of one another, and puzzle the Chace. My greateſt Difficulty in the Country is to find Sport, and in Town to chuſe it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole Month's Reſt to the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, I promiſe my ſelf abundance of new Game upon my return thither.

IT is indeed high time for me to leave the Country, ſince I find the whole Neighbourhood begin to grow very inquiſitive after my Name and Character: My Love of Solitude, Taciturnity, and particular way of Life, having raiſed a great Curioſity in all theſe Parts.

THE Notions which have been framed of me are various; ſome look upon me as very proud, ſome as very modeſt, and ſome as very melancholy. *Will. Wimble*, as my Friend the Butler tells me, obſerving me very much alone, and extreamly ſilent when I am in Company, is afraid I have killed a Man. The Country People ſeem to ſuſpect me for a Conjurer; and ſome of them hearing of the Viſit which I made to *Moll. White*, will needs have it that Sir ROGER has brought down a Cunning-Man with him, to cure the old Woman, and free the Country from her Charms. So that the Character which I go under in part of the Neighbourhood, is what they here call a *White Witch*.

A Juſtice of Peace, who lives about five Miles off, and is not of Sir ROGER's Party, has it ſeems ſaid twice or thrice at his Table, that he wiſhes Sir ROGER does not harbour a Jeſuit in his Houſe, and that he thinks the Gentlemen of the Country would do very well to make me give ſome Account of my ſelf.

ON the other ſide, ſome of Sir ROGER's Friends are afraid the old Knight is impoſed upon by a deſigning Fellow; and as they have heard he converſes very promiſcuouſly when

when he is in Town, do not know but he has brought down with him ſome diſcarded Whig, that is ſullen, and ſays nothing, becauſe he is out of Place.

SUCH is the Variety of Opinions which are here entertained of me, ſo that I paſs among ſome for a diſaffected Perſon, and among others for a Popiſh Prieſt; among ſome for a Wizard, and among others for a Murderer; and all this for no other Reaſon, that I can imagine, but becauſe I do not hoot and hollow and make a Noiſe. It is true, my Friend Sir ROGER tells them *that it is my way*, and that I am only a Philoſopher, but this will not ſatisfie them. They think there is more in me than he diſcovers, and that I do not hold my Tongue for nothing.

FOR theſe and other Reaſons I ſhall ſet out for *London* to Morrow, having found by Experience that the Country is not a Place for a Perſon of my Temper, who does not love Jollity, and what they call Good-Neighbourhood. A Man that is out of Humour when an unexpected Gueſt breaks in upon him, and does not care for ſacrificing an Afternoon to every Chance comer; that will be the Maſter of his own Time, and the Purſuer of his own Inclinations, makes but a very unſociable Figure in this kind of Life. I ſhall therefore retire into the Town, if I may make uſe of that Phraſe, and get into the Crowd again as faſt as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raiſe what Speculations I pleaſe upon others without being obſerved my ſelf, and at the ſame time enjoy all the Advantages of Company with all the Privileges of Solitude. In the mean while, to finiſh the Month, and conclude theſe my Rural Speculations, I ſhall here inſert a Letter from my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB, who has not lived a Month for theſe forty Years out of the Smoke of *London*, and rallies me after his way upon my Country Life.

Dear SPEC.

'I Suppoſe this Letter will find thee picking of Daiſies, 'or ſmelling to a Lock of Hay, or paſſing away thy time 'in ſome innocent Country Diverſion of the like nature. I 'have however Orders from the Club to ſummon thee up 'to Town, being all of us curſedly afraid thou wilt not be 'able to reliſh our Company, after thy Converſations with '*Moll. White* and *Will. Wimble*. Prithee don't ſend us up

'any more Stories of a Cock and a Bull, nor frighten the 'Town with Spirits and Witches. Thy Speculations begin 'to ſmell confoundedly of Woods and Meadows. If thou 'doſt not come up quickly, we ſhall conclude thou art in 'Love with one of Sir ROGER's Dairy Maids. Service 'to Knight. Sir ANDREW is grown the Cock of the 'Club ſince he left us, and if he does not return quickly, 'will make every Mother's Son of us Common-wealths 'Men.

Dear SPEC,

Thine Eternally,

C WILL. HONEYCOMB.

Nº 132. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 1.

——*Qui aut Tempus quid poſtulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut ſe oſtentat, aut eorum quibuſcum eſt rationem non habeat, is ineptus eſſe dicitur.* Tull.

HAVING notified to my good Friend Sir ROGER that I ſhould ſet out for *London* the next Day, his Horſes were ready at the appointed Hour in the Evening; and, attended by one of his Grooms, I arrived at the County Town at Twilight, in order to be ready for the Stage-Coach the Day following. As ſoon as we arrived at the Inn, the Servant who waited upon me, enquired of the Chamberlain in my Hearing what Company he had for the Coach? The Fellow anſwered, Mrs. *Betty Arable*, the great Fortune, and the Widow her Mother, a recruiting Officier (who took a Place becauſe they were to go) young Squire *Quickſet* her Couſin (that her Mother wiſhed her to be married to,) *Ephraim* the Quaker her Guardian, and a Gentleman that had ſtudied himſelf dumb from Sir ROGER DE COVERLY's. I obſerved by what he ſaid of my ſelf, that according to his Office he dealt much in Intelligence; and doubted not but there was ſome Foundation for his Reports of the reſt of the Company, as well as for the whimſical Account he gave of me. The next Morning at Day-break we were all called; and I, who know my own natural

tural Shyneſs, and endeavour to be as little liable to be diſputed with as poſſible, dreſſed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The firſt Preparation for our Setting out was, that the Captain's Half-Pike was placed near the Coach-man, and a Drum behind the Coach. In the mean Time the Drummer, the Captain's Equipage, was very loud, that none of the Captain's things ſhould be placed ſo as to be ſpoiled; upon which his Cloak-bag was fixed in the Seat of the Coach: And the Captain himſelf, according to a frequent, though inviduous Behaviour of military Men, ordered his Man to look ſharp, that none but one of the Ladies ſhould have the Place he had taken fronting to the Coach-box.

WE were in ſome little Time fixed in our Seats, and ſit with that Diſlike which People not too good-natured, uſually conceive of each other at firſt Sight. The Coach jumbled us inſenſibly into ſome ſort of Familiarity; and we had not moved above two Miles, when the Widow asked the Captain what Succeſs he had in his Recruiting? The Officer, with a Frankneſs he believed very graceful, told her, 'That indeed he had but very little Luck, and had 'ſuffered much by Deſertion, therefore ſhould be glad to 'end his Warfare in the Service of her or her fair Daughter. 'In a Word, continued he, I am a Soldier, and to be plain 'is my Character: You ſee me, Madam, young, ſound, 'and impudent; take me your ſelf, Widow, or give me 'to her, I will be wholly at your Diſpoſal. I am a Sol-'dier of Fortune, ha! This was followed by a vain Laugh of his own, and a deep Silence of all the reſt of the Company. I had nothing left for it but to fall faſt aſleep, which I did with all Speed. 'Come, ſaid he, reſolve upon it, we 'will make a Wedding at the next Town: We will wake 'this pleaſant Companion who is fallen aſleep, to be the 'Brideman, and (giving the Quaker a Clap on the Knee) 'he concluded, 'This ſly Saint, who, I'll warrant, under-'ſtands what's what as well as you or I, Widow, ſhall 'give the Bride as Father. The Quaker, who happened to be a Man of Smartneſs, anſwered, 'Friend, I take it in 'good Part that thou haſt given me the Authority of a Fa-'ther over this comely and virtuous Child; and I muſt aſ-'ſure thee, that if I have the giving her, I ſhall not beſtow 'her on thee. Thy Mirth, Friend, ſavoureth of Folly:

'Thou

'Thou art a Perſon of a light Mind; thy Drum is a Type 'of thee, it ſoundeth becauſe it is empty. Verily, it is not 'from thy Fullneſs, but thy Emptineſs, that thou haſt ſpo-'ken this Day. Friend, Friend, we have hired this Coach 'in Partnerſhip with thee, to carry us to the great City; 'we cannot go any other Way. This worthy Mother 'muſt hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy Follies; we 'cannot help it, Friend, I ſay; if thou wilt, we muſt hear 'thee: But if thou wert a Man of Underſtanding, thou 'wouldſt not take Advantage of thy couragious Counte-'nance to abaſh us Children of Peace. Thou art, thou ſay-'eſt, a Soldier; give Quarter to us, who cannot reſiſt thee. 'Why didſt thou fleer at our Friend, who feigned himſelf 'aſleep? he ſaid nothing; but how doſt thou know what 'he containeth? If thou ſpeakeſt improper things in the 'Hearing of this virtuous young Virgin, conſider it is an 'Outrage againſt a diſtreſſed Perſon that cannot get from 'thee: To ſpeak indiſcreetly what we are obliged to hear, 'by being haſped up with thee in this publick Vehicle, is 'in ſome Degree aſſaulting on the high Road.

HERE *Ephraim* pauſed, and the Captain with an happy and uncommon Impudence (which can be convicted and ſupport it ſelf at the ſame time) crys, 'Faith Friend, I thank 'thee; I ſhould have been a little Impertinent if thou hadſt 'not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I ſee, a ſmoaky 'old Fellow, and I'll be very orderly the enſuing Part of 'the Journey. I was a going to give my ſelf Airs, but 'Ladies I beg Pardon.

THE Captain was ſo little out of Humour, and our Company was ſo far from being ſowred by this little Ruffle, that *Ephraim* and he took a particular Delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and aſſumed their different Provinces in the Conduct of the Company. Our Reckonings, Apartments, and Accommodation, fell under *Ephraim*; and the Captain looked to all Diſputes on the Road, as the good Behaviour of our Coachman, and the Right we had of taking Place as going to *London* of all Vehicles coming from thence. The Occurrences we met with were ordinary and very little happened which could entertain by the Relation of them: but when I conſider'd the Company we were in, I took it for no ſmall good Fortune that the whole Journey was not ſpent in Impertinencies, which

which to one Part of us might be an Entertainment, to the other a Suffering. What therefore *Ephraim* ſaid when we were almoſt arrived at *London*, had to me an Air not only of good Underſtanding, but good Breeding. Upon the young Lady's expreſſing her Satisfaction in the Journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, *Ephraim* delivered himſelf as follows; 'There is no ordinary Part of humane 'Life which expreſſeth ſo much a good Mind, and a right 'inward Man, as his Behaviour upon Meeting with Strangers, eſpecially ſuch as may ſeem the moſt unſuitable Companions to him: Such a Man when he falleth in the Way 'with Perſons of Simplicity and Innocence, however knowing he may be in the Ways of Men, will not vaunt himſelf thereof; but will the rather hide his Superiority to 'them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good 'Friend, continued he, turning to the Officer, thee and I 'are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never 'meet again: But be adviſed by a plain Man; Modes and 'Apparels are but Trifles to the real Man, therefore do not 'think ſuch a Man as thy ſelf terrible for thy Garb, nor 'ſuch a one as me contemptible for mine. When two 'ſuch as thee and I meet, with Affections as we ought to 'have towards each other, thou ſhouldſt rejoice to ſee my 'peaceable Demeanour, and I ſhould be glad to ſee thy 'Strength and Ability to protect me in it. T

N° 133. *Thurſday, Auguſt 2.*

Quis Deſiderio ſit pudor, aut modus
Tam Chari capitis? Hor.

THERE is a ſort of Delight, which is alternately mixed with Terrour and Sorrow, in the Contemplation of Death. The Soul has its Curioſity more than ordinarily awakened, when it turns its Thoughts upon the Conduct of ſuch who have behaved themſelves with an Equal, a Reſigned, a Chearful, a Generous or Heroick Temper in that Extremity. We are affected with theſe reſpective Manners of Behaviour, as we ſecretly believe the Part

Part of the dying Perſon imitable by our ſelves, or ſuch as we imagine our ſelves more particularly capable of. Men of exalted Minds march before us like Princes, and are to the Ordinary Race of Mankind, rather Subjects for their Admiration than Example. However, there are no Ideas ſtrike more forcibly upon our Imaginations, than thoſe which are raiſed from Reflections upon the Exits of great and excellent Men. Innocent Men who have ſuffered as Criminals, tho' they were Benefactors to humane Society, ſeem to be Perſons of the higheſt Diſtinction, among the vaſtly greater Number of Humane Race, the Dead. When the Iniquity of the Times brought *Socrates* to his Execution, how great and wonderful is it to behold him, unſupported by any thing but the Teſtimony of his own Conſcience and Conjectures of Hereafter, receive the Poiſon with an Air of Mirth and good Humour, and as if going on an agreeable Journey beſpeak ſome Deity to make it fortunate.

WHEN *Phocion*'s good Actions had met with the like Reward from his Country, and he was led to Death with many others of his Friends, they bewailing their Fate, he walking compoſedly towards the Place of Execution, how gracefully does he ſupport his Illuſtrious Character to the very laſt Inſtant. One of the Rabble ſpitting at him as he paſſed, with his uſual Authority he called to know if no one was ready to teach this Fellow how to behave himſelf. When a poor-ſpirited Creature that dyed at the ſame time for his Crimes bemoaned himſelf unmanfully, he rebuked him with this Queſtion, Is it no Conſolation to ſuch a Man as thou art to dye with *Phocion*? At the Inſtant when he was to die they asked what Commands he had for his Son, he anſwered, To forget this Injury of the *Athenians*. *Niocles*, his Friend, under the ſame Sentence, deſired he might drink the Potion before him; *Phocion*, ſaid becauſe he never had denyed him any thing he would not even this, the moſt difficult Requeſt he had ever made.

THESE Inſtances were very noble and great, and the Reflections of thoſe Sublime Spirits had made Death to them what it is really intended to be by the Author of Nature, a Relief from a various Being ever ſubject to Sorrows and Difficulties.

EPAMINONDAS, the *Theban* General, having received in Fight a Mortal Stab with a Sword, which was

left in his Body, lay in that Posture 'till he had Intelligence that his Troops had obtained the Victory, and then permitted it to be drawn out, at which Instant he expressed himself in this manner, *This is not the end of my Life, my Fellow Soldiers; it is now your* Epaminondas *is born, who dies in so much Glory.*

IT were an endless Labour to collect the Accounts with which all Ages have filled the World of Noble and Heroick Minds that have resigned this Being as if the termination of Life were but an ordinary Occurrence of it.

THIS common-place way of Thinking I fell into from an awkward Endeavour to throw off a real and fresh Affliction, by turning over Books in a melancholy Mood; but it is not easie to remove Griefs which touch the Heart, by applying Remedies which only entertain the Imagination. As therefore this Paper is to consist of any thing which concerns Human Life, I cannot help letting the present Subject regard what has been the last Object of my Eyes, tho' an Entertainment of Sorrow.

I went this Evening to visit a Friend, with a design to rally him, upon a Story I had heard of his intending to steal a Marriage without the Privity of us his intimate Friends and Acquaintance. I came into his Apartment with that Intimacy which I have done for very many Years, and walked directly into his Bed-chamber, where I found my Friend in the Agonies of Death. What could I do? The innocent Mirth in my Thoughts struck upon me like the most flagitious Wickedness: I in vain called upon him; he was senseless, and too far spent to have the least Knowledge of my Sorrow, or any Pain in himself. Give me leave then to transcribe my Soliloquy, as I stood by his Mother dumb, with the weight of Grief for a Son who was her Honour, and her Comfort, and never 'till that Hour since his Birth had been an Occasion of a Moment's Sorrow to her.

'HOW surprising is this Change! from the Possession
' of vigorous Life and Strength, to be reduced in a
' few Hours to this fatal Extremity! Those Lips which
' look so pale and livid, within these few Days gave De-
' light to all who heard their Utterance: It was the Busi-
' ness, the Purpose of his Being, next to Obeying him to
' whom

'whom he is going, to pleaſe and inſtruct, and that for 'no other end but to pleaſe and inſtruct. Kindneſs was 'the Motive of his Actions, and with all the Capacity re-'quiſite for making a Figure in a contentious World, Mo-'deration, Good-Nature, Affability, Temperance and Cha-'ſtity, were the Arts of his Excellent Life. There as he 'lies in helpleſs Agony, no Wiſe Man who knew him ſo 'well as I, but would reſign all the World can beſtow to 'be ſo near the End of ſuch a Life. Why does my Heart 'ſo little obey my Reaſon as to lament thee thou excellent 'Man.——Heaven receive him, or reſtore him.——Thy 'beloved Mother, thy obliged Friends, thy helpleſs Servants 'ſtand around thee without Diſtinction. How much 'wouldſt thou, hadſt thou thy Senſes, ſay to each of us.

'BUT now that good Heart burſts, and he is at reſt—'with that Breath Expired a Soul who never indulged a 'Paſſion unfit for the Place he is gone to: Where are now 'thy Plans of Juſtice, of Truth, of Honour? of what uſe 'the Volumes thou haſt collated, the Arguments thou haſt 'invented, the Examples thou haſt followed. Poor were 'the Expectations of the Studious, the Modeſt and the 'Good, if the Reward of their Labours were only to be 'Expected from Man. No, my Friend, thy intended 'Pleadings, thy intended Good Offices to thy Friends, thy 'intended Services to thy Country, are already performed '(as to thy Concern in them) in his ſight before whom 'the Paſt Preſent and Future appear at one view. While 'others with thy Talents were tormented with Ambition, 'with Vain-Glory, with Envy, with Emulation, how well 'didſt thou turn thy Mind to its own Improvement in 'things out of the Power of Fortune; in Probity, in In-'tegrity, in the Practice and Study of Juſtice; how ſilent 'thy Paſſage, how private thy Journey, how Glorious thy 'End! *Many have I known more Famous, ſome more Knowing, 'not one ſo Innocent.* R

Friday,

N° 134. *Friday, Auguſt* 3.

——*Opiferque per Orbem*
Dicor——— Ovid.

DURING my Abſence in the Country ſeveral Packets have been left for me, which were not forwarded to me, becauſe I was expected every Day in Town. The Author of the following Letter dated from *Tower-hill*, having ſometimes been entertained with ſome Learned Gentlemen in Pluſh Doublets, who have vended their Wares from a Stage in that Place, has pleaſantly enough addreſſed to Me, as no leſs a Sage in Morality, than thoſe are in Phyſick. To comply with his kind Inclination to make my Cures famous, I ſhall give you his Teſtimonial of my great Abilities at large in his own Words.

SIR.

'YOUR ſaying t'other Day there is ſomething wonderful in the Narrowneſs of thoſe Minds, which 'can be pleaſed, and be barren of Bounty to thoſe who 'pleaſe them, makes me in pain that I am not a Man of 'Power: If I were, you ſhould ſoon ſee how much I approve your Speculations. In the mean time I beg leave 'to ſupply that Inability with the empty Tribute of an 'honeſt Mind, by telling you plainly I love and thank you 'for your daily Refreſhments. I conſtantly peruſe your 'Paper as I ſmoke my Morning's Pipe, (tho' I can't forbear reading the Motto before I fill and light,) and really it gives a grateful Reliſh to every Whif; each Paragraph is freight either with uſeful or delightful Notions, 'and I never fail of being highly diverted or improved. 'The Variety of your Subjects ſurprizes me as much as a 'Box of Pictures did formerly, in which there was only 'one Face, that by pulling ſome Pieces of Iſinglaſs over it, 'was changed into a grave Senator or a *Merry Andrew*, a 'Patch'd Lady or a Nun, a Beau or a Black-a-more, a Prude 'or a Coquet, a Country 'Squire or a Conjurer, with many other different Repreſentations very entertaining (as

'you

'you are) tho' ſtill the ſame at the Bottom. This was a 'childiſh Amuſement when I was carried away with out-'ward Appearance, but you make a deeper Impreſſion, and 'affect the ſecret Springs of the Mind; you charm the Fan-'cy, ſooth the Paſſions, and inſenſibly lead the Reader to 'that Sweetneſs of Temper that you ſo well deſcribe; you 'rouſe Generoſity with that Spirit, and inculcate Huma-'nity with that Eaſe, that he muſt be miſerably Stupid that 'is not affected by you. I can't ſay indeed that you have 'put Impertinence to Silence, or Vanity out of Counte-'nance; but methinks you have bid as fair for it, as any 'Man that ever appeared upon a Publick Stage; and offer 'an infallible Cure of Vice and Folly, for the Price of One 'Penny. And ſince it is uſual for thoſe who receive Be-'nefit by ſuch famous Operators, to publiſh an Advertiſe-'ment, that others may reap the ſame Advantage, I think 'my ſelf obliged to declare to all the World, that having 'for a long time been ſplenatick, ill-natured, froward, ſu-'ſpicious and unſociable, by the Application of your Me-'dicines, taken only with half an Ounce of right *Virginia* 'Tobacco for ſix ſucceſſive Mornings, I am become open, 'obliging, officious, frank and hoſpitable.

I am,

Tower-hill, July 5, 1711. *Your humble Servant, and great Admirer,* George Truſty.

THIS careful Father and humble Petitioner hereafter mentioned, who are under Difficulties about the juſt Management of Fans, will ſoon receive proper Advertiſements relating to the Profeſſors in that behalf, with their Places of Abode and Methods of Teaching.

SIR, *July the 5th*, 1711.

'IN your Spectator of *June* the 7th you Tranſcribe a 'Letter ſent to you from a new ſort of Muſter-ma-'ſter, who teaches Ladies the whole Exerciſe of the Fan; 'I have a Daughter juſt come to Town, who tho' ſhe has 'always held a Fan in her Hand at proper times, yet ſhe 'knows no more how to uſe it according to true Diſci-'pline, than an awkard School-boy does to make uſe of 'his

'his new Sword: I have ſent for her on purpoſe to learn 'the Exerciſe, ſhe being already very well accompliſhed in 'all other Arts which are neceſſary for a young Lady to 'underſtand; my Requeſt is, that you will ſpeak to your 'Correſpondent on my behalf; and in your next Paper let 'me know what he expects, either by the Month, or the 'Quarter, for teaching; and where he keeps his Place of 'Rendezvous; I have a Son too, whom I would fain have 'taught to gallant Fans, and ſhould be glad to know what 'the Gentleman will have for teaching them both, I find-'ing Fans for Practice at my own Expence. This Infor-'mation will in the higheſt manner oblige,

S I R, Your moſt Humble Servant,

William Wiſeacre.

'AS ſoon as my Son is perfect in this Art (which I 'hope will be in a Year's time, for the Boy is pretty apt,) 'I deſign he ſhall learn to ride the great Horſe, (altho' he 'is not yet above twenty Years old) if his Mother, whoſe 'Darling he is, will venture him.

To the SPECTATOR.

The Humble Petition of Benjamin Eaſie, *Gent.*

Sheweth,

'THAT it was your Petitioner's Misfortune to walk to '*Hackney* Church laſt *Sunday* where to his great A-'mazement he met with a Soldier of your own training; 'ſhe furls a Fan, recovers a Fan, and goes through the 'whole Exerciſe of it to Admiration. This well-managed 'Officer of yours has, to my knowledge, been the Ruin 'of above five young Gentlemen beſides my ſelf, and ſtill 'goes on laying waſte whereſoever ſhe comes, whereby 'the whole Village is in great Danger. Our humble Re-'queſt is therefore that this bold *Amazon* be ordered im-'mediately to lay down her Arms, or that you would iſ-'ſue forth an Order that we who have been thus injured 'may meet at the Place of General Rendezvous, and there 'be taught to manage our Snuff Boxes in ſuch manner as 'we may be an equal Match for her:

R *And your Petitioner ſhall ever Pray*, &c.

Saturday,

Nº 135. *Saturday, Auguſt* 4.

Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat Sententia —— Hor.

I Have ſomewhere read of an eminent Perſon, who uſed in his private Offices of Devotion to give Thanks to Heaven that he was born a *Frenchman*: For my own Part I look upon it as a peculiar Bleſſing that I was Born an *Engliſhman*. Among many other Reaſons, I think my ſelf very happy in my Country, as the *Language* of it is wonderfully adapted to a Man who is ſparing of his Words, and an Enemy to Loquacity.

AS I have frequently reflected on my good Fortune in this Particular, I ſhall communicate to the Publick my Speculations upon the *Engliſh* Tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious Readers.

THE *Engliſh* delight in Silence more than any other *European* Nation, if the Remarks which are made on us by Foreigners are true. Our Diſcourſe is not kept up in Converſation, but falls into more Pauſes and Intervals than in our Neighbouring Countries; as it is obſerved, that the matter of our Writings is thrown much cloſer together, and lies in a narrower Compaſs than is uſual in the Works of Foreign Authors: For, to favour our Natural Taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our Thoughts, we do it in the ſhorteſt way we are able, and give as quick a Birth to our Conceptions as poſſible.

THIS Humour ſhews it ſelf in ſeveral Remarks that we may make upon the *Engliſh* Language. As firſt of all by its abounding in Monoſyllables, which gives us an Opportunity of delivering our Thoughts in few Sounds. This indeed takes off from the Elegance of our Tongue, but at the ſame time expreſſes our Ideas in the readieſt manner, and conſequently anſwers the firſt Deſign of Speech better than the Multitude of Syllables, which make the Words of other Languages more Tunable and Sonorous. The Sounds of our *Engliſh* Words are commonly like thoſe of String Muſick, ſhort and tranſient, which riſe and periſh upon a ſingle

ſingle Touch; thoſe of other Languages are like the Notes of Wind Inſtruments, ſweet and ſwelling, and lengthen'd out into variety of Modulation.

IN the next place we may obſerve, that where the Words are not Monoſyllables, we often make them ſo, as much as lies in our Power, by our Rapidity of Pronunciation; as it generally happens in moſt of our long Words which are derived from the *Latin*, where we contract the length of the Syllables that gives them a grave and ſolemn Air in their own Language, to make them more proper for diſpatch, and more conformable to the Genius of our Tongue. This we may find in a Multitude of Words, as *Liberty*, *Conſpiracy*, *Theatre*, *Orator*, &c.

THE ſame natural Averſion to Loquacity has of late Years made a very conſiderable Alteration in our Language, by cloſing in one Syllable the Termination of our Præterperfect Tenſe, as in the Words *drown'd*, *walk'd*, *arriv'd*, for *drowned*, *walked*, *arrived*, which has very much diſfigured the Tongue, and turned a tenth part of our ſmootheſt Words into ſo many Cluſters of Conſonants. This is the more remarkable, becauſe the want of Vowels in our Language has been the general Complaint of our politeſt Authors, who nevertheleſs are the Men that have made theſe Retrenchments, and conſequently very much increaſed our former Scarcity.

THIS Reflection on the Words that end in *ed*, I have heard in Converſation from one of the greateſt Genius's this Age has produced. I think we may add to the foregoing Obſervation, the Change which has happened in our Language, by the Abbreviation of ſeveral Words that are terminated in *eth*, by ſubſtituting an *s* in the room of the laſt Syllable, as in *drowns*, *walks*, *arrives*, and innumerable other Words, which in the Pronunciation of our Fore-fathers were *drowneth*, *walketh*, *arriveth*. This has wonderfully multiplied a Letter which was before too frequent in the *Engliſh* Tongue, and added to that *hiſſing* in our Language, which is taken ſo much notice of by Foreigners; but at the ſame time humours our Taciturnity, and eaſes us of many ſuperfluous Syllables.

I might here obſerve, that the ſame ſingle Letter on many occaſions does the Office of a whole Word, and repreſents the *His* and *Her* of our Forefathers. There is no doubt

doubt but the Ear of a Foreigner, which is the beſt Judge in this Caſe, would very much diſapprove of ſuch Innovations, which indeed we do our ſelves in ſome meaſure, by retaining the old Termination in Writing, and in all the Solemn Offices of our Religion.

AS in the Inſtances I have given we have epitomized many of our particular Words to the Detriment of our Tongue, ſo on other Occaſions we have drawn two Words into one, which has likewiſe very much untuned our Language and clogged it with Conſonants, as *mayn't*, *can't*, *ſhan'n't*, *wo'n't*, and the like, for *may not*, *can not*, *ſhall not*, *will not*, &c.

IT is perhaps this Humour of ſpeaking no more than we needs muſt, which has ſo miſerably curtailed ſome of our Words, that in familiar Writings and Converſations they often loſe all but their firſt Syllables, as in *mob.* *rep.* *pos.* *incog.* and the like; and as all ridiculous Words make their firſt Entry into a Language by familiar Phraſes, I dare not anſwer for theſe that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our Tongue. We ſee ſome of our Poets have been ſo indiſcreet as to imitate *Hudibras*'s Doggrel Expreſſions in their ſerious Compoſitions, by throwing out the Signs of our Subſtantives, which are eſſential to the *Engliſh* Language. Nay, this Humour of ſhortning our Language had once run ſo far, that ſome of our celebrated Authors, among whom we may reckon Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange* in particular, began to prune their Words of all ſuperfluous Letters, as they termed them, in order to adjuſt the Spelling to the Pronunciation; which would have confounded all our Etymologies, and have quite deſtroyed our Tongue.

WE may here likewiſe obſerve, that our proper Names, when familiarized in *Engliſh*, generally dwindle to Monoſyllables, whereas in other modern Languages they receive a ſoiter Turn on this occaſion, by the Addition of a new Syllable. *Nick* in *Italian* is *Nicolini*, *Jack* in *French* *Janot*; and ſo of the reſt.

THERE is another Particular in our Language which is a great Inſtance of our Frugality in Words, and that is the ſuppreſſing of ſeveral Particles, which muſt be produced in other Tongues to make a Sentence intelligible: This often perplexes the beſt Writers, when they find the Relatives *whom*, *which* or *they*, at their Mercy whether they may have

have Admiſſion or not; and will never be decided till we have ſomething like an Academy, that by the beſt Authorities and Rules drawn from the Analogy of Languages ſhall ſettle all Controverſies between Grammar and Idiom.

I have only conſidered our Language as it ſhews the Genius and natural Temper of the *Engliſh*, which is modeſt thoughtful and ſincere, and which perhaps may recommend the People, though it has ſpoiled the Tongue. We might perhaps carry the ſame Thought into other Languages, and deduce a great part of what is peculiar to them from the Genius of the People who ſpeak them. It is certain the light talkative Humour of the *French* has not a little infected their Tongue, which might be ſhewn by many Inſtances; as the Genius of the *Italians*, which is ſo much addicted to Muſick and Ceremony, has moulded all their Words and Phraſes to thoſe particular Uſes. The Statelineſs and Gravity of the *Spaniards* ſhews it ſelf to Perfection in the Solemnity of their Language; and the blunt honeſt Humour of the *Germans* ſounds better in the Roughneſs of the *High Dutch*, than it would in a Politer Tongue.

C

N° 136. *Monday, Auguſt* 6.

——*Parthis mendacior*—— Hor.

ACCORDING to the Requeſt of this ſtrange Fellow, I ſhall Print the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Shall without any manner of Preface or Apology ac-
'quaint you, that I am, and ever have been from my
'Youth upward, one of the greateſt Liars this Iſland has
'produced. I have read all the Moraliſts upon the Sub-
'ject, but could never find any effect their Diſcourſes had
'upon me, but to add to my Misfortune by new Thoughts
'and Ideas, and making me more ready in my Language
'and capable of ſometimes mixing ſeeming Truths with
'my Improbabilities. With this ſtrong Paſſion towards
'Falſhood in this kind, there does not live an honeſter Man,

'or

'or a ſincerer Friend; but my Imagination runs away with 'me, and whatever is ſtarted I have ſuch a Scene of Adven- 'tures appears in an Inſtant before me, that I cannot help 'uttering them, tho' to my immediate Confuſion I can- 'not but know I am liable to be detected by the firſt 'Man I meet.

'UPON Occaſion of the mention of the Battel of *Pul-* 'towa, I could not forbear giving an Account of a Kinſ- 'man of mine, a young Merchant who was bred at *Moſco*, 'that had too much Metal to attend Books of Entries and 'Accounts, when there was ſo active a Scene in the Coun- 'try where he reſided, and followed the Czar as a Volun- 'teer: This warm Youth, born at the Inſtant the thing 'was ſpoke of, was the Man who unhorſed the *Sweediſh* 'General, he was the Occaſion that the *Muſcovites* kept 'their Fire in ſo Soldier-like a manner, and brought up 'thoſe Troops which were covered from the Enemy at 'the beginning of the Day; beſides this, he had at laſt the 'good Fortune to be the Man who took Gount *Piper*. 'With all this Fire I knew my Couſin to be the Civileſt 'Creature in the World. He never made any impertinent 'Show of his Valour, and then he had an excellent Geni- 'us for the World in every other kind. I had Letters 'from him (here I felt in my Pockets) that exactly ſpoke 'the Czar's Character, which I knew perfectly well; and 'I could not forbear concluding, that I lay with his Im- 'perial Majeſty twice or thrice a Week all the while he 'lodged at *Deptford*. What is worſe than all this, it is im- 'poſſible to ſpeak to me, but you give me ſome occaſion 'of coming out with one Lie or other, that has neither 'Wit, Humour, proſpect of Intereſt, or any other Mo- 'tive that I can think of in Nature. The other Day, when 'one was commending an Eminent and Learned Divine, 'what occaſion in the World had I to ſay, Methinks he would 'look more Venerable if he were not ſo fair a Man? I 'remember the Company ſmiled. I have ſeen the Gen- 'tleman ſince, and he is Cole Black. I have Intimations e- 'very Day in my Life that no Body believes me, yet I am 'never the better: I was ſaying ſomething the other Day 'to an old Friend at *Will*'s Coffee-houſe, and he made me 'no manner of Anſwer; but told me, that an Acquain- 'ance of *Tully* the Orator having two or three times

'together

'together said to him, without receiving any Answer, 'That upon his Honour he was but that very Month forty 'Years of Age; *Tully* answer'd, Surely you think me the 'most incredulous Man in the World, if I don't believe 'what you have told me every Day this ten Years. The 'Mischief of it is, I find my self wonderfully inclin'd to 'have been present at every Occurrence that is spoken of 'before me; this has led me into many Inconveniencies, 'but indeed they have been the fewer, because I am no 'ill-natur'd Man, and never speak things to any Man's 'Disadvantage. I never directly defame, but I do what 'is as bad in the Consequence, for I have often made a 'Man say such and such a lively Expression, who was 'born a mere Elder Brother. When one has said in my 'hearing, Such a one is no wiser than he should be, I im-'mediately have reply'd, Now 'faith I can't see that, he 'said a very good thing to my Lord such a one, upon such 'an occasion, and the like. Such an honest Dolt as this 'has been watch'd in every Expression he uttered, upon 'my Recommendation of him, and consequently been 'subject to the more Ridicule. I once endeavoured to 'Cure my self of this impertinent Quality, and resolved to 'hold my Tongue for seven Days together; I did so, but 'then I had so many Winks and unnecessary Distortions 'of my Face upon what any Body else said, that I found 'I only forbore the Expression, and that I still lied in my 'Heart to every Man I met with. You are to know one 'thing (which I believe you'll say is a Pity considering the 'use I should have made of it) I never Travelled in my 'Life; but I do not know whether I could have spoken of 'any Foreign Country with more familiarity than I do at 'present, in Company who are Strangers to me. I have 'curs'd the Inns in *Germany*; commended the Brothels at '*Venice*; the Freedom of Conversation in *France*; and tho' 'I never was out of this dear Town, and fifty Miles about 'it, have been three Nights together dogged by Bravoes 'for an Intreague with a Cardinal's Mistress at *Rome*.

'IT were endless to give you Particulars of this kind, 'but I can assure you, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, there are about 'Twenty or Thirty of us in this Town, I mean by this 'Town the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*; I say there 'are in Town a sufficient Number of us to make a Society

'among our ſelves; and ſince we cannot be believed any 'longer, I beg of you to print this my Letter, that we 'may meet together, and be under ſuch Regulation as 'there may be no Occaſion for Belief or Confidence among 'us. If you think fit we might be called *The Hiſtorians*, 'for *Liar* is become a very harſh Word. And that a Mem-'ber of the Society may not hereafter be ill received by the 'reſt of the World, I deſire you would explain a little this 'ſort of Men, and not let us *Hiſtorians* be ranked, as we 'are in the Imaginations of ordinary People, among com-'mon Liars, Make-bates, Impoſtors and Incendiaries. For 'your Inſtruction herein, you are to know that an *Hiſto-'rian*, in Converſation, is only a Perſon of ſo pregnant a 'Fancy, that he cannot be contented with ordinary Oc-'currences. I know a Man of Quality of our Order, who 'is of the wrong ſide of Forty three, and has been 'of that Age, according to *Tully*'s Jeſt, for ſome Years 'ſince, whoſe Vein is upon the Romantick. Give him 'the leaſt Occaſion, and he will tell you ſomething ſo ve-'ry particular that happened in ſuch a Year, and in ſuch 'Company, where by the by was preſent ſuch a one, who 'was afterwards made ſuch a thing. Out of all theſe Cir-'cumſtances, in the beſt Language in the World, he will 'join together with ſuch probable Incidents an Account 'that ſhews a Perſon of the deepeſt Penetration, the ho-'neſteſt Mind, and withal ſomething ſo Humble when he 'ſpeaks of himſelf, that you would Admire. Dear Sir, 'why ſhould this be Lying? There is nothing ſo inſtruct-'ive. He has withal the graveſt Aſpect; ſomething ſo 'very venerable and great? Another of theſe Hiſtorians is 'a Young Man whom we would take in, tho' he extream-'ly wants Parts; as People ſend Children (before they can 'learn any thing) to School, to keep them out of Harm's 'way. He tells Things which have nothing at all in them, 'and can neither pleaſe nor diſpleaſe, but meerly take up 'your Time to no manner of Purpoſe, no manner of De-'light; but he is Good-natured, and does it becauſe he 'loves to be ſaying ſomething to you, and entertain you.

'I could name you a Soldier that has done very great 'things without Slaughter; he is prodigiouſly dull and 'ſlow of Head, but what he can ſay is for ever falſe, ſo that we muſt have him.

'GIVE

'GIVE me leave to tell you of one more who is a 'Lover, he is the moſt afflicted Creature in the World, 'leaſt what happened between him and a Great Beauty 'ſhould ever be known. Yet again, he comforts himſelf. '*Hang the Jade her Woman If Mony can keep the Slut truſty* '*I will do it, tho' I mortgage every Acre*; Anthony *and* Cle-'opatra *for that*; *All for Love, and the World well loſt* ——

'THEN, Sir, there is my little Merchant, honeſt '*Indigo* of the *Change*, there's my Man for Loſs and Gain, 'there's Tare and Tret, there's lying all round the Globe; 'he has ſuch a prodigious Intelligence he knows all the '*French* are doing, and what we intend or ought to in-'tend, and has it from ſuch Hands. But alas whither am 'I running! While I complain, while I remonſtrate to you, 'even all this is a Lie, and there is not one ſuch Perſon 'of Quality, Lover, Soldier, or Merchant as I have now 'deſcribed in the whole World that I know of. But I 'will catch my ſelf once in my Life, and in ſpite of Na-'ture ſpeak one Truth, to wit that I am

T *Your Humble Servant*, &c.

Nº 137. *Tueſday, Auguſt* 7.

Et hac etiam ſervis ſemper libera fuerunt, timerent, gauderent, dolerent ſuo potius quam alterius arbitrio. Tull. Epiſt.

IT is no ſmall Concern to me, that I find ſo many Complaints from that Part of Mankind whoſe Portion it is to live in Servitude, that thoſe whom they depend upon will not allow them to be even as happy as their Condition will admit of. There are, as theſe unhappy Correſpondents inform me, Maſters who are offended at a chearful Countenance, and think a Servant has broke looſe from them, if he does not preſerve the utmoſt Awe in their Preſence. There is one who ſays, if he looks ſatisfied, his Maſter asks him what makes him ſo pert this Morning; if a little ſower, Hark ye, Sirrah, are not you paid your Wages? The poor Creatures live in the moſt extreme Miſery together: The Maſter knows not how to preſerve

Reſpect, nor the Servant how to give it. It ſeems this Perſon is of ſo ſullen a Nature, that he knows but little Satisfaction in the Midſt of a plentiful Fortune, and ſecretly frets to ſee any Appearance of Content, in one that lives upon the hundredth Part of his Income, who is unhappy in the Poſſeſſion of the Whole. Uneaſie Perſons, who cannot poſſeſs their own Minds, vent their Spleen upon all who depend upon them; which, I think, is expreſſed in a lively Manner in the following Letters.

SIR, *Auguſt* 2, 1711.

'I Have read your *Spectator* of the third of the laſt Month, 'and wiſh I had the Happineſs of being preferred 'to ſerve ſo good a Maſter as Sir ROGER. The Cha'racter of my Maſter is the very Reverſe of that good 'and gentle Knight's. All his Directions are given, and 'his Mind revealed by Way of Contraries: As when any 'thing is to be remembered, with a peculiar Caſt of Face 'he cries, *Be ſure to forget now.* If I am to make Haſte 'Back, *Don't come theſe two Hours*; *be ſure to call by the 'Way upon ſome of your Companions.* Then another excel'lent Way of his is, if he ſets me any thing to do, which 'he knows muſt neceſſarily take up Half a Day, he calls 'ten times in a Quarter of an Hour to know whether I 'have done yet. This is his manner, and the ſame Pe'verſeneſs runs through all his Actions, according as the 'Circumſtances vary. Beſides all this, he is ſo ſuſpicious, 'that he ſubmits himſelf to the Drudgery of a Spy. He is 'as unhappy himſelf as he makes his Servants: He is con'ſtantly watching us, and we differ no more in Pleaſure 'and Liberty than as a Goaler and a Priſoner. He lays 'Traps for Faults, and no ſooner makes a Diſcovery, but 'falls into ſuch Language, as I am more aſhamed of for 'coming from him, than for being directed to me. This, 'Sir, is a ſhort Sketch of a Maſter I have ſerved upwards 'of nine Years; and tho' I have never wronged him, I 'confeſs my Deſpair of pleaſing him has very much abated 'my Endeavour to do it. If you will give me Leave to 'ſteal a Sentence out of my Maſter's *Clarendon*, I ſhall tell 'you my Caſe in a Word, *Being uſed worſe than I deſerved, 'I cared leſs to deſerve well than I had done.*

I am, SIR, Your humble Servant,

RALPH VALET.

Dear Mr. SPECTER,

'I Am the next thing to a Lady's Woman, and am under both my Lady and her Woman. I am ſo uſed 'by them both, that I ſhould be very glad to ſee them in 'the SPECTER. My Lady her ſelf is of no Mind in the 'World, and for that Reaſon her Woman is of twenty 'Minds in a Moment. My Lady is one that never knows 'what to do with her ſelf; ſhe pulls on and puts off every 'thing ſhe wears twenty times before ſhe reſolves upon it 'for that Day. I ſtand at one End of the Room, and 'reach things to her Woman. When my Lady asks 'for a thing, I hear and have half brought it, when the 'Woman meets me in the middle of the Room to receive 'it, and at that Inſtant ſhe ſays no ſhe will not have it. 'Then I go back, and her Woman comes up to her, and 'by this Time ſhe will have that, and two or three things 'more in an Inſtant: The Woman and I run to each other; 'I am loaded and delivering the things to her when my 'Lady ſays ſhe wants none of all theſe things, and we are 'the dulleſt Creatures in the World, and ſhe the unhappieſt 'Woman living, for ſhe ſhan't be dreſs'd in any time. 'Thus we ſtand not knowing what to do, when our good 'Lady with all the Patience in the World tells us as plain 'as ſhe can ſpeak, that ſhe will have Temper becauſe we 'have no manner of Underſtanding, and begins again to 'dreſs, and ſee if we can find out of our ſelves what we 'are to do. When ſhe is Dreſſed ſhe goes to Dinner, and 'after ſhe has diſliked every thing there, ſhe calls for the 'Coach, then commands it in again, and then ſhe will not 'go out at all, and then will go too, and orders the Chariot. Now good Mr. SPECTER, I deſire you would in 'the Behalf of all who ſerve froward Ladies, give out in 'your Paper, that nothing can be done without allowing 'Time for it, and that one cannot be back again with 'what one was ſent for, if one is called back before one 'can go a Step for that they want. And if you pleaſe let 'them know that all Miſtreſſes are as like as all Servants.

I am your Loving Friend,

PATIENCE GIDDY.

THESE are great Calamities; but I met the other Day in the five Fields towards *Chelsea*, a pleasanter Tyrant than either of the above represented. A fat Fellow was puffing on in his open Waistcoat; a Boy of fourteen in a Livery carrying after him his Cloak, upper Coat, Hat, Wig, and Sword. The poor Lad was ready to sink with the Weight, and could not keep up with his Master, who turned back every half Furlong, and wondered what made the lazy young Dog lag b hind.

THERE is something very unaccountable, that People cannot put themselves in the Condition of the Persons below them, when they consider the Commands they give. But there is nothing more common, than to see a Fellow (who, if he were reduced to it, would not be hired by any Man living) lament that he is troubled with the most worthless Dogs in Nature.

IT would, perhaps, be running too far out of common Life to urge, that he who is not Master of himself and his own Passions, cannot be a proper Master of another. Æquanimity in a Man's own Words and Actions, will easily diffuse it self through his whole Family. *Pamphilio* has the happiest Houshold of any Man I know, and that proceeds from the human Regard he has to them in their private Persons, as well as in respect that they are his Servants. If there be any Occasion, wherein they may in themselves be supposed to be unfit to attend their Master's Concerns, by reason of an Attention to their own, he is so good as to place himself in their Condition. I thought it very becoming in him, when at Dinner the other Day he made an Apology for want of more Attendants. He said, *One of my Footmen is gone to the Wedding of his Sister; and the other I don't expect to Wait, because his Father died but two Days ago.* T

N° 138. *Wednesday, August* 8.

Utitur in re non Dubia testibus non necessariis. Tull.

ONE meets now and then with Persons who are extreamly learned and knotty in expounding clear Cases. *Tully* tells us of an Author that spent some Pages to prove that Generals could not perform the Great En-

terprizes which have made them ſo Illuſtrious, if they had not had Men. He aſſerted alſo, it ſeems, that a Miniſter at home, no more than a Commander abroad, could do any thing without other Men were his Inſtruments and Aſſiſtants. On this Occaſion he produces the Example of *Themiſtocles*, *Pericles*, *Cyrus*, and *Alexander* himſelf, whom he denies to have been capable of effecting what they did, except they had been followed by others. It is pleaſant enough to ſee ſuch Perſons contend without Opponents, and triumph without Victory.

THE Author above-mentioned by the Orator, is placed for ever in a very ridiculous Light, and we meet every Day in Converſation ſuch as deſerve the ſame kind of Renown for troubling thoſe with whom they Converſe with the like Certainties. The Perſons that I have always thought to deſerve the higheſt Admiration in this kind are your ordinary Story-tellers, who are moſt religiouſly careful of keeping to the Truth in every particular Circumſtance of a Narration, whether it concern the main end, or not. A Gentleman whom I had the Hon ur to be in Company with the other Day, upon ſome Occaſion that he was pleas'd to take, ſaid, He remembred a very pretty Repartee made by a very witty Man in King *Charles*'s time upon the like Occaſion. I remember (ſaid he, upon entering into the Tale) much about the time of *Oates*'s Plot, that a Couſin-German of mine and I were at the *Bear* in *Holborn*: No, I am out, it was at the *Croſs Keys*; but *Jack Thomſon* was there, for he was very great with the Gentleman who made the Anſwer. But I am ſure it was ſpoken ſomewhere thereabouts, for we drank a Bottle in that Neighbourhood every Evening: But no matter for all that, the thing is the ſame; but ——

HE was going on to ſettle the Geography of the Jeſt when I left the Room, wondering at this odd turn of Head which can play away its Words, with uttering nothing to the Purpoſe, ſtill obſerving its own Impertinences, and yet proceeding in them. I do not queſtion but he informed the reſt of his Audience, who had more Patience than I, of the Birth and Parentage, as well as the Collateral Alliances of his Family who made the Repartee, and of him who provoked him to it.

IT is no ſmall Misfortune to any who have a juſt value for their Time, when this Quality of being ſo very Circumſtantial, and careful to be exact, happens to ſhew it ſelf in a Man whoſe Quality obliges them to attend his Proofs, that it is now Day, and the like. But this is augmented when the ſame Genius gets into Authority, as it often does. Nay, I have known it more than once aſcend the very Pulpit. One of this ſort taking it in his Head to be a great Admirer of Dr. *Tillotſon* and Dr. *Beveridge*, never failed of proving out of theſe great Authors things which no Men living would have denied him upon his own ſingle Authority. One Day reſolving to come to the Point in hand, he ſaid, According to that excellent Divine, I will enter upon the Matter, or in his Words in his fifteenth Sermon of the Folio Edition, Page 160.

I ſhall briefly explain the Words, and then conſider the Matter contained in them.

THIS honeſt Gentleman needed not, one would think, ſtrain his Modeſty ſo far as to alter his Deſign of *Entring into the Matter*, to that of *Briefly explaining*. But ſo it was, that he would not even be contented with that Authority, but added alſo the other Divine to ſtrengthen his Method, and told us, With the Pious and Learned Dr. *Beveridge*, Page 4th of his 9th Volume, *I ſhall endeavour to make it as plain as I can from the Words which I have now read, wherein for that Purpoſe we ſhall conſider* —— This Wiſacre was reckoned by the Pariſh, who did not underſtand him, a moſt excellent Preacher, but that he read too much, and was ſo humble that he did not truſt enough to his own Parts.

NEXT to theſe ingenious Gentlemen, who argue for what no Body can deny them, are to be ranked a ſort of People who do not indeed attempt to prove inſignificant things, but are ever labouring to raiſe Arguments with you about Matters you will give up to them without the leaſt Controverſie. One of theſe People told a Gentleman who ſaid he ſaw Mr. ſuch a one go this Morning at nine a Clock towards the *Gravel Pits*, Sir, I muſt beg your Pardon for that, for tho' I am very loath to have any Diſpute with you, yet I muſt take the Liberty to tell you it was nine when I ſaw him at St. *James's*. When Men of this Genius are pretty far gone in Learning they will put you to prove

that

that Snow is white, and when you are upon that Topick can ſay that there is really no ſuch thing as Colour in Nature; in a Word, they can turn what little Knowledge they have, into a ready Capacity of raiſing Doubts; into a Capacity of being always frivolous and always unanſwerable. It was of two Diſputants of this impertinent and laborious kind that the Cynick ſaid, *One of theſe Fellows is Milking a Ram, and the other holds the Pail.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Exerciſe of the Snuff Box according to the moſt faſhionable Airs and Motions, in oppoſition to the Exerciſe of the Fan, will be Taught with the beſt plain or perfumed Snuff, at Charles Lillie's *Perfumer at the Corner of* Beaufort-Buildings *in the* Strand, *and Attendance given for the benefit of the young Merchants about the Exchange for two Hours every Day at Noon, except* Saturdays, *at a Toy-Shop near* Garraway's *Coffee houſe. There will be likewiſe Taught* The Ceremony of the Snuff-Box, *or Rules for offering Snuff to a Stranger, a Friend or a Miſtreſs according to the Degrees of Familiarity or Diſtance; with an Explanation of the Careleſs, the Scornful, the Politick, and the Surly Pinch, and the Geſtures proper to each of them.*

N. B *The Undertaker does not queſtion but in a ſhort time to have formed a Body of Regular Snuff-Boxes ready to meet and make Head againſt all the Regiment of Fans which have been lately Diſciplined, and are now in Motion.* T

N° 139. *Thurſday, Auguſt 9.*

Vera Gloria radices agit atque etiam propagatur. Ficta omnia celeriter, tanquam floſculi decidunt, nec ſimulatum poteſt quidquam eſſe diuturnum. Tull.

OF all the Affections which attend Human Life, the Love of Glory is the moſt ardent. According as this is Cultivated in Princes, it produces the greateſt Good or the greateſt Evil. Where Sovereigns have it by Impreſſions received from Education only, it creates an Ambitious rather than a Noble Mind; where it is the na-

tural Bent of the Prince's Inclination, it prompts him to the Purſuit of Things truly Glorious. The two greateſt Men now in *Europe* (according to the common Acceptation of the Word *Great*) are *Lewis* King of *France*, and *Peter* Emperor of *Ruſſia*. As it is certain that all Fame does not ariſe from the Practice of Virtue, it is, methinks, no unpleaſing Amuſement to examine the Glory of theſe Potentates, and diſtinguiſh that which is empty, periſhing and frivolous, from what is ſolid, laſting and important. *Lewis* of *France* had his Infancy attended by Crafty and Worldly Men, who made Extent of Territory the moſt glorious Inſtances of Power, and miſtook the ſpreading of Fame for the Acquiſition of Honour. The young Monarch's Heart was by ſuch Converſation eaſily deluded into a Fondneſs for Vain-Glory, and upon theſe unjuſt Principles to form or fall in with ſuitable Projects of Invaſion, Rapine, Murder, and all the Guilts that attend War when it is unjuſt. At the ſame time this Tyranny was laid, Sciences and Arts were encouraged in the moſt generous Manner; as if Men of higher Faculties were to bribed to permit the Maſſacre of the reſt of the World. Every Superſtructure which the Court of *France* built upon their firſt Deſigns, which were in themſelves Vicious was ſuitable to its falſe Foundation. The Oſtentation of Riches, the Vanity of Equipage, Shame of Poverty, and Ignorance of Modeſty, were the common Arts of Life, the Generous Love of one Woman was changed into Gallantry for all the Sex, and Friendſhips among Men turned into Commerces of Intereſts, or mere Profeſſions. *While theſe were the Rules of Life, Perjuries in the Prince and a general Corruption of Manners in the Subject, were the Snares in which* France *has entangled all her Neighbours.* With ſuch falſe Colours have the Eyes of *Lewis* been Enchanted from the Debauchery of his early Youth, to the Superſtition of his preſent old Age. Hence it is, that he has the Patience to have Statues erected to his Proweſs, his Valour, his Fortitude; and in the Softneſſes and Luxury of a Court, to be applauded for Magnanimity and Enterprize in Military Atchievements.

PETER ALEXOWITZ of *Ruſſia*, when he came to the Years of Manhood, though he found himſelf Emperor of a vaſt and numerous People, Maſter of an endleſs Territory, abſolute Commander of the Lives and Fortunes of his

his Subjects, in the midſt of his unbounded Power and Greatneſs turned his Thoughts upon himſelf and People with Sorrow. Sordid Ignorance and a Brute Manner of Life this Generous Prince beheld, and contemned from the Light of his own *Genius*. His Judgment ſuggeſted this to him, and his Courage prompted him to amend it. In order to this he did not ſend to the Nation from whence the reſt of the World has borrowed its Politeneſs, but himſelf left his Diadem to learn the true Way to Glory and Honour, and Application to uſeful Arts, wherein to employ the Laborious, the Simple, the Honeſt part of his People. Mechanick Employments and Operations were very juſtly the firſt Objects of his Favour and Obſervation. With this glorious Intention he travelled into Foreign Nations in an obſcure Manner, above receiving little Honours where he ſojourned, but prying into what was of more Conſequence, their Arts of Peace and of War. By this means has this great Prince laid the Foundation of a great and laſting Fame, by perſonal Labour perſonal Knowledge, perſonal Valour. It would be Injury to any of Antiquity to Name them with him. Who, but himſelf ever left a Throne to learn to ſit in it with more Grace? Who ever thought himſelf mean in Abſolute Power, till he had learned to uſe it?

IF we conſider this wonderful Perſon, it is Perplexity to know where to begin his Encomium. Others may in a Metaphorical or Philoſophick Senſe be ſaid to command themſelves, but this Emperor is alſo literally under his own Command. How Generous and how Good was his entring his own Name as a Private Man in the Army he raiſed, that none in it might expect to out-run the Steps with which he himſelf advanced? By ſuch Meaſures this godlike Prince learned to Conquer, learned to uſe his Conqueſts. How terrible has he appeared in battel how gentle in Victory? Shall then the baſe Arts of the *Frenchman* be held Polite and the honeſt Labours of the *Ruſſian* Barbarous? No: Barbarity is the Ignorance of true Honour, or placing any thing inſtead of it. The unjuſt Prince is Ignoble and Barbarous, the Good Prince only Renowned and Glorious.

THO' Men may impoſe upon themſelves what they pleaſe by their corrupt Imaginations, Truth will ever keep its Station, and as Glory is nothing elſe but the Shadow

of

of Virtue, it will certainly diſappear at the Departure of Virtue. But how carefully ought the true Notions of it to be preſerved, and how induſtrious ſhould we be to encourage any Impulſes towards it? The *Weſtminſter* School-boy that ſaid the other Day he could not ſleep or play for the Colours in the Hall, ought to be free from receiving a Blow for ever.

BUT let us conſider what is truly Glorious, according to the Author I have to Day quoted in the Front of my Paper

THE Perfection of Glory, ſays *Tully*, conſiſts in theſe three Particulars: *That the People love us; that they have Confidence in us; that being affected with a certain Admiration towards us, they think we deſerve Honour.* This was ſpoken of Greatneſs in a Commonwealth: But if one were to form a Notion of Conſummate Glory under our Conſtitution, one muſt add to the above-mentioned Felicities, a certain neceſſary Inexiſtence, and Diſreliſh of all the reſt without the Prince's Favour. He ſhould, methinks, have Riches, Power, Honour, Command, Glory; but Riches, Power, Honour, Command and Glory ſhould have no Charms, but as accompanied with the Affection of his Prince. He ſhould, methinks, be Popular becauſe a Favourite, and a Favourite becauſe Popular. Were it not to make the Character too imaginary, I would give him Sovereignty over ſome Foreign Territory, and make him eſteem that an empty Addition without the kind Regards of his own Prince. One may meerly have an *Idea* of a Man thus compoſed and circumſtantiated, and if he were ſo made for Power without an Incapacity of giving Jealouſy, he would be alſo Glorious without Poſſibility of receiving Diſgrace. This Humility and this Importance muſt make his Glory immortal.

THESE Thoughts are apt to draw me beyond the uſual Length of this Paper, but if I could ſuppoſe ſuch Rapſodies could out-live the common Fate of ordinary things, I would ſay theſe Sketches and Faint Images of Glory were drawn in *Auguſt* 1711, when *John* Duke of *Marlborough* made that memorable March wherein he took the *French* Lines without Blood-ſhed. T

Friday,

Nº 140. *Friday, Auguſt* 10.

——*Animum curis nunc huc nunc dividit illuc.* Vir.

WHEN I acquaint my Reader that I have many other Letters not yet acknowledged, I believe he will own, what I have a mind he ſhould believe, that I have no ſmall Charge upon me, but am a Perſon of ſome Conſequence in this World. I ſhall therefore employ the preſent Hour only in reading Petitions, in the Order as follows.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have loſt ſo much Time already, that I deſire, upon 'the Receipt hereof, you would ſit down immedi-'ately and give me your Anſwer. I would know of you 'whether a Pretender of mine really loves me. As well as 'I can I will deſcribe his Manners. When he ſees me he 'is always talking of Conſtancy, but vouchſafes to viſit 'me but once a Fortnight, and then is always in haſte 'to be gone. When I am ſick, I hear, he ſays he is 'mightily concerned, but neither comes nor ſends, be-'cauſe, as he tells his Acquaintance with a Sigh, he does 'not care to let me know all the Power I have over him, 'and how impoſſible it is for him to live without me. 'When he leaves the Town he writes once in ſix Weeks, 'deſires to hear from me, complains of the Torment of 'Abſence, ſpeaks of Flames, Tortures, Languiſhings and 'Extaſies. He has the Cant of an impatient Lover, but 'keeps the Pace of a Lukewarm one. You know I muſt 'not go faſter than he does, and to move at this rate is as 'tedious as counting a great Clock. But you are to know 'he is rich, and my Mother ſays, As he is ſlow he is ſure; 'He will love me long, if he love me little: But I appeal 'to you whether he loves at all

Your Neglected Humble Servant,

Lydia Novell.

'*All theſe Fellows who have Mony are extreamly ſawcy and* 'cold; *Pray Sir, tell them of it.*

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have been delighted with nothing more through the 'whole Courſe of your Writings than the ſubſtantial 'Account you lately gave of Wit, and I could wiſh you 'would take ſome other Opportunity to expreſs further the 'Corrupt Taſte the Age is run into; which I am chiefly apt 'to attribute to the Prevalency of a few popular Authors, 'whoſe Merit in ſome Reſpects has given a Sanction to 'their Faults in others. Thus the Imitators of *Milton* ſeem 'to place all the Excellency of that ſort of Writing either 'in the uncouth or antique Words, or ſomething elſe which 'was highly vicious, tho' pardonable, in that Great Man: 'The Admirers of what we call Point, or Turn, look up-'on it as the particular Happineſs to which *Cowley*, *Ovid*, 'and others owe their Reputation, and therefore imitate 'them only in ſuch Inſtances; what is Juſt, Proper and 'Natural does not ſeem to be the Queſtion with them, 'but by what Means a quaint Antetheſis may be brought 'about, how one Word may be made to look two Ways, 'and what will be Conſequence of a forced Alluſion. Now 'tho' ſuch Authors appear to me to reſemble thoſe who 'make themſelves fine, inſtead of being well dreſſed or 'graceful; yet the Miſchief is that theſe Beauties in them, 'which I call Blemiſhes, are thought to proceed from Lux-'uriance of Fancy, and overflowing of good Senſe: In 'one Word, they have the Character of being too Witty; 'but if you would acquaint the World they are not Witty 'at all, you would, among many others, oblige,

SIR,

Your Moſt Benevolent Reader, R. D.

SIR,

'I AM a young Woman, and reckoned Pretty, there-'fore you'll pardon me that I trouble you to decide a 'Wager between me and a Couſin of mine, who is al-'ways contradicting one becauſe he underſtands *Latin*. 'Pray, Sir, is Dimple ſpelt with a ſingle or a double P?

I am, *SIR*,

Your very Humble Servant,

Betty Saunter.

'PRAY

'PRAY Sir *direct thus*, To the kind Queriſt. *and leave it* 'at *Mr.* Lillie's, *for I don't care to be known in the thing at all.* 'I am, Sir, again Your Humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Muſt needs tell you there are ſeveral of your Papers I 'do not much like. You are often ſo Nice there is 'no enduring you, and ſo Learned there is no underſtand-'ing you. What have you to do with our Petticoats?

Your Humble Servant,

Parthenope.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'LAST Night as I was walking in the Park I met a 'Couple of Friends; Prithee *Jack*, ſays one of them, 'let us go drink a Glaſs of Wine, for I am fit for nothing 'elſe. This put me upon reflecting on the many Miſ-'carriages which happen in Converſations over Wine, when 'Men go to the Bottle to remove ſuch Humours as it on-'ly ſtirs up and awakens. This I could not attribute 'more to any thing than to the Humour of putting Com-'pany upon others which Men do not like themſelves. Pray, 'Sir, declare in your Papers, that he who is a trouble-'ſome Companion to himſelf, will not be an agreeable 'one to others. Let People reaſon themſelves into good 'Humour, before they impoſe themſelves upon their 'Friends. Pray, Sir, be as Eloquent as you can upon this 'Subject, and do Humane Life ſo much good, as to ar-'gue powerfully, that it is not every one that can ſwal-'low who is fit to drink a Glaſs of Wine.

Your moſt humble Servant.

SIR,

'THIS Morning caſt my Eye upon your Paper concern-'ing the Expence of Time. You are very obliging to 'the Women, eſpecially thoſe who are not young and paſt 'Gallantry, by touching ſo gently upon Gaming: There-'fore I hope you do not think it wrong to employ a little 'leiſure time in that Diverſion; but I ſhould be glad to 'hear you ſay ſomething upon the Behaviour of ſome of 'the Female Gameſters.

'I have obſerved Ladies who in all other reſpects are 'gentle, Good-humoured, and the very Pinks of good

'Breeding;

'Breeding; who as ſoon as the Ombre Table is called for, 'and ſet down to their Buſineſs, are immediately Tranſmi-'grated into the verieſt Waſps in Nature.

'YOU muſt know I keep my Temper and win their 'Mony; but am out of Countenance to take it, it makes 'them ſo very uneaſie. Be pleaſed, dear Sir, to inſtruct 'them to loſe with a better Grace, and you will oblige

Yours, Rachel Buſto.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR Kindneſs to *Eleonora*, in one of your Papers, 'has given me Encouragement to do my ſelf the 'Honour of Writing to you. The great Regard you have 'ſo often expreſſed for the Inſtruction and Improvement 'of our Sex, will, I hope, in your own Opinion ſufficiently excuſe me from making any Apology for the Impertinence of this Letter. The great Deſire I have to 'Embelliſh my Mind with ſome of thoſe Graces which 'you ſay are ſo becoming, and which you aſſert Reading 'helps us to, has made me uneaſie 'till I am put in a Capacity of attaining them: This, Sir, I ſhall never think 'my ſelf in, 'till you ſhall be pleaſed to recommend ſome 'Author or Authors to my Peruſal.

'I thought indeed, when I firſt caſt my Eye on *Eleonora*'s Letter, that I ſhould have had no occaſion for requeſting it of you; but, to my very great Concern, I found, 'on the Peruſal of that *Spectator*, I was entirely diſappointed, and am as much at a loſs how to make uſe of my 'Time for that or ever. Pray, Sir, oblige me at leaſt with 'one Scene, as you were pleaſed to entertain *Eleonora* with 'your Prologue. I write to you not only my own Sentiments, but alſo thoſe of ſeveral others of my Acquaintance, who are as little pleaſed with the ordinary manner of ſpending one's Time as my ſelf: And if a fervent 'Deſire after Knowledge, and a great Senſe of our preſent 'Ignorance, may be thought a good Preſage and Earneſt 'of Improvement, you may look upon your Time you 'ſhall beſtow in anſwering this Requeſt not thrown away 'to no purpoſe. And I can't but add, that unleſs you 'have a particular and more than ordinary Regard for *Eleonora*, I have a better Title to your Favour than ſhe; 'ſince I do not content my ſelf with a Tea-Table Read-

ing,

'ing of your Papers, but it is my Entertainment very often when alone in my Cloſet. To ſhew you I am capable of Improvement and hate Flattery, I acknowledge I do not like ſome of your Papers; but even there I am readier to call in queſtion my own ſhallow Underſtanding, than Mr. SPECTATOR's profound Judgment.

I am, Sir, your already (and in hopes of being more your) obliged Servant,

PARTHENIA.

This laſt Letter is written with ſo urgent and ſerious an Air, that I cannot but think it incumbent upon me to comply with her Commands, which I ſhall do very ſuddenly.

T.

N° 141. *Saturday, Auguſt* 11.

——— *Migravit ab Aure voluptas*
Omnis ——— Hor.

IN the preſent Emptineſs of the Town, I have ſeveral Applications from the lower Part of the Players, to admit Suffering to paſs for Acting. They in very obliging Terms deſire me to let a Fall on the Ground, a Stumble, or a good Slap on the Back, be reckoned a Jeſt. Theſe Gambols I ſhall tolerate for a Seaſon, becauſe I hope the Evil cannot continue longer than till the People of Condition and Taſte return to Town. The Method, ſome time ago, was to entertain that Part of the Audience who have no Faculty above Eye-ſight, with Rope-Dancers and Tumblers; which was a way diſcreet enough, becauſe it prevented Confuſion, and diſtinguiſhed ſuch as could ſhow all the Poſtures which the Body is capable of, from thoſe who were to repreſent all the Paſſions to which the Mind is ſubject. But tho' this was prudently ſettled, Corporeal and Intellectual Actors ought to be kept at a ſtill wider Diſtance than to appear on the ſame Stage at all: For which Reaſon I muſt propoſe ſome Methods for the Improvement of the

Beau-

Bear-Garden, by diſmiſſing all Bodily Actors to that Quarter.

IN Caſes of greater Moment, where Men appear in Publick, the Conſequence and Importance of the thing can bear them out. And tho' a Pleader or Preacher is Hoarſe or Awkward, the weight of their Matter commands Reſpect and Attention; but in Theatrical Speaking, if the Performer is not exactly proper and graceful, he is utterly ridiculous. In Caſes where there is little elſe expected, but the Pleaſure of the Ears and Eyes, the leaſt Diminution of that Pleaſure is the higheſt Offence. In Acting, barely to perform the Part is not commendable, but to be the leaſt out is contemptible. To avoid theſe Difficulties and Delicacies, I am informed, that while I was out of Town the Actors have flown in the Air, and played ſuch Pranks, and run ſuch Hazards, that none but the Servants of the Fire-Office, Tilers and Maſons, could have been able to perform the like. The Author of the following Letter, it ſeems, has been of the Audience at one of theſe Entertainments, and has accordingly complained to me upon it; but I think he has been to the utmoſt degree ſevere againſt what is exceptionable in the Play he mentions, without dwelling ſo much as he might have done on the Author's moſt excellent Talent of Humour. The pleaſant Pictures he has drawn of Life, ſhould have been more kindly mentioned, at the ſame time that he baniſhes his Witches, who are too dull Devils to be attacked with ſo much Warmth.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'UPON a Report that *Moll White* had followed you
' to Town, and was to act a Part in the *Lancaſhire Witches*, I went laſt Week to ſee that Play. It was
' my Fortune to ſit next to a Country Juſtice of the Peace,
' a Neighbour (as he ſaid) of Sir ROGER's, who pretended
' to ſhew her to us in one of the Dances. There was
' Witchcraft enough in the Entertainment almoſt to incline
' me to believe him; *Ben. Johnſon* was almoſt lamed; young
' *Bullock* narrowly ſaved his Neck; the Audience was a-
' ſtoniſhed, and an old Acquaintance of mine, a Perſon of
' Worth, whom I wou'd have bowed to in the Pit, at two
' Yards diſtance did not know me.

'IF

'IF you were what the Country People reported you, 'a white Witch. I could have wiſhed you had been there 'to have exorciſed that Rabble of Broomſticks, with which 'we were haunted for above three Hours. I could have al- 'lowed them to ſet *Clod* in the Tree, to have ſcared the 'Sportſmen, plagued the Juſtice, and employed honeſt '*Teague* with his Holy Water. This was the proper Uſe 'of them in Comedy, if the Author had ſtopped here; but 'I cannot conceive what Relation the Sacrifice of the 'Black Lamb, and the Ceremonies of their Worſhip to the 'Devil, have to the Buſineſs of Mirth and Humour.

'THE Gentleman who writ this Play, and has drawn 'ſome Characters in it very juſtly, appears to have been 'miſled in his Witchcraft by an unwary following the in- 'imitable *Shakeſpear*. The Incantations in *Mackbeth* have 'a Solemnity admirably adapted to the Occaſion of that 'Tragedy, and fill the Mind with a ſuitable Horror; be- 'ſides, that the Witches are a part of the Story it ſelf, as 'we find it very particularly related in *Hector Boetius*, from 'whom he ſeems to have taken it. This therefore is a 'proper Machine where the Buſineſs is dark, horrid and 'bloody; but is extreamly foreign from the Affair of Co- 'medy. Subjects of this kind, which are in themſelves 'diſagreeable, can at no time become entertaining, but by 'paſſing thro' an Imagination like *Shakeſpear*'s to form 'them; for which Reaſon Mr. *Dryden* would not allow 'even *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* capable of imitating him,

But Shakeſpear's *Magick cou'd not copy'd be,*
Within that Circle none durſt Walk but He.

'I ſhou'd not however have troubled you with theſe 'Remarks, if there were not ſomething elſe in this Co- 'medy, which wants to be exorciſed more than the Wit- 'ches. I mean the Freedom of ſome Paſſages, which I 'ſhould have overlooked, if I had not obſerved that thoſe 'Jeſts can raiſe the loudeſt Mirth, tho' they are painful to 'right Senſe, and an Outrage upon Modeſty.

'WE muſt attribute ſuch Liberties to the Taſte of that 'Age, but indeed by ſuch Repreſentations a Poet ſacrifices 'the beſt Part of his Audience to the worſt; and, as one 'would think, neglects the Boxes, to write to the Orange 'Wenches.

'I

'I muſt not conclude till I have taken notice of the 'Moral with which this Comedy ends. The two young 'Ladies having given a notable Example of outwitting 'thoſe who had a Right in the Diſpoſal of them, and mar-'rying without Conſent of Parents, one of the injur'd 'Parties, who is eaſily reconcil'd, winds up all with this 'Remark.

——— *Deſign whate'er we will,*
There is a Fate which over-rules us ſtill.

'WE are to ſuppoſe that the Gallants are Men of Merit, 'but if they had been Rakes the Excuſe might have ſerv'd 'as well. *Hans Carvel*'s Wife was of the ſame Principle, 'but has expreſs'd it with a Delicacy which ſhews ſhe is 'not ſerious in her Excuſe, but in a ſort of Humorous Phi-'loſophy turns off the Thought of her Guilt, and ſays

That if weak Women go aſtray
Their Stars are more in fault than they.

'THIS no doubt is a full Reparation, and diſmiſſes the 'Audience with very edifying Impreſſions.

'THESE things fall under a Province you have part-'ly purſu'd already, and therefore demand your Animad-'verſion, for the regulating ſo Noble an Entertainment as 'that of the Stage. It were to be wiſhed that all who 'write for it hereafter would raiſe their Genius, by the 'Ambition of pleaſing People of the beſt Underſtanding; 'and leave others who ſhew nothing of the Human Species 'but Riſibility, to ſeek their Diverſion at the Bear-Garden, 'or ſome other Privileg'd Place, where Reaſon and good 'Manners have no Right to diſturb them.

Auguſt 8. 1711. *I am*, &c.

T

Nº 142. *Monday, Auguſt* 13.

——*Irrupta tenet Copula*—— Hor.

THE following Letters being Genuine, and the Images of a Worthy Paſſion, I am willing to give the old Lady's Admonition to my ſelf, and the Repreſentation of her own Happineſs, a Place in my Writings.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *August* 9. 1711.

'I Am now in the Sixty ſeventh Year of my Age, and 'read you with Approbation; but methinks you do 'not ſtrike at the Root of the greateſt Evil in Life, 'which is the falſe Notion of Gallantry in Love. It is, 'and has long been upon a very ill Foot; but I who have 'been a Wife Forty Years, and was bred in a way that 'has made me ever ſince very happy, ſee through the 'Folly of it. In a Word, Sir, when I was a young Wo-'man, all who avoided the Vices of the Age were very 'carefully educated, and all Phantaſtical Objects were 'turned out of our Sight. The Tapiſtry Hangings, with 'the great and venerable Simplicity of the Scripture Sto-'ries, had better Effects than now the Loves of *Venus* and '*Adonis*, or *Bacchus* and *Ariadne* in your fine preſent Prints. 'The Gentleman I am Married to made Love to me in 'Rapture. but it was the Rapture of a Chriſtian and a 'Man of Honour, not a Romantick Hero, or a Whining 'Coxcomb: This put our Life upon a right Baſis. To 'give you an Idea of our Regard one to another, I en-'cloſe to you ſeveral of his Letters writ Forty Years ago, 'when my Lover; and one writ t'other Day, after ſo 'many Years Cohabitation.

Your Servant,

Andromache.

Madam, *August* 7, 1671.

'IF my Vigilance and ten thouſand Wiſhes for your 'Welfare and Repoſe could have any force, you laſt 'Night ſlept in Security, and had every good Angel in 'your Attendance. To have my Thoughts ever fixed on 'you, to live in conſtant Fear of every Accident to which 'Human Life is liable, and to ſend up my hourly Prayers to 'avert 'em from you; I ſay, Madam, thus to think, and 'thus to ſuffer, is what I do for Her who is in Pain at 'my Approach, and calls all my tender Sorrow Impertinence. You are now before my Eyes, my Eyes that 'are ready to flow with Tenderneſs, but cannot give Re-'lief to my guſhing Heart, that dictates what I am now 'ſaying, and yearns to tell you all its Achings. How art 'thou,

'thou, oh my Soul, ſtoln from thy ſelf! How is all thy 'Attention broken! My Books are blank Papers, and my 'Friends Intruders. I have no hope of Quiet but from 'your Pity. To grant it, would make more for your 'Triumph. To give Pain is the Tyranny, to make Hap-'py the true Empire of Beauty. If you would conſider 'aright, you'd find an agreeable Change in diſmiſſing the 'Attendance of a Slave, to receive the Complaiſance of a 'Companion. I bear the former in hopes of the latter 'Condition: As I live in Chains without murmuring at the 'Power which inflicts 'em, ſo I could enjoy Freedom 'without forgetting the Mercy that gave it.

MADAM, I am,

Your moſt Devoted, moſt Obedient Servant.

Tho' I made him no Declarations in his Favour, you ſee he had hopes of Me when he writ this in the Month following.

Madam, *September* 3. 1671.

'BEFORE the Light this Morning dawned upon the 'Earth I awaked, and lay in expectation of its re-'turn, not that it cou'd give any new Senſe of Joy to me, 'but as I hop'd it would bleſs you with its chearful Face, 'after a Quiet which I wiſh'd you laſt Night. If my 'Prayers are heard, the Day appear'd with all the Influence 'of a Merciful Creator upon your Perſon and Actions. Let 'others, my lovely Charmer, talk of a Blind Being that 'diſpoſes their Hearts, I contemn their low Images of 'Love. I have not a Thought which relates to you, that 'I cannot with Confidence beſeech the All-ſeeing Power 'to bleſs Me in. May he direct you in all your Steps, and 'reward your Innocence, your Sanctity of Manners, your 'prudent Youth, and becoming Piety, with the Continu-'ance of his Grace and Protection. This is an unuſual 'Language to Ladies; but you have a Mind elevated above 'the giddy Motions of a Sex inſnared by Flattery, and 'miſ-led by a falſe and ſhort Adoration into a ſolid and 'long Contempt. Beauty, my faireſt Creature, palls in the 'Poſſeſſion, but I love alſo your Mind; your Soul is as 'dear to me as my own; and if the Advantages of a libe-'ral Education, ſome Knowledge, and as much Contempt

'of

'of the World, join'd with the Endeavours towards a Life 'of ſtrict Virtue and Religion, can qualify me to raiſe new 'Ideas in a Breaſt ſo well diſpoſed as yours is, our Days 'will paſs away with Joy; and old Age, inſtead of intro-'ducing melancholy Proſpects of Decay, give us hope 'of Eternal Youth in a better Life. I have but few Mi-'nutes from the Duty of my Employment to write in, and 'without time to read over what I have writ, therefore 'beſeech you to pardon the firſt Hints of my Mind, which 'I have expreſs'd in ſo little Order.

I am, Deareſt Creature,

Your moſt Obedient, moſt Devoted Servant.

The two next were Written after the Day for our Marriage was fixed.

Madam, *September* 25. 1671.

'IT is the hardeſt thing in the World to be in Love, and 'yet attend Buſineſs. As for me, all that ſpeak to 'me find me out, and I muſt lock my ſelf up, or other 'People will do it for me. A Gentleman ask'd me this 'Morning what News from *Holland*, and I anſwer'd She's 'exquiſitely handſome. Another deſir'd to know when I 'had been laſt at *Windſor*, I reply'd She deſigns to go with 'me. Prethee allow me at leaſt to kiſs your Hand before 'the appointed Day, that my Mind may be in ſome Com-'poſure. Methinks I could write a Volume to you, but 'all the Language on Earth would fail in ſaying how 'much, and with what diſ-intereſted Paſſion,

I am ever yours.

Dear Creature, *September* 30, 1671.
Seven in the Morning.

'NEXT to the Influence of Heav'n, I am to thank 'you that I ſee the returning Day with Pleaſure. 'To paſs my Evenings in ſo ſweet a Converſation, and 'have the Eſteem of a Woman of your Merit, has in it a 'Particularity of Happineſs no more to be expreſs'd 'than return'd. But I am, my Lovely Creature, contented

'to

'to be on the oblig'd Side, and to employ all my Days in 'new Endeavours to convince you and all the World of 'the Senſe I have of your Condeſcenſion in Chuſing,

MADAM, Your moſt Faithful,

Moſt Obedient Humble Servant.

He was, when he writ the following Letter, as agreeable and pleaſant a Man as any in England.

Madam, *October* 20, 1671.

'I Beg Pardon that my Paper is not Finer, but I am forc'd 'to write from a Coffee-houſe where I am attending 'about Buſineſs. There is a dirty Croud of Buſie Faces all 'around me talking of Mony, while all my Ambition, all 'my Wealth is Love: Love, which animates my Heart, 'ſweetens my Humour, enlarges my Soul, and affects eve-'ry Action of my Life. 'Tis to my Lovely Charmer I 'owe that many noble Ideas are continually affix'd to my 'Words and Actions: 'Tis the natural Effect of that Gene-'rous Paſſion to create in the Admirers ſome Similitude 'of the Object admir'd; thus, my Dear, am I every Day to 'improve from ſo ſweet a Companion. Look up, my Fair 'One, to that Heaven which made thee ſuch, and join with 'me to implore its Influence on our tender innocent Hours, 'and beſeech the Author of Love to bleſs the Rights he 'has ordain'd, and mingle with our Happineſs a juſt Senſe 'of our Tranſient Condition, and a Reſignation to his 'Will, which only can regulate our Minds to a ſteady En-'deavour to pleaſe him and each other.

I am, for Ever, your Faithful Servant.

I will not trouble you with more Letters at this time, but if you ſaw the poor withered Hand which ſends you theſe Minutes, I am ſure you would ſmile to think that there is one who is ſo gallant as to ſpeak of it ſtill as ſo welcome a Preſent, after forty Years Poſſeſſion of the Woman whom he writes to.

Madam, *June* 20, 1711.

'I Heartily beg your Pardon for my Omiſſion to write 'Yeſterday. It was no Failure of my tender Regard 'for you; but having been very much perplexed in my 'Thoughts

'Thoughts on the Subject of my laſt, made me deter-
'mine to ſuſpend ſpeaking of it till I came my ſelf.
'But, my lovely Creature, know it is not in the Power
'of Age, of Misfortune, or any other Accident which
'hangs over Human Life, to take from me the pleaſing
'Eſteem I have for you, or the Memory of the bright
'Figure you appeared in when you gave your Hand and
'Heart to,

Madam, Your moſt grateful
Husband, and obedient Servant.

T

N° 143. *Tueſday, Auguſt* 14.

Non eſt vivere ſed valere Vita. Martial.

IT is an unreaſonable thing ſome Men expect of their Acquaintance. They are ever complaining that they are out of Order, or diſpleaſed, or they know not how; and are ſo far from letting that be a Reaſon for retiring to their own Homes, that they make it their Argument for coming into Company. What has any Body to do with Accounts of a Man's being indiſpos'd but his Phyſician? If a Man laments in Company, where the reſt are in Humour enough to enjoy themſelves, he ſhould not take it ill if a Servant is ordered to preſent him with a Porringer of Cawdle or Poſſet-Drink, by way of Admonition that he go home to Bed. That Part of Life which we ordinarily underſtand by the Word Converſation, is an Indulgence to the ſociable Part of our Make; and ſhould incline us to bring our Proportion of good Will or good Humour among the Friends we meet with, and not to trouble them with Relations which muſt of Neceſſity oblige them to a real or feigned Affliction. Cares, Diſtreſſes, Diſeaſes, Uneaſineſſes, and Diſlikes of our own, are by no means to be obtruded upon our Friends. If we would conſider how little of this Viciſſitude of Motion and Reſt, which we call Life, is ſpent with Satisfaction; we ſhould be more tender of our Friends, than to bring them little Sorrows which do not belong to them. There is no real Life, but chearful Life; therefore Valetudinarians ſhould be ſworn before they enter into Company, not to

ſay a Word of themſelves till the Meeting breaks up. It is not here pretended, that we ſhould be always ſitting with Chaplets of Flowers round our Heads, or be crowned with Roſes, in order to make our Entertainment agreeable to us; but if (as it is uſually obſerved) they who reſolve to be merry, ſeldom are ſo; it will be much more unlikely for us to be well pleaſed, if they are admitted who are always complaining they are ſad. Whatever we do we ſhould keep up the Chearfulneſs of our Spirits, and never let them ſink below an Inclination at leaſt to be well pleaſed: The Way to this, is to keep our Bodies in Exerciſe, our Minds at Eaſe. That inſipid State wherein neither are in Vigour, is not to be accounted any Part of our Portion of Being. When we are in the Satisfaction of ſome innocent Pleaſure, or Purſuit of ſome laudable Deſign, we are in the Poſſeſſion of Life, of Human Life. Fortune will give us Diſappointments enough, and Nature is attended with Infirmities enough, without our adding to the unhappy Side of our Account by our Spleen or ill Humour. Poor *Cottilus*, among ſo many real Evils, a chronical Diſtemper and a narrow Fortune, is never heard to complain: That equal Spirit of his, which any Man may have that, like him, will conquer Pride, Vanity and Affectation, and follow Nature, is not to be broken, becauſe it has no Points to contend for. To be anxious for nothing but what Nature demands as neceſſary, if it is not the way to an Eſtate, is the way to what Men aim at by getting an Eſtate. This Temper will preſerve Health in the Body, as well as Tranquility in the Mind. *Cottilus* ſees the world in an Hurry, with the ſame Scorn that a ſober Perſon ſees a Man drunk. Had he been contented with what he ought to have been, how could, ſays he, ſuch a one have met with ſuch a Diſappointment? If another had valued his Miſtreſs for what he ought to have loved her, he had not been in her Power: If her Virtue had had a Part of his Paſſion, her Levity had been his Cure; ſhe could not then have been falſe and amiable at the ſame Time.

SINCE we cannot promiſe our ſelves conſtant Health, let us endeavour at ſuch a Temper as may be our beſt Support in the Decay of it. *Uranius* has arrived at that Compoſure of Soul, and wrought himſelf up to ſuch a Neglect of every thing with which the generality of Mankind is enchanted,

enchanted, that nothing but acute Pains can give him Diſturbance, and againſt thoſe too he will tell his intimate Friends he has a Secret which gives him preſent Eaſe. *Uranius* is ſo thoroughly perſuaded of another Life, and endeavours ſo ſincerely to ſecure an Intereſt in it, that he looks upon Pain but as a quickening of his Pace to an Home, where he ſhall be better provided for than in his preſent Apartment. Inſtead of the melancholy Views which others are apt to give themſelves, he will tell you that he has forgot he is mortal, nor will he think of himſelf as ſuch. He thinks at the Time of his Birth he entered into an eternal Being; and the ſhort Article of Death he will not allow an Interruption of Life, ſince that Moment is not of half the Duration as his ordinary Sleep. Thus is his Being one uniform and conſiſtent Series of chearful Diverſions and moderate Cares, without Fear or Hope of Futurity. Health to him is more than Pleaſure to another Man, and Sickneſs leſs affecting to him than Indiſpoſition is to others.

I muſt confeſs, if one does not regard Life after this Manner, none but Ideots can paſs it away with any tollerable Patience. Take a fine Lady who is of a delicate Frame, and you may obſerve from the Hour ſhe riſes a certain Wearineſs of all that paſſes about her. I know more than one who is much too nice to be quite alive. They are ſick of ſuch ſtrange frightful People that they meet; one is ſo awkard and another ſo diſagreeable, that it looks like a Penance to breathe the ſame Air with them. You ſee this is ſo very true, that a great Part of Ceremony and Good-breeding among the Ladies turns upon their Uneaſineſs; and I'll undertake, if the How-d'ye Servants of our Women were to make a weekly Bill of Sickneſs, as the Pariſh-Clerks do of Mortality, you would not find in an Account of ſeven Days, one in thirty that was not downright Sick or indiſpoſed, or but a very little better than ſhe was, and ſo forth.

IT is certain, that to enjoy Life and Health as a conſtant Feaſt, we ſhould not think Pleaſure neceſſary; but, if poſſible, to arrive at an Equality of Mind. It is as mean to be overjoy'd upon Occaſions of good Fortune, as to be dejected in Circumſtances of Diſtreſs. Laughter in one Condition, is as unmanly as Weeping in the other. We

ſhould not form our Minds to expect Tranſport on every Occaſion, but know how to make it Enjoyment to be out of Pain. Ambition, Envy, vagrant Deſire, or impertinent Mirth will take up our Minds, without we can poſſeſs our ſelves in that Sobriety of Heart which is above all Pleaſures, and can be felt much better than deſcribed: But the ready Way, I believe, to the right Enjoyment of Life, is by a Proſpect towards another to have but a very mean Opinion of it. A great Author of our Time has ſet this in an excellent Light, when with a Philoſophick Pity of Human Life he ſpoke of it in his Theory of the Earth in the following manner.

FOR what is this Life but a Circulation of little mean Actions? We lie down and riſe again, dreſs and undreſs, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary, and then we lie down again, and the Circle returns. We ſpend the Day in Trifles, and when the Night comes we throw our ſelves into the Bed of Folly, amongſt Dreams and broken Thoughts and wild Imaginations. Our Reaſon lies aſleep by us, and we are for the Time as arrant Brutes as thoſe that ſleep in the Stalls or in the Field. Are not the Capacities of Man higher than theſe? And ought not his Ambition and Expectations to be greater? Let us be Adventurers for another World: 'Tis at leaſt a fair and noble Chance; and there is nothing in this worth our Thoughts or our Paſſions. If we ſhould be diſappointed, we are ſtill no worſe than the reſt of our Fellow Mortals; and if we ſucceed in our Expectations, we are eternally happy. T

N° 144. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 15.

——*Noris quam elegans formarum*
Spectator ſiem. Ter.

BEAUTY has been the Delight and Torment of the World ever ſince it began. The Philoſophers have felt its Influence ſo ſenſibly, that almoſt every one of them has left us ſome Saying or other, which intimated that he too well knew the Power of it. One has told us, that a grace-

graceful Perſon is a more powerful Recommendation, than the beſt Letter that can be writ in your Favour. Another deſires the Poſſeſſor of it to conſider it as a meer Gift of Nature, and not any Perfection of his own. A Third calls it a ſhort-liv'd Tyranny; a Fourth, a ſilent Fraud, becauſe it impoſes upon us without the help of Language; but, I think, *Carneades* ſpoke as much like a Philoſopher as any of them, tho' more like a Lover, when he call'd it Royalty without Force. It is not indeed to be denied, that there is ſomething irreſiſtible in a Beauteous Form; the moſt Severe will not pretend, that they do not feel an immediate Præpoſſeſſion in Favour of the Handſome. No one denies them the Privilege of being firſt heard, and being regarded before others in Matters of ordinary Conſideration. At the ſame time the Handſome ſhould conſider that it is a Poſſeſſion, as it were, foreign to them. No one can give it himſelf, or preſerve it when they have it. Yet ſo it is, that People can bear any Quality in the World better than Beauty. It is the Conſolation of all who are naturally too much affected with the Force of it, that a little Attention, if a Man can attend with Judgment, will cure them. Handſome People uſually are ſo phantaſtically pleas'd with themſelves, that if they do not kill at firſt Sight, as the Phraſe is, a ſecond Interview diſarms them of all their Power. But I ſhall make this Paper rather a Warning-piece to give Notice where the Danger is, than to propoſe Inſtructions how to avoid it when you have fallen in the Way of it. Handſome Men ſhall be the Subjects of another Chapter, the Women ſhall take up the preſent Diſcourſe.

AMARYLLIS, who has been in Town but one Winter, is extreamly improved with the Arts of Good-Breeding, without leaving Nature. She has not loſt the Native Simplicity of her Aſpect, to ſubſtitute that Patience of being ſtared at, which is the uſual Triumph and Diſtinction of a Town-Lady. In Publick Aſſemblies you meet her careleſs Eye diverting it ſelf with the Objects around her, inſenſible that ſhe her ſelf is one of the brighteſt in the Place.

DULCISSA is of quite another Make, ſhe is almoſt a Beauty by Nature, but more than one by Art. If it were poſſible for her to let her Fan or any Limb about her reſt,

ſhe would do ſome part of the Execution ſhe meditates; but tho' ſhe deſigns her ſelf a Prey, ſhe will not ſtay to be taken. No Painter can give you Words for the different Aſpects of *Dulciſſa* in half a Moment, where-ever ſhe appears: So little does ſhe accompliſh what ſhe takes ſo much Pains for, to be gay and careleſs.

MERAB is attended with all the Charms of Woman and Accompliſhments of Man. It is not to be doubted but ſhe has a great deal of Wit, if ſhe were not ſuch a Beauty; and ſhe would have more Beauty had ſhe not ſo much Wit. Affectation prevents her Excellencies from walking together. If ſhe has a Mind to ſpeak ſuch a Thing, it muſt be done with ſuch an Air of her Body; and if ſhe has an Inclination to look very careleſs, there is ſuch a ſmart Thing to be ſaid at the ſame time, that the deſign of being admired deſtroys it ſelf. Thus the unhappy *Merab*, tho' a Wit and Beauty, is allowed to be neither, becauſe ſhe will always be both.

ALBACINDA has the Skill as well as Power of Pleaſing. Her Form is majeſtick, but her Aſpect humble. All good Men ſhould beware of the Deſtroyer. She will ſpeak to you like your Siſter, till ſhe has you ſure; but is the moſt vexatious of Tyrants when you are ſo. Her Familiarity of Behaviour, her indifferent Queſtions, and general Converſation, make the ſilly part of her Votaries full of Hopes, while the wiſe fly from her Power. She well knows ſhe is too Beautiful and too Witty to be indifferent to any who converſe with her, and therefore knows ſhe does not leſſen her ſelf by Familiarity, but gains Occaſions of Admiration, by ſeeming Ignorance of her Perfections.

EUDOSIA adds to the height of her Stature a Nobility of Spirit which ſtill diſtinguiſhes her above the reſt of her Sex. Beauty in others is lovely, in others agreeable, in others attractive; but in *Eudoſia* it is commanding: Love towards *Eudoſia* is a Sentiment like the Love of Glory. The Lovers of other Women are ſoften'd into Fondneſs, the Admirers of *Eudoſia* exalted into Ambition.

EUCRATIA preſents her ſelf to the Imagination with a more kindly Pleaſure, and as ſhe is Woman, her Praiſe is wholly Feminine. If we were to form an Image of Dignity in a Man, we ſhould give him Wiſdom and Valour, as being eſſential to the Character of Manhood.

In

In like manner if you deſcribe a right Woman in a laudable Senſe, ſhe ſhould have gentle S ſneſs, tender Fear, and all thoſe Parts of Life, which diſtinguiſh her from the other Sex; with ſome Subordination to it, but ſuch an Inferiority that makes her ſtill more lovely. *Eucratia* is that Creature, ſhe is all over Woman, Kindneſs is all her Art, and Beauty all her Arms. Her Look, her Voice, her Geſture, and whole Behaviour is truly Feminine. A Goodneſs mixed with Fear, gives a Tincture to all her Behaviour. It would be Savage to offend her, and Cruelty to uſe Art to gain her. Others are Beautiful, but *Eucratia* thou art Beauty!

OMNAMANTE is made for Deceit, ſhe has an Aſpect as Innocent as the famed *Lucrece*, but a Mind as Wild as the more famed *Cleopatra*. Her Face ſpeaks a Veſtal, but her Heart a *Meſſalina*. Who that beheld *Omnamante*'s negligent unobſerving Air, would believe that ſhe hid under that regardleſs Manner the witty Proſtitute, the rapacious Wench, the prodigal Curtizan? She can, when ſhe pleaſes, adorn thoſe Eyes with Tears like an Infant that is chid: She can caſt down that pretty Face in Confuſion, while you rage with Jealouſie, and ſtorm at her Perfidiouſneſs; ſhe can wipe her Eyes, tremble and look frighted, till you think your ſelf a Brute for your Rage, own your ſelf an Offender, beg Pardon, and make her new Preſents

BUT I go too far in reporting only the Dangers in beholding the Beauteous, which I deſign for the Inſtruction of the Fair as well as their Beholders; and ſhall end this Rapſody with mentioning what I thought was well enough ſaid of an Ancient Sage to a Beautiful Youth, whom he ſaw admiring his own Figure in Braſs. What, ſaid the Philoſopher, could that Image of yours ſay for it ſelf if it could ſpeak? It might ſay, (anſwered the Youth) *That it is very Beautiful. And are not you aſhamed*, reply'd the Cynick, *to value your ſelf upon that only of which a Piece of Braſs is capable?* T

Nº 145. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 16.

Stultitiam patiuntur opes—— Hor.

IF the following Enormities are not amended upon the firſt Mention, I deſire further Notice from my Correſpondents.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am obliged to you for your Diſcourſe the other Day 'upon frivolous Diſputants, who with great Warmth, 'and Enumeration of many Circumſtances and Authorities, 'undertake to prove Matters which no Body living denies. 'You cannot employ your ſelf more uſefully than in ad-'juſting the Laws of Diſputation in Coffee-houſes and ac-'cidental Companies, as well as in more formal Debates. 'Among many other things which your own Experience muſt ſuggeſt to you, it will be very obliging if you pleaſe to take Notice of Wagerers. I will not here repeat what *Hudibras* ſays of ſuch Diſputants, which is ſo true, that it is almoſt Proverbial; but ſhall only acquaint you with a Set of young Fellows of the Inns of Court, whoſe Fathers have provided for them ſo plentifully, that they need not be very anxious to get Law into their Heads for the Service of their Country at the Bar; but are of thoſe who are ſent (as the Phraſe of Parents is) to the *Temple* to know how to keep their own. One of theſe Gentlemen is very loud and captious at a Coffee-Houſe which I frequent, and being in his Nature troubled with an Humour of Contradiction, though withal exceſſive Ignorant, he has found a way to indulge this Temper, go on in Idleneſs and Ignorance, and yet ſtill give himſelf the Air of a very learned and knowing Man, by the Strength of his Pocket. The Misfortune of the thing is, I have, as it happens ſometimes, a greater Stock of Learning than of Money. The Gentleman I am ſpeaking of, takes Advantage of the Narrowneſs of my Circumſtances in ſuch a manner, that he has read all that I can pre-

'tend

'tend to, and runs me down with ſuch a poſitive Air, and 'with ſuch powerful Arguments, that from a very Learn-'ed Perſon I am thought a mere Pretender. Not long 'ago I was relating that I had read ſuch a Paſſage in *Ta-'citus*, up ſtarts my young Gentleman in a full Company, 'and pulling out his Purſe offered to lay me ten Guineas, 'to be ſtaked immediately in that Gentleman's Hands, '(pointing to one ſmoaking at another Table) that I was 'utterly miſtaken. I was Dumb for want of ten Guineas; 'he went on unmercifully to triumph over my Ignorance 'how to take him up, and told the whole Room he had 'read *Tacitus* twenty times over, and ſuch a remarkable 'Incident as that could not eſcape him. He has at this 'time three conſiderable Wagers depending between him 'and ſome of his Companions, who are rich enough to 'hold an Argument with him. He has five Guineas upon 'Queſtions in Geography, two that the *Iſle of Wight* is a 'Peninſula, and three Guines to one that the World is 'round. We have a Gentleman comes to our Coffee-'houſe who deals mightily in Antique Scandal; my Diſ-'putant has laid him twenty Pieces upon a Point of Hiſto-'ry, to wit, that *Cæſar* never lay with *Cato*'s Siſter, as is 'ſcandalouſly reported by ſome People.

'THERE are ſeveral of this ſort of Fellows in 'Town, who Wager themſelves into Stateſmen, Hiſtori-'ans, Geographers, Mathematicians, and every other Art, 'when the Perſons with whom they talk have not Wealth 'equal to their Learning. I beg of you to prevent, in 'theſe Youngſters, this Compendious Way to Wiſdom, 'which coſts other People ſo much Time and Pains, and 'you will oblige

Your Humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Coffee houſe near the Temple, Aug.* 12, 1711.

'HERE's a Young Gentleman that ſings Opera-Tunes 'or Whiſtles in a full Houſe. Pray let him know 'that he has no Right to act here as if he were in an 'empty Room. Be pleaſed to divide the Spaces of a Pub-'lick Room, and certifie Whiſtlers, Singers, and Common 'Orators, that are heard further than their Portion of the 'Room comes to, that the Law is open, and that there is

'an

'an Equity which will relieve us from ſuch as interrupt us 'in our Lawful Diſcourſe, as much as againſt ſuch as ſtop 'us on the Road. I take theſe Perſons, Mr. SPECTATOR, 'to be ſuch Treſpaſſers as the Officer in your Stage Coach, 'and am of the ſame Sentiment with Councellor *Ephraim*. 'It is true the Young Man is rich, and, as the Vulgar ſay, 'needs not care for any Body; but ſure that is no Autho-'rity for him to go whiſtle where he pleaſes.

I am, SIR, Your Moſt Humble Servant.

P. S. 'I have Chambers in the *Temple*, and here are Stu-'dents that learn upon the Hautboy; pray deſire the Bench-'ers, that all Lawyers who are Proficients in Wind-Mu-'ſick may lodge to the *Thames*.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WE are a Company of Young Women who paſs 'our Time very much together, and obliged by 'the Mercenary Humour of the Men to be as Mercenarily 'inclined as they are. There viſits among us an old Batche-'lor whom each of us has a Mind to. The Fellow is 'rich, and knows he may have any of us, therefore is 'particular to none, but exceſſively ill-bred. His Plea-'ſantry conſiſts in Romping, he ſnatches Kiſſes by ſur-'prize, puts his Hand in our Necks, tears our Fans, robs 'us of Ribbons, forces Letters out of our Hands, looks 'into any of our Papers, and a thouſand other Rudeneſſes. 'Now what I'll deſire of you is to acquaint him, by 'Printing this, that if he does not marry one of us very 'ſuddenly, we have all agreed, the next time he pretends 'to be merry, to affront him, and uſe him like a Clown 'as he is. In the Name of the Siſterhood I take my leave 'of you, and am, as they all are,

Your Conſtant Reader, and Well-wiſher.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I And ſeveral others of your Female Readers, have con-'formed our ſelves to your Rules, even to our very 'Dreſs. There is not one of us but has reduced our out-'ward Petticoat to its ancient Sizable Circumference, tho' 'indeed we retain ſtill a Quilted one underneath, which 'makes

'makes us not altogether unconformable to the Faſhion; 'but 'tis on Condition Mr. SPECTATOR extends not his 'Cenſure ſo far. But we find you Men ſecretly approve 'our Practice, by imitating our Piramidical Form. The 'Skirt of your faſhionable Coats forms as large a Circum-'ference as our Petticoats; as theſe are ſet out with Whale-'bone, ſo are thoſe with Wire, to increaſe and ſuſtain the 'Bunch of Fold that hangs down on each ſide; and the 'Hat, I perceive, is decreaſed in juſt proportion to our 'Head-dreſſes. We make a regular Figure, but I defy 'your Mathematicks to give Name to the Form you ap-'pear in. Your Architecture is mere *Gothick*, and betrays 'a worſe Genius than ours; therefore if you are partial to 'your own Sex, I ſhall be leſs than I am now

T *Your Humble Servant.*

N° 146. *Friday, Auguſt* 17.

Nemo Vir Magnus ſine aliquo Afflatu divino unquam fuit. Tull.

WE know the higheſt Pleaſure our Minds are capable of enjoying with Compoſure, when we read ſublime Thoughts communicated to us by Men of Great Genius and Eloquence. Such is the Entertainment we meet with in the philoſophick Parts of *Cicero*'s Writings. Truth and good Senſe have there ſo charming a Dreſs, that they could hardly be more agreeably repreſented with the Addition of poetical Fiction and the Power of Numbers. This ancient Author, and a modern one, have fallen into my Hands within theſe few Days; and the Impreſſions they have left upon me, have at the preſent quite ſpoiled me for a merry Fellow. The Modern is that admirable Writer, the Author of the Theory of the Earth. The Subjects with which I have lately been entertained in them both bear a near Affinity; they are upon Enquiries into Hereafter, and the Thoughts of the latter ſeem to me to be raiſed above thoſe of the former in proportion to his Advantages of Scripture and Revelation. If I had a Mind

to

ſo it, I could not at preſent talk of any thing elſe; therefore I ſhall tranſlate a Paſſage in the one, and tranſcribe a Paragraph out of the other, for the Speculation of this Day. *Cicero* tells us, that *Plato* reports *Socrates*, upon receiving his Sentence, to have ſpoken to his Judges in the following Manner.

'I have great Hopes, oh my Judges, that it is infinitely 'to my Advantage that I am ſent to Death: For it muſt of 'Neceſſity be, that one of theſe two things muſt be the 'Conſequence. Death muſt take away all theſe Senſes, or 'convey me to another Life. If all Senſe is to be taken 'away, and Death is no more than that profound Sleep 'without Dreams, in which we are ſometimes buried, oh 'Heavens! how deſirable is it to die? how many Days do 'we know in Life preferable to ſuch a State? But if it be 'true that Death is but a Paſſage to Places which they who 'lived before us do now inhabit, how much ſtill happier 'is it to go from thoſe who call themſelves Judges, to ap'pear before thoſe that really are ſuch; before *Minos*, *Rha'damanthus*, *Æacus* and *Triptolemus*, and to meet Men who 'have lived with Juſtice and Truth? Is this, do you think, 'no happy Journey? Do you think it nothing to ſpeak 'with *Orpheus* *Muſæus*, *Homer* and *Heſiod*? I would, in'deed, ſuffer many Deaths to enjoy theſe Things. With 'what particular Delight ſhould I talk to *Palamedes* *Ajax*, 'and others, who like me have ſuffered by the Iniquity of 'their Judges. I ſhould examine the Wiſdom of that great 'Prince, who carried ſuch mighty Forces againſt *Troy*; and 'argue with *Ulyſſes* and *Siſyphus*, upon difficult Points, as I 'have in Converſation here, without being in Danger of 'being condemned. But let not thoſe among you who 'have pronounced me an innocent Man be afraid of Death. 'No Harm can arrive at a good Man whether dead or li'ving; his Affairs are always under the Direction of the 'Gods; nor will I believe the Fate which is allotted to me 'my ſelf this Day to have arrived by Chance; nor have I 'ought to ſay either againſt my Judges or Accuſers, but 'that they thought they did me an Injury.—— But I de'tain you too long, it is Time that I retire to Death, and 'you to your Affairs of Life; which of us has the Better 'is known to the Gods, but to no mortal Man.

The

The divine *Socrates* is here repreſented in a Figure worthy his great Wiſdom and Philoſophy, worthy the greateſt mere Man that ever breathed. But the modern Diſcourſe is written upon a Subject no leſs than the Diſſolution of Nature it ſelf. Oh how glorious is the old Age of that great Man, who has ſpent his Time in ſuch Contemplations as has made this Being, what only it ſhould be, an Education for Heaven! He has, according to the Lights of Reaſon and Revelation, which ſeemed to him cleareſt, traced the Steps of Omnipotence: He has, with a Celeſtial Ambition, as far as it is conſiſtent with Humility and Devotion, examined the Ways of Providence, from the Creation to the Diſſolution of the viſible World. How pleaſing muſt have been the Speculation, to obſerve Nature and Providence move together, the phyſical and moral World march the ſame Pace: To obſerve Paradice and eternal Spring the Seat of Innocence, troubled Seaſons and angry Skies the Portion of Wickedneſs and Vice. When this admirable Author has reviewed all that has paſt, or is to come, which relates to the habitable World, and run through the whole Fate of it, how could a Guardian Angel, that had attended it through all its Courſes or Changes, ſpeak more emphatically at the End of his Charge, than does our Author, when he makes, as it were, a Funeral Oration over this Globe, looking to the Point where it once ſtood?

'LET us only, if you pleaſe, to take Leave of this 'Subject, reflect upon this Occaſion on the Vanity and 'tranſient Glory of this habitable World. How by the 'Force of one Element breaking looſe upon the reſt, all 'the Vanities of Nature, all the Works of Art, all the La'bours of Men, are reduced to Nothing. All that we ad'mired and adored before as great and magnificent, is ob'literated or vaniſhed; and another Form and Face of things, 'plain, ſimple, and every where the ſame, overſpreads 'the whole Earth. Where are now the great Empires of 'the World, and their great Imperial Cities? Their Pil'lars, Trophies, and Monuments of Glory? Shew me 'where they ſtood, read the Inſcription, tell me the Vict'or's Name. What Remains, what Impreſſions, what 'Difference, or Diſtinction, do you ſee in this Maſs of 'Fire? *Rome* it ſelf, eternal *Rome*, the great City, the 'Empreſs of the World, whoſe Domination and Superſti-

'tion,

'tion, ancient and modern, make a great Part of the Hiſtory of this Earth; what is become of her now? She laid her Foundations deep, and her Palaces were ſtrong and ſumptuous; *She glorified her ſelf and lived deliciouſly, and ſaid in her Heart I ſit a Queen, and ſhall ſee no Sorrow:* But her Hour is come, ſhe is wiped away from the Face of the Earth, and buried in everlaſting Oblivion. But it is not Cities only, and Works of Mens Hands, but the everlaſting Hills, the Mountains and Rocks of the Earth are melted as Wax before the Sun, and *their Place is no where found.* Here ſtood the *Alpes*, the Load of the Earth, that covered many Countries, and reached their Arms from the Ocean to the *Black Sea*; this huge Maſs of Stone is ſoftned and diſſolved as a tender Cloud into Rain. Here ſtood the *African* Mountains, and *Atlas* with his Top above the Clouds; there was frozen *Caucaſus*, and *Taurus*, and *Imaus*, and the Mountains of *Aſia*; and yonder towards the North, ſtood the *Riphæan* Hills, cloath'd in Ice and Snow. All theſe are vaniſhed, dropt away as the Snow upon their Heads. *Great and marvellous are thy Works, juſt and true are thy Ways, thou King of Saints! Hallelujah!* T

N° 147. *Saturday, Auguſt* 18.

Pronuntiatio eſt Vocis & Vultus & Geſtus moderatio cum venuſtate. Tull.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE well reading of the Common Prayer is of ſo 'great Importance, and ſo much neglected, that 'I take the Liberty to offer to your Conſideration 'ſome Particulars on that Subject: And what more worthy your Obſervation than this? A thing ſo Publick, and of ſo high Conſequence. It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent Exerciſe of it ſhould not make the Performers of that Duty more expert in it. This Inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little Care that is taken of their Reading, while Boys and at School, where when they are got into

'into *Latin*, they are looked upon as above *Engliſh*, the 'Reading of which is wholly neglected, or at leaſt read to 'very little purpoſe, without any due Obſervations made 'to them of the proper Accent and manner of Reading; 'by this means they have acquired ſuch ill Habits as won't 'eaſily be removed. The only way that I know of to re-'medy this, is to propoſe ſome Perſon of great Ability that 'way as a Pattern for them; Example being moſt effectu-'al to convince the Learned, as well as Inſtruct the Igno-'rant.

'YOU muſt know, Sir, I've been a conſtant Frequenter 'of the Service of the Church of *England* for above theſe 'four Years laſt paſt. and 'till *Sunday* was Sevennight ne-'ver diſcovered, to ſo great a Degree, the Excellency of 'the Common Prayer. When being at St. *James's Garlick-hill* Church, I heard the Service read ſo diſtinctly, ſo em-phatically, and ſo fervently, that it was next to an Im-'poſſibility to be unattentive. My Eyes and my Thoughts 'could not wander as uſual, but were confin'd to my Pray-'ers: I then conſidered I addreſſed my ſelf to the Almigh-'ty, and not to a beautiful Face. And when I reflected 'on my former Performances of that Duty, I found I had 'run it over as a matter of Form, in compariſon to the 'Manner in which I then diſcharged it. My Mind was 'really affected, and fervent Wiſhes accompanied my Words. 'The Confeſſion was read with ſuch a reſigned Humility, 'the Abſolution with ſuch a comfortable Authority, the 'Thankſgivings with ſuch a Religious Joy, as made me 'feel thoſe Affections of the Mind in a manner I never did 'before. To remedy therefore the Grievance above com-'plained of, I humbly propoſe, that this excellent Reader, 'upon the next and every Annual Aſſembly of the Clergy 'of *Sion College*, and all other Conventions, ſhould read 'Prayers before them. For then thoſe, that are afraid of 'ſtretching their Mouths, and ſpoiling their ſoft Voice, 'will learn to Read with Clearneſs, Loudneſs, and Strength. 'Others that affect a rakiſh negligent Air by folding their 'Arms, and lolling on their Book, will be taught a de-'cent Behaviour, and comely Erection of Body. Thoſe 'that Read ſo faſt as if impatient of their Work, may learn 'to ſpeak Deliberately. There is another ſort of Perſons 'whom I call Pindarick Readers, as being confined to no

'ſet meaſure; theſe Pronounce five or ſix Words with 'great Deliberation, and the five or ſix Subſequent ones 'with as great Celerity: The firſt part of a Sentence with 'a very exalted Voice, and the latter part with a Submiſ-'ſive one: Sometime again with one ſort of Tone, and 'immediately after with a very different one. Theſe Gen-'tlemen will learn of my admired Reader an Evenneſs of 'Voice and Delivery. And all who are Innocent of theſe 'Affectations, but Read with ſuch an Indifferency as if 'they did not underſtand the Language, may then be in-'formed of the Art of Reading movingly and fervently, 'how to place the Emphaſis, and give the proper Accent 'to each Word, and how to vary the Voice according to 'the Nature of the Sentence. There is certainly a very 'great Difference between the Reading a Prayer and a Ga-'zette, which I beg of you to inform a Sett of Readers, 'who affect, forſooth, a certain Gentleman-like Familia-'rity of Tone and mend the Language as they go on, cry-'ing inſtead of Pardoneth and Abſolveth, Pardons and 'Abſolves. Theſe are often pretty Claſſical Scholars, and 'would think it an unpardonable Sin to Read *Virgil* or '*Martial* with ſo little Taſte as they do Divine Service.

'THIS Indifferency ſeems to me to ariſe from the En-'deavour of avoiding the Imputation of Cant, and the falſe 'Notion of it. It will be proper therefore to trace the O-'riginal and Signification of this Word. Cant is, by ſome 'People derived from one *Andrew Cant*, who, they ſay, 'was a Presbyterian Miniſter in ſome illiterate part of *Scot-'land*, who by Exerciſe and Uſe had obtained the Faculty, '*alias* Gift, of Talking in the Pulpit in ſuch a Dialect, that 'it's ſaid he was underſtood by none but his own Congre-'gation, and not by all of them. Since *Maſ. Cant*'s time, 'it has been underſtood in a larger Senſe, and ſignifies all 'ſudden Exclamations, Whinings, unuſual Tones, and in 'fine all Praying and Preaching like the unlearned of the 'Presbyterians. But I hope a proper Elevation of Voice, 'a due Emphaſis and Accent, are not to come within this 'Deſcription: So that our Readers may ſtill be as unlike 'the Presbyterians as they pleaſe. The Diſſenters (I mean 'ſuch as I have heard) do indeed elevate their Voices, but 'it is with ſudden Jumps from the lower to the higher 'part of them; and that with ſo little Senſe or Skill, that

'their

'their Elevation and Cadence is Bawling and Muttering. 'They make uſe of an Emphaſis, but ſo improperly, that 'it is often placed on ſome very inſignificant Particle, as 'upon *if*, or *and*. Now if theſe Improprieties have ſo great 'an Effect on the People, as we ſee they have, how great 'an Influence would the Service of our Church, containing 'the beſt Prayers that ever were Compoſed, and that in Terms 'moſt affecting, moſt humble, and moſt expreſſive of our 'Wants, and Dependance on the Object of our Worſhip, diſ-'pos'd in moſt proper Order, and void of all Confuſion; what 'Influence, I ſay, would theſe Prayers have, were they 'delivered with a due Emphaſis, an appoſite Riſing and 'Variation of Voice, the Sentence concluded with a gen-'tle Cadence, and, in a Word, with ſuch an Accent and 'turn of Speech as is peculiar to Prayer?

'AS the matter of Worſhip is now managed in Diſſent-'ing Congregations, you find inſignificant Words and 'Phraſes raiſed by a lively Vehemence; in our own Churches, 'the moſt exalted Senſe depreciated, by a diſpaſſionate In-'dolence. I remember to have heard Dr. *S*—*e* ſay in 'his Pulpit, of the Common Prayer, that, at leaſt, it was 'as perfect as any thing of Human Inſtitution: If the Gen-'tlemen who err in this kind would pleaſe to recollect the 'many Pleaſantries they have read upon thoſe who recite 'good Things with an ill Grace, they would go on to 'think that what in that Caſe is only Ridiculous, in them-'ſelves is Impious. But leaving this to their own Reflecti-'ons, I ſhall conclude this Trouble with what *Cæſar* ſaid 'upon the Irregularity of Tone in one who read before 'him, *Do you read or ſing? If you ſing, you ſing very ill,*

T *Your Moſt Humble Servant.*

N° 143. *Monday, Auguſt* 20.

——*Exempta juvat ſpinis e pluribus una.* Hor.

MY Correſpondents aſſure me, that the Enormities which they lately complained of, and I publiſhed an Account of, are ſo far from being amended, that new Evils ariſe every Day to interrupt their Converſation, in

in Contempt of my Reproofs. My Friend who writes from the Coffee-houſe near the *Temple*. informs me, that the Gentleman who conſtantly ſings a Voluntary in ſpite of the whole Company, was more muſical than ordinary after reading my Paper; and has not been contented with that, but has danced up to the Glaſs in the Middle of the Room, and practiſed Minuet-ſteps to his own Humming. The incorrigible Creature has gone ſtill further, and in the open Coffee-houſe, with one Hand extended as leading a Lady in it, he has danced both *French* and Country-Dances, and admoniſhed his ſuppoſed Partner by Smiles and Nods to hold up her Head and fall back, according to the reſpective Facings and Evolutions of the Dance. Before this Gentleman began this his Exerciſe, he was pleaſed to clear his Throat by coughing and ſpitting a full half Hour; and as ſoon as he ſtruck up, he appealed to an Attorney's Clerk in the Room, whether he hit as he ought *Since you from Death have ſav'd me?* and then asked the young Fellow pointing to a Chancery-Bill under his Arm, whether that was an Opera-Score he carried or not? Without ſtaying for an Anſwer he fell into the Exerciſe above-mentioned, and practiſed his Airs to the full Houſe who were turned upon him, without the leaſt Shame or Repentance for his former Tranſgreſſions.

I am to the laſt Degree at a Loſs what to do with this young Fellow, except I declare him an Outlaw, and pronounce it penal for any one to ſpeak to him in the ſaid Houſe which he frequents, and direct that he be obliged to drink his Tea and Coffee without Sugar, and not receive from any Perſon whatſoever any thing above mere Neceſſaries.

AS we in *England* are a ſober People, and generally inclined rather to a certain Bſhfulneſs of Behaviour in Publick, it is amazing whence ſome Fellows come whom one meets with in this Town; They do not all ſeem to be the Growth of our Iſland; the pert, the talkative, all ſuch as have no Senſe of the Obſervation of others, are certainly of foreign Extraction. As for my Part, I am as much ſurprized when I ſee a talkative *Engliſhman*, as I ſhould be to ſee the *Indian* Pine growing on one of our quick ſet Hedges; where theſe Creatures get Sun enough, to make them ſuch lively Animals and dull Men, is above my Philoſophy.

THERE are another Kind of Impertinents which a Man is perplexed with in mixed Company, and thoſe are

your loud Speakers: Theſe treat Mankind as if we were all deaf; they do not expreſs but declare themſelves. Many of theſe are guilty of this Outrage out of Vanity, becauſe they think all they ſay is well; or that they have their own Perſons in ſuch Veneration, that they believe nothing which concerns them can be inſignificant to any Body elſe. For theſe Peoples Sake, I have often lamented that we cannot cloſe our Ears with as much Eaſe as we can our Eyes: It is very uneaſie that we muſt neceſſarily be under Perſecution. Next to theſe Bawlers, is a troubleſome Creature who comes with the Air of your Friend and your Intimate, and that is your Whiſperer. There is one of them at a Coffee-houſe which I my ſelf frequent, who obſerving me to be a Man pretty well made for Secrets, gets by me, and with a Whiſper tells me things which all the Town knows. It is no very hard Matter to gueſs at the Source of this Impertinence, which is nothing elſe but a Method or Mechanick Art of being wiſe. You never ſee any frequent in it, whom you can ſuppoſe to have any thing in the World to do. Theſe Perſons are worſe than Bawlers, as much as a ſecret Enemy is more dangerous than a declared one. I wiſh this my Coffee-houſe Friend would take this for an Intimation, that I have not heard one Word he has told me for theſe ſeveral Years; whereas he now thinks me the moſt truſty Repoſitory of his Secrets. The Whiſperers have a pleaſant Way of ending the cloſe Converſation, with ſaying aloud *Do not you think ſo?* Then whiſper again, and then aloud, *but you know that Perſon*; then whiſper again. The thing would be well enough, if they whiſpered to keep the Folly of what they ſay among Friends, but alas they do it to preſerve the Importance of their Thoughts. I am ſure I could name you more than one Perſon whom no Man living ever heard talk upon any Subject in Nature, or ever ſaw in his whole Life with a Book in his Hand, that I know not how can whiſper ſomething like Knowledge of what has and does paſs in the World; which you would think he learned from ſome familiar Spirit that did not think him worthy to receive the whole Story. But in Truth Whiſperers deal only in half Accounts of what they entertain you with. A great Help to their Diſcourſe is, 'That the Town ſays, and People begin to talk very freely, and they had it from Perſons too conſiderable to be named

'med, what they will tell you when Things are riper. My Friend has winked upon me any Day ſince I came to Town laſt, and has communicated to me as a Secret, that he deſigned in a very ſhort Time to tell me a Secret; but I ſhall know what he means, he now aſſures me, in leſs than a Fortnight's Time.

BUT I muſt not omit the dearer Part of Mankind, I mean the Ladies, to take up a whole Paper upon Grievances which concern the Men only; but ſhall humbly propoſe, that we change Fools for an Experiment only. A certain Set of Ladies complain they are frequently perplexed with a Viſitant who affects to be wiſer than they are; which Character he hopes to preſerve by an obſtinate Gravity, and great Guard againſt diſcovering his Opinion upon any Occaſion whatſoever. A painful Silence has hitherto gained him no further Advantage, than that as he might, if he had behaved himſelf with Freedom, been excepted againſt, but as to this and that Particular, he now offends in the whole. To relieve theſe Ladies my good Friends and Correſpondents, I ſhall exchange my dancing Outlaw for their dumb Viſitant, and aſſign the ſilent Gentleman all the Haunts of the Dancer: In order to which I have ſent them by the Penny-Poſt the following Letters for their Conduct in their new Converſations.

SIR,

'I Have, you may be ſure, heard of your Irregularities 'without regard to my Obſervations upon you; but 'ſhall not treat you with ſo much Rigour as you deſerve. 'If you will give your ſelf the Trouble to repair to the 'Place mentioned in the Poſtſcript to this Letter at Seven 'this Evening you will be conducted into a ſpacious Room 'well lighted, where there are Ladies and Muſick. You 'will ſee a young Lady laughing next the Window to the 'Street; you may take her out, for ſhe loves you as well 'as ſhe does any Man, tho' ſhe never ſaw you before. She 'never thought in her Life any more than your ſelf. She 'will not be ſurprized when you accoſt her, nor concern-'ed when you leave her. Haſten from a Place where you 'are laughed at to one where you will be admired. You 'are of no Conſequence, therefore go where you will be 'welcome for being ſo. *Your moſt Humble Servant.*

SIR,

SIR,

'THE Ladies whom you viſit, think a wiſe Man the 'moſt impertinent Creature living, therefore you 'cannot be offended that they are diſpleaſed with you. 'Why will you take Pains to appear wiſe, where you 'would not be the more eſteemed for being really ſo? 'Come to us; forget the Gigglers; and let your Inclinati-'on go along with you whether you ſpeak or are ſilent; and 'let all ſuch Women as are in a Clan or Siſterhood, go 'their own way; there is no Room for you in that Com-'pany who are of the common Taſte of the Sex.

For Women born to be controul'd
Stoop to the forward and the bold:
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolick, and the loud. T

N° 149. *Tueſday, Auguſt* 21.

Cui in manu ſit quem eſſe dementem velit,
Quem ſapere, quem ſanari, quem in morbum injici,
Quem contra amari, quem accerſiri, quem expeti.
Cæcil. Apud. Tull.

THE following Letter and my Anſwer ſhall take up the preſent Speculation.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am the young Widow of a Country Gentleman, who 'has left me entire Miſtreſs of a large Fortune, which 'he agreed to as an Equivalent for the Difference in our 'Years. In theſe Circumſtances it is not extraordinary to 'have a Crowd of Admirers; which I have abridged in 'my own Thoughts, and reduced to a Couple of Candidates 'only, both young and neither of them diſagreeable in 'their Perſons; according to the common Way of com-'puting, in one the Eſtate more than deſerves my Fortune, in

'in the other my Fortune more than deſerves the Eſtate. 'When I conſider the firſt, I own I am ſo far a Woman I 'cannot avoid being delighted with the Thoughts of li- 'ving great; but then he ſeems to receive ſuch a Degree 'of Courage from the Knowledge of what he has, he 'looks as if he was going to confer an Obligation on me; 'and the Readineſs he accoſts me with, makes me jealous I 'am only hearing a Repetition of the ſame things he has 'ſaid to a hundred Women before. When I conſider the 'other, I ſee my ſelf approached with ſo much Modeſty 'and Reſpect, and ſuch a Doubt of himſelf, as betrays 'methinks an Affection within, and a Belief at the ſame 'Time that he himſelf would be the only Gainer by my 'Conſent. What an unexceptionable Husband could I make 'out of both! But ſince that's impoſſible, I beg to be con- 'cluded by your Opinion; it is abſolutely in your Power 'to diſpoſe of

Your Moſt Obedient Servant,

Sylvia.

Madam,

YOU do me great Honour in your Application to me on this important Occaſion; I ſhall therefore talk to you with the Tenderneſs of a Father, in Gratitude for your giving me the Authority of one. You do not ſeem to make any great Diſtinction between theſe Gentlemen as to their Perſons, the whole Queſtion lies upon their Circumſtances and Behaviour: If the one is leſs reſpectful becauſe he is rich, and the other more obſequious becauſe he is not ſo, they are in that Point moved by the ſame Principle, the Conſideration of Fortune, and you muſt place them in each others Circumſtances, before you can judge of their Inclination. To avoid Confuſion in diſcuſſing this Point, I will call the richer Man *Strephon*, and the other *Florio*. If you believe *Florio* with *Strephon*'s Eſtate would behave himſelf as he does now, *Florio* is certainly your Man; but if you think *Strephon*, were he in *Florio*'s Condition, would be as obſequious as *Florio* is now, you ought for your own ſake to chuſe *Strephon*; for where the Men are equal, there is no Doubt Riches ought to be a Reaſon for Preference. After this Manner, my dear Child, I would have you abſtract them from their Circumſtances; for you are to take for granted, that he who is very humble only becauſe he

he is poor, is the very ſame Man in Nature with him who is haughty becauſe he is rich.

WHEN you have gone thus far as to conſider the Figure they make towards you; you will pleaſe, my Dear, next to conſider the Appearance you make towards them. If they are Men of Diſcerning, they can obſerve the Motives of your Heart; and *Florio* can ſee when he is diſregarded only upon Account of Fortune, which makes you to him a mercenary Creature; and you are ſtill the ſame thing to *Strephon*, in taking him for his Wealth only: You are therefore to conſider whether you had rather oblige, than receive an Obligation.

THE Marriage-Life is always an inſipid, a vexatious, or an happy Condition. The firſt is, when two People of no Genius or Taſte for themſelves meet together, upon ſuch a Settlement as has been thought reaſonable by Parents and Conveyancers from an exact Valuation of the Land and Caſh of both Parties: In this Caſe the young Lady's Perſon is no more regarded than the Houſe and Improvements in Purchaſe of an Eſtate; but ſhe goes with her Fortune, rather than her Fortune with her. Theſe make up the Crowd or Vulgar of the rich, and fill up the Lumber of human Race, without Beneficence towards thoſe below them, or Reſpect towards thoſe above them; and lead a deſpicable, independent and uſeleſs Life, without Senſe of the Laws of Kindneſs, Good-Nature, mutual Offices, and the elegant Satisfactions which flow from Reaſon and Virtue.

THE vexatious Life ariſes from a Conjunction of two People of quick Taſte and Reſentment, put together for Reaſons well known to their Friends, in which eſpecial Care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of Evils) Poverty, and enſure to them Riches, with every Evil beſides. Theſe good People live in a conſtant Conſtraint before Company, and too great Familiarity alone; when they are within Obſervation they fret at each others Carriage and Behaviour, when alone they revile each others Perſon and Conduct: In Company they are in a Purgatory, when only together in an Hell.

THE happy Marriage is, where two Perſons meet and voluntarily make Choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the Circumſtance of Fortune

tune or Beauty. Theſe may ſtill love in ſpite of Adverſity or Sickneſs: The former we may in ſome Meaſure defend our ſelves from, the other is the Portion of our very Make. When you have a true Notion of this ſort of Paſſion your humour of living great will vaniſh out of your Imagination, and you will find Love has nothing to do with State. Solitude, with the Perſon beloved, has a Pleaſure, even in a Woman's Mind, beyond Show or Pomp. You are therefore to conſider which of your Lovers will like you beſt undreſs'd, which will bear with you moſt when out of Humour; and your Way to this is to ask of your ſelf, which of them you value moſt for his own Sake? and by that judge which gives the greater Inſtances of his valuing you for your ſelf only.

AFTER you have expreſſed ſome Senſe of the humble Approach of *Florio*, and a little Diſdain at *Strephon*'s Aſſurance in his Addreſs, you cry out, *What an unexceptionable Husband could I make out of both!* It would therefore methinks be a good Way to determine your ſelf: Take him in whom what you like is not transferable to another; for if you chuſe otherwiſe, there is no Hopes your Husband will ever have what you liked in his Rival; but intrinſick Qualities in one Man may very probably purchaſe every thing that is adventitious in another. In plainer Terms; he whom you take for his perſonal Perfections will ſooner arrive at the Gifts of Fortune, than he whom you take for the Sake of his Fortune attain to Perſonal Perfections. If *Strephon* is not as accompliſh'd and agreeable as *Florio*, Marriage to you will never make him ſo; but Marriage to you may make *Florio* as rich as *Strephon*: Therefore to make a ſure Purchaſe, employ Fortune upon Certainties, but do not ſacrifice Certainties to Fortune.

I am,

Your moſt Obedient

T *Humble Servant.*

Wedneſday,

Nº 150. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 22.

Nil habet infælix paupertas durius in ſe,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit —— Juv.

AS I was walking in my Chamber the Morning before I went laſt into the Country, I heard the Hawkers with great Vehemence crying about a Paper entit'led, *The ninety nine Plagues of an empty Purſe.* I had indeed ſome Time before obſerved, that the Orators of *Grub ſtreet* had dealt very much in *Plagues*. They had already publiſhed in the ſame Month, *The Plagues of Matrimony The Plagues of a ſingle Life, The nineteen Plagues of a Chambermaid, The Plagues of a Coachman, The Plagues of a Footman*, and *The Plague of Plagues*. The Succeſs theſe ſeveral *Plagues* met with, probably gave Occaſion to the above-mentioned Poem on an *empty Purſe*. However that be, the Noiſe ſo frequently repeated under my Window, drew me inſenſibly to think on ſome of thoſe Inconveniencies and Mortifications which uſually attend on Poverty, and in ſhort gave Birth to the preſent Speculation: for after my Fancy had run over the moſt obvious and common Calamities which Men of mean Fortunes are liable to, it deſcended to thoſe little Inſults and Contempts, which, tho' they may ſeem to dwindle into nothing when a Man offers to deſcribe them, are perhaps in themſelves more cutting and inſupportable than the former. *Juvenal* with a great deal of Humour and Reaſon tells us, that nothing bore harder upon a poor Man in his Time, than the continual Ridicule which his Habit and Dreſs afforded to the Beaus of *Rome*.

Quid quod materiam præbet cauſaſque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem? ſi fœda & ſciſſa lacerna;
Si toga ſordidula eſt, & rupta calceus alter
Pelle patet, vel ſi conſuto vulnere craſſum
Atque recens linum oſtendit non una Cicatrix. Juv. Sat. 3.

Add, that the Rich have ſtill a Gibe in Store,
And will be monſtrous witty on the Poor;
For the torn Surtout and the tatter'd Veſt,
The Wretch and all his Wardrobe are a Jeſt:
The greaſie Gown ſully'd with often turning,
Gives a good Hint to ſay the Man's in Mourning;
Or if the Shoe be ript or patch is put,
He's wounded! ſee the Plaiſter on his Foot. Dryd.

'Tis on this Occaſion that he afterwards adds the Reflection which I have choſen for my Motto.

Want is the Scorn of ev'ry wealthy Fool,
And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule. Dryd.

IT muſt be confeſs'd, that few things make a Man appear more deſpicable, or more prejudice his Hearers againſt what he is going to offer, than an awkward or pitiful Dreſs; inſomuch that I fancy, had *Tully* himſelf pronounced one of his Orations with a Blanket about his Shoulders, more People would have laughed at his Dreſs than have admired his Eloquence. This laſt Reflection made me wonder at a Set of Men, who, without being ſubjected to it by the Unkindneſs of their Fortunes, are contented to draw upon themſelves the Ridicule of the World in this Particular; I mean ſuch as take it into their Heads, that the firſt regular Step to be a Wit is to commence a Sloven. It is certain nothing has ſo much debaſed that, which muſt have been otherwiſe ſo great a Character; and I know not how to account for it, unleſs it may poſſibly be in Complaiſance to thoſe narrow Minds who can have no Notion of the ſame Perſon's poſſeſſing different Accompliſhments; or that it is a ſort of Sacrifice which ſome Men are contented to make to Calumny, by allowing it to faſten on one Part of their Character, while they are endeavouring to eſtabliſh another. Yet however unaccountable this fooliſh Cuſtom is, I am afraid it could plead a long Preſcription; and probably gave too much Occaſion for the vulgar Definition ſtill remaining among us of an *Heathen Philoſopher*.

I have ſeen the Speech of a *Terræ filius*, ſpoken in King *Charles* II's Reign; in which he deſcribes two very eminent Men, who were perhaps the greateſt Scholars of their Age;

Age; and after having mentioned the intire Friendſhip between them, concludes, That *they had but one Mind, one Purſe, one Chamber, and one Hat.* The Men of Buſineſs were alſo infected with a ſort of Singularity little better than this. I have heard my Father ſay, that a broad-brimm'd Hat, ſhort Hair, and an unfolded Handkerchief, were in his Time abſolutely neceſſary to denote a *notable Man*; and that he had known two or three who aſpired to the Characters of *very notable*, wear Shooe-ſtrings with great Succeſs.

TO the Honour of our preſent Age it muſt be allowed, that ſome of our greateſt Genius's for *Wit* and *Buſineſs* have almoſt intirely broke the Neck of theſe Abſurdities.

VICTOR, after having diſpatched the moſt important Affairs of the Commonwealth, has appeared at an Aſſembly, where all the Ladies have declared him the genteeleſt Man in the Company; and in *Atticus*, tho' every way one of the greateſt Genius's the Age has produced, one ſees nothing particular in his Dreſs or Carriage to denote his Pretenſions to Wit and Learning: So that at preſent a Man may venture to cock up his Hat, and wear a faſhionable Whig, without being taken for a Rake or a Fool.

THE Medium between a Fop and a Sloven is what a Man of Senſe would endeavour to keep; yet I remember Mr. *Osbourn* adviſes his Son to appear in his Habit rather above than below his Fortune; and tells him, that he will find an handſome Suit of Cloaths always procures ſome additional Reſpect. I have indeed my ſelf obſerved, that my Banker ever bows loweſt to me when I wear my full-bottom'd Whig; and writes me *Mr.* or *Eſq;* accordingly as he ſees me dreſſed.

I ſhall conclude this Paper with an Adventure which I was my ſelf an Eye-witneſs of very lately.

I happened the other Day to call in at a celebrated Coffee-houſe near the *Temple*. I had not been there long when there came in an elderly Man very meanly dreſſed, and ſat down by me; he had a thread-bare looſe Coat on, which it was plain he wore to keep himſelf warm, and not to favour his under Suit, which ſeemed to have been at leaſt his Contemporary: His ſhort Whig and Hat were both anſwerable to the reſt of his Apparel. He was no ſooner ſeated than he called for a Diſh of Tea; but as ſeve-

ral Gentlemen in the Room wanted other things, the Boys of the Houſe did not think themſelves at Leiſure to mind him. I could obſerve the old Fellow was very uneaſie at the Affront, and at his being obliged to repeat his Commands ſeveral Times to no Purpoſe; 'till at laſt one of the Lads preſented him with ſome ſtale Tea in a broken Diſh, accompanied with a Plate of brown Sugar; which ſo raiſed his Indignation, that after ſeveral obliging Appellations of Dog and Raſcal, he asked him aloud before the whole Company, *Why he muſt be uſed with leſs Reſpect than that Fop there?* Pointing to a well-dreſſed young Gentleman who was drinking Tea at the oppoſite Table. The Boy of the Houſe replied with a good deal of Pertneſs. That his Maſter had two ſorts of Cuſtomers, and that the Gentleman at the other Table had given him many a Six Pence for wiping his Shooes. By this time the young *Templar* who found his Honour concerned in the Diſpute, and that the Eyes of the whole Coffee-houſe were upon him, had thrown aſide a Paper he had in his Hand, and was coming towards us, while we at the Table made what Haſte we could to get away from the impending Quarrel, but were all of us ſurpriſed to ſee him as he approached nearer put on an Air of Deference and Reſpect. To whom the old Man ſaid, *Hark you, Sirrah, I'll pay off your extravagant Bills once more; but will take effectual Care for the future, that your Prodigality ſhall not ſpirit up a Parcel of Raſcals to inſult your Father.*

Tho' I by no Means approve either the Impudence of the Servants or the Extravagance of the Son, I cannot but think the old Gentleman was in ſome Meaſure juſtly ſerved for walking in Maſquerade, I mean appearing in a Dreſs ſo much beneath his Quality and Eſtate. X

Thurſday,

Nº 151. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 23.

Maximas Virtutes facere omnes neceſſe eſt Voluptate dominante. Tull. De Fin.

I Know no one Character that gives Reaſon a greater Shock, at the ſame Time that it preſents a good ridiculous Image to the Imagination, than that of a Man of Wit and Pleaſure about the Town. This Deſcription of a Man of Faſhion ſpoken by ſome with a Mixture of Scorn and Ridicule, by others with great Gravity as a laudable Diſtinction, is in every Body's Mouth that ſpends any Time in Converſation. My Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB has this Expreſſion very frequently; and I never could underſtand by the Story which follows, upon his Mention of ſuch a one, but that his Man of Wit and Pleaſure was either a Drunkard too old for Wenching, or a young lewd Fellow with ſome Livelineſs; who would converſe with you, receive kind Offices of you, and at the ſame time debauch your Siſter, or lie with your Wife. According to his Deſcription, a Man of Wit when he could have Wenches for Crowns a Piece which he liked quite as well, would be ſo extravagant as to bribe Servants, make falſe Friendſhips, fight Relations; I ſay according to him plain and ſimple Vice was too little for a Man of Wit and Pleaſure; but he would leave an eaſie and acceſſible Wickedneſs, to come at the ſame thing with only the Addition of certain Falſhood, and poſſible Murder. WILL. thinks the Town grown very dull, in that we do not hear ſo much as we uſed to do of theſe Coxcombs, whom (without obſerving it) he deſcribes as the moſt infamous Rogues in Nature, with Relation to Friendſhip, Love, or Converſation.

WHEN Pleaſure is made the chief Purſuit of Life, it will neceſſarily follow that ſuch Monſters as theſe will ariſe from a conſtant Application to ſuch Blandiſhments as naturally root out the Force of Reaſon and Reflection, and ſubſtitute in their Place a general Impatience of Thought, and a conſtant Pruriency of inordinate Deſire.

PLEASURE, when it is a Man's chief Purpoſe, diſappoints it ſelf; and the conſtant Application to it palls the Faculty of enjoying it, tho' it leaves the Senſe of our Inability for that we wiſh, with a Diſreliſh of every thing elſe. Thus the intermediate Seaſons of the Man of Pleaſure, are more heavy than one would impoſe upon the vileſt Criminal. Take him when he is awaked too ſoon after a Debauch, or diſappointed in following a worthleſs Woman without Truth, and there is no Man living whoſe Being is ſuch a Weight or Vexation as his is. He is an utter Stranger to the pleaſing Reflexions in the Evening of a well-ſpent Day, or the Gladneſs of Heart or Quickneſs of Spirit in the Morning after profound Sleep or indolent Slumbers. He is not to be at Eaſe any longer than he can keep Reaſon and good Senſe without his Curtains; otherwiſe he will be haunted with the Reflection, that he could not believe ſuch a one the Women that upon Tryal he found her. What has he got by his Conqueſt, but to think meanly of her for whom a Day or two before he had the higheſt Honour? and of himſelf for, perhaps, wronging the Man whom of all Men living he himſelf would leaſt willingly have injured?

PLEASURE ſeizes the whole Man who addicts himſelf to it, and will not give him Leiſure for any good Office in Life which contradicts the Gaiety of the preſent Hour. You may indeed obſerve in People of Pleaſure a certain Complacency and Abſence of all Severity, which the Habit of a looſe unconcerned Life gives them; but tell the Man of Pleaſure your ſecret Wants, Cares, or Sorrows, and you will find he has given up the Delicacy of his Paſſions to the Cravings of his Appetites. He little knows the perfect Joy he loſes, for the diſappointing Gratifications which he purſues. He looks at Pleaſure as ſhe approaches, and comes to you with the Recommendation of warm Wiſhes, gay Looks, and graceful Motion; but he does not obſerve how ſhe leaves his Preſence with Diſorder, Impotence, downcaſt Shame, and conſcious Imperfection. She makes our Youth inglorious, our Age ſhameful.

WILL. HONEYCOMB gives us twenty Intimations in an Evening of ſeveral Hags whoſe Bloom was given up to his Arms; and would raiſe a Value to himſelf for having had, as the Phraſe is, very good Women. WILL's good Women

Women are the Comfort of his Heart, and ſupport him, I warrant, by the Memory of paſt Interviews with Perſons of their Condition. No, there is not in the World an Occaſion wherein Vice makes ſo phantaſtical a Figure, as at the Meeting of two old People who have been Partners in unwarrantable Pleaſure. To tell a toothleſs old Lady that ſhe once had a good Set, or a defunct Wencher that he once was the admired Thing of the Town, are Satyrs inſtead of Applauſes; but on the other Side, conſider the old Age of thoſe who have paſſed their Days in Labour, Induſtry, and Virtue, their Decays make them but appear the more venerable, and the Imperfections of their Bodies are beheld as a Misfortune to humane Society that their Make is ſo little durable.

BUT to return more directly to my Man of Wit and Pleaſure. In all Orders of Men where-ever this is the chief Character, the Perſon who wears it is a negligent Friend, Father, and Husband, and intails Poverty on his unhappy Deſcendants. Mortgages, Diſeaſes, and Settlements are the Legacies a Man of Wit and Pleaſure leaves to his Family. All the poor Rogues that make ſuch lamentable Speeches after every Seſſions at *Tyburn*, were, in their Way, Men of Wit and Pleaſure before they fell into the Adventures which brought them thither.

IRRESOLUTION and Procraſtination in all a Man's Affairs, are the natural Effects of being addicted to Pleaſure: Diſhonour to the Gentleman and Bankrupcy to the Trader, are the Portion of either whoſe chief Purpoſe of Life is Delight. The chief Cauſe that this Purſuit has been in all Ages received with ſo much Quarter from the ſoberer Part of Mankind, has been that ſome Men of great Talents have ſacrificed themſelves to it: The ſhining Qualities of ſuch People have given a Beauty to whatever they were engaged in, and a Mixture of Wit has recommended Madneſs. For let any Man who knows what it is to have paſſed much Time in a Series of Jollity, Mirth, Wit, or humourous Entertainments, look back at what he was all that while a doing, and he will find that he has been at one Inſtant ſharp to ſome Man he is ſorry to have offended, impertinent to ſome one it was Cruelty to treat with ſuch Freedom, ungracefully noiſie at ſuch a Time, unskilfully open at ſuch a Time, unmercifully calumnious at ſuch

a Time; and from the whole Course of his applauded Satisfactions, unable in the End to recollect any Circumstance which can add to the Enjoyment of his own Mind alone, or which he would put his Character upon with other Men. Thus it is with those who are best made for becoming Pleasures; but how monstrous is it in the Generality of Mankind who pretend this Way, without Genius or Inclination towards it? The Scene then is wild to an Extravagance; this is as if Fools should mimick Madmen: Pleasure of this Kind is the intemperate Meals and loud Jollities of the common Rate of Country Gentlemen, whose Practice and Way of Enjoyment is to put an End as fast as they can to that little Particle of Reason they have when they are sober: These Men of Wit and Pleasure dispatch their Senses as fast as possible, by drinking till they cannot taste, smoaking till they cannot see, and roaring 'till they cannot hear. T

N° 151. *Friday, August* 24.

Ὁιήδη φύλλων γενεὴ τοιήδε καὶ ἄνδρων. Hom:

THERE is no sort of People whose Conversation is so pleasant as that of military Men, who derive their Courage and Magnanimity from Thought and Reflection. The many Adventures which attend their Way of Life makes their Conversation so full of Incidents, and gives them so frank an Air in speaking of what they have been Witnesses of, that no Company can be more amiable than that of Men of Sense who are Soldiers. There is a certain irregular Way in their Narrations or Discourse, which has something more warm and pleasing than we meet with among Men, who are used to adjust and methodize their Thoughts.

I was this Evening walking in the Fields with my Friend Captain SENTRY, and I could not, from the many Relations which I drew him into of what passed when he was in the Service, forbear expressing my Wonder, that the Fear of Death, which we, the rest of Mankind, arm our selves

ſelves againſt with ſo much Contemplation, Reaſon and Philoſophy, ſhould appear ſo little in Camps, that common Men march into open Breaches, meet oppoſite Battallions, not only without Reluctance but with Alacrity. My Friend anſwered what I ſaid in the following Manner: 'What you wonder at may very naturally be the Subject 'of Admiration to all who are not converſant in Camps; 'but when a Man has ſpent ſome time in that Way of 'Life, he obſerves a certain Mechanick Courage which the 'ordinary Race of Men become Maſters of from acting al-'ways in a Crowd: They ſee indeed many drop, but then 'they ſee many more alive; they obſerve themſelves eſcape 'very narrowly, and they do not know why they ſhould 'not again. Beſides which general way of looſe thinking, 'they uſually ſpend the other Part of their Time in Plea-'ſures, upon which their Minds are ſo entirely bent, that 'ſhort Labours or Dangers are but a cheap Purchaſe of 'Jollity, Triumph, Victory, freſh Quarters, new Scenes, 'and uncommon Adventures. Such are the Thoughts of 'the Executive Part of an Army, and indeed of the Groſs 'of Mankind in general; but none of theſe Men of Me-'chanical Courage have ever made any great Figure in the 'Profeſſion of Arms. Thoſe who are formed for Com-'mand, are ſuch as have reaſoned themſelves, out of a 'Conſideration of greater Good than Length of Days, in-'to ſuch a Negligence of their Being, as to make it their 'firſt Poſition, That it is one day to be reſigned; and ſince 'it is, in the Proſecution of worthy Actions and Service 'of Mankind they can put it to habitual Hazard. The 'Event of our Deſigns, ſay they, as it relates to others, is 'uncertain; but as it relates to our ſelves it muſt be pro-'ſperous, while we are in the Purſuit of our Duty, and 'within the Terms upon which Providence has enſured 'our Happineſs, whether we die or live. All that Nature 'has preſcribed muſt be good; and as Death is natural to 'us, it is Abſurdity to fear it. Fear loſes its Purpoſe when 'we are ſure it cannot preſerve us, and we ſhould draw 'Reſolution to meet it from the Impoſſibility to eſcape it. 'Without a Reſignation to the Neceſſity of dying, there can 'be no Capacity in Man to attempt any thing that is glori-'ous; but when they have once attained to that Perfection, 'the Pleaſures of a Life ſpent in Martial Adventures, are as

great as any of which the human Mind is capaple. The Force of Reaſon gives a certain Beauty, mixed with the Conſcience of Well-doing and Thirſt of Glory, to all which before was terrible and ghaſtly to the Imagination. Add to this, that the Fellowſhip of Danger, the common Good of Mankind, the general Cauſe, and the manifeſt Virtue you may obſerve in ſo many Men, who made no Figure 'till that Day, are ſo many Incentives to deſtroy the little Conſideration of their own Perſons. Such are the Heroick Part of Soldiers who are qualified for Leaders: As to the reſt whom I before ſpoke of, I know not how it is, but they arrive at a certain Habit of being void of Thought, inſomuch that on Occaſion of the moſt imminent Danger they are ſtill in the ſame Indifference. Nay I remember an Inſtance of a gay *French-man* who was led on in Battel by a ſuperior Officier, (whoſe Conduct it was his Cuſtom to ſpeak of always with Contempt and Raillery) and in the Beginning of the Action received a Wound he was ſenſible was mortal; his Reflection upon this Occaſion was, *I wiſh I could live another Hour, to ſee how this blundering Coxcomb will get clear of this Buſineſs.*

'I remember two young Fellows who rid in the ſame Squadron of a Troop of Horſe, who were ever together; they eat, they drank, they intreagued; in a Word, all their Paſſions and Affections ſeemed to tend the ſame Way, and they appeared ſerviceable to each other in them. We were in the Duſk of the Evening to march over a River, and the Troop theſe Gentlemen belonged to were to be tranſported in a Ferry-boat as faſt as they could. One of the Friends was now in the Boat, while the other was drawn up with others by the Water-ſide waiting the Return of the Boat. A Diſorder happened in the Paſſage by an unruly Horſe; and a Gentleman who had the Rein of his Horſe negligently under his Arm, was forced into the Water by his Horſe's jumping over. The Friend on the Shore cry'd out, Who's that is drowned trow? He was immediately anſwered, your Friend *Harry Thompſon*. He very gravely reply'd, *Ay, he had a mad Horſe.* This ſhort Epitaph from ſuch a Familiar without more Words, gave me, at that Time under Twenty, a very moderate Opinion of the Friendſhip of Companions. Thus is Af-

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'fection and every other Motive of Life in the Generality, 'rooted out by the preſent buſie Scene about them: They 'lament no Man whoſe Capacity can be ſupplied by ano-'ther; and where Men converſe without Delicacy, the 'next Man you meet will ſerve as well as he whom you 'have lived with half your Life. To ſuch the Devaſtation 'of Countries the Miſery of Inhabitants, the Cries of the 'Pillaged, and the ſilent Sorrow of the great Unfortunate, 'are ordinary Objects; their Minds are bent upon the little 'Gratifications of their own Senſes and Appetites, forget-'ful of Compaſſion, inſenſible of Glory, avoiding only 'Shame; their whole Heart's taken up with the trivial 'Hope of meeting and being merry. Theſe are the Peo-'ple who make up the Groſs of the Soldiery: But the fine 'Gentleman in that Band of Men, is ſuch a One as I have 'now in my Eye, who is foremoſt in all Danger to which 'he is ordered. His Officers are his Friends and Compa-'nions, as they are Men of Honour and Gentlemen; the 'private Men his Brethren, as they are of his Species. 'He is beloved of all that behold him: They wiſh him in 'Danger as he views their Ranks, that they may have Oc-'caſions to ſave him at their own Hazard. Mutual Love 'is the Order of the Files where he commands; every Man 'afraid for himſelf and his Neighbour, not leſt their Com-'mander ſhould puniſh them, but leſt he ſhould be offend-'ed. Such is his Regiment who knows Mankind, and 'feels their Diſtreſſes ſo far as to prevent them. Juſt in 'diſtributing what is their Due, he would think himſelf 'below their Taylor to wear a Snip of their Cloaths in 'Lace upon his own; and below the moſt rapacious Agent, 'ſhould he enjoy a Farthing above his own Pay. Go on, 'brave Man, immortal Glory is thy Fortune, and immor-'tal Happineſs thy Reward. T

Saturday,

Nº 153. *Saturday, Auguſt* 25.

Habet natura ut aliarum omnium rerum ſic vivendi modum; ſenectas autem peractio Ætatis eſt tanquam Fabulæ. Cujus defatigationem fugere debemus, præſertim adjuncta Satietate.
Tull. De Senec.

OF all the impertinent Wiſhes which we hear expreſſed in Converſation, there is not one more unworthy a Gentleman or a Man of liberal Education, than that of wiſhing one's ſelf younger. I have obſerved this Wiſh is uſually made upon Sight of ſome Object which gives the Idea of a paſt Action, that it is no Diſhonour to us that we cannot now repeat; or elſe on what was in it ſelf ſhameful when we performed it. It is a certain Sign of a fooliſh or a diſſolute Mind if we want our Youth again only for the Strength of Bones and Sinews which we once were Maſters of. It is (as my Author has it) as abſurd in an old Man to wiſh for the Strength of a Youth as it would be in a young Man to wiſh for the Strength of a Bull or a Horſe. Theſe Wiſhes are both equally out of Nature, which ſhould direct in all things that are not contradictory to Juſtice, Law and Reaſon. But tho' every old Man has been a Young, and every young one hopes to be old, there ſeems to be a moſt unnatural Miſunderſtanding between thoſe two Stages of Life. This unhappy Want of Commerce ariſes from the inſolent Arrogance or Exultation in Youth, and the irrational Deſpondence or Self-pity in Age. A young Man whoſe Paſſion and Ambition is to be good and wiſe, and an old one who has no Inclination to be lewd or debauched, are quite unconcerned in this Speculation; but the Cocking young Fellow who treads upon the Toes of his Elders, and the old Fool who envies the ſawcy Pride he ſees him in, are the Objects of our preſent Contempt and Deriſion. Contempt and Deriſion are harſh Words; but in what manner can one give Advice to a Youth in the Purſuit and Poſſeſſion of ſenſual Pleaſures, or afford Pity to an old Man in the impotence and deſire of Enjoy-

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ing them? When young Men in publick Places betray in their Deportment an abandoned Reſignation to their Appetites, they give to ſober Minds a Proſpect of a deſpicable Age, which, if not interrupted by Death in the midſt of their Follies, muſt certainly come. When an old Man bewails the Loſs of ſuch Gratifications which are paſſed, he diſcovers a monſtrous Inclination to that which is not in the Courſe of Providence to recall. The State of an old Man, who is diſſatisfy'd merely for his being ſuch, is the moſt out of all Meaſures of Reaſon and good Senſe of any Being we have any Account of from the higheſt Angel to the loweſt Worm. How miſerable is the Contemplation to conſider a libidinous old Man (while all Created things, beſides himſelf and Devils, are following the order of Providence) fretting at the Courſe of things, and being almoſt the ſole Malecontent in the Creation. But let us a little reflect upon what he has loſt by the number of Years: The Paſſions which he had in Youth are not to be obeyed as they were then, but Reaſon is more powerful now without the Diſturbance of them. An old Gentleman t'other day in Diſcourſe with a Friend of his (reflecting upon ſome Adventures they had in Youth together) cry'd out, *Oh Jack thoſe were happy Days! That is True*, replyed his Friend, *but methinks we go about our buſineſs more quietly than we did then*. One would think it ſhould be no ſmall Satisfaction to have gone ſo far in our Journey that the Heat of the Day is over with us. When Life it ſelf is a Feaver, as it is in licentious Youth, the Pleaſures of it are no other than the Dreams of a Man in that Diſtemper; and it is as abſurd to wiſh the Return of that Seaſon of Life, as for a Man in Health to be ſorry for the Loſs of gilded Palaces, fairy Walks, and flowery Paſtures, with which he remembers he was entertained in the troubled Slumbers of a Fit of Sickneſs.

AS to all the rational and worthy Pleaſures of our Being, the Conſcience of a good Fame, the Contemplation of another Life, the Reſpect and Commerce of honeſt Men, our Capacities for ſuch Enjoyments are enlarged by Years. While Health endures, the latter Part of Life, in the Eye of Reaſon, is certainly the more eligible. The Memory of a well-ſpent Youth gives a peaceable, unmixed, and elegant Pleaſure to the Mind; and to ſuch who are ſo unfortunate

tunate as not to be able to look back on Youth with Satisfaction, they may give themſelves no little Conſolation that they are under no Temptation to repeat their Follies, and that they at preſent deſpiſe them. It was prettily ſaid, 'He 'that would be long an old Man, muſt begin early to be 'one: It is too late to reſign a thing after a Man is robbed of it; therefore it is neceſſary that before the Arrival of Age we bid adieu to the Purſuits of Youth, otherwiſe ſenſual Habits will live in our Imaginations when our Limbs cannot be ſubſervient to them. The poor Fellow who loſt his Arm laſt Siege will tell you, he feels the Fingers that are buried in *Flanders* ake every cold Morning at *Chelſea*.

THE fond Humour of appearing in the gay and faſhionable World, and being applauded for trivial Excellencies, is what makes Youth have Age in Contempt, and makes Age reſign with ſo ill a Grace the Qualifications of Youth: But this in both Sexes is inverting all things, and turning the natural Courſe of our Minds, which ſhould build their Approbations and Diſlikes upon what Nature and Reaſon dictate, into Chimera and Confuſion.

AGE in a virtuous Perſon, of either Sex, carries in it an Authority which makes it preferrable to all the Pleaſures of Youth. If to be ſaluted, attended, and conſulted with Deference, are Inſtances of Pleaſure, they are ſuch as never fail a virtuous old Age. In the Enumeration of the Imperfections and Advantages of the younger and later Years of Man, they are ſo near in their Condition that, methinks, it ſhould be incredible we ſee ſo little Commerce of Kindneſs between them. If we conſider Youth and Age with *Tully*, regarding the Affinity to Death, Youth has many more Chances to be near it than Age; what Youth can ſay more than an old Man, 'He ſhall live 'till Night? Youth catches Diſtempers more eaſily, its Sickneſs is more violent, and its Recovery more doubtful. The Youth indeed hopes for many more Days, ſo cannot the old Man. The Youth's Hopes are ill grounded; for what is more fooliſh than to place any Confidence upon an Uncertainty? But the old Man has not Room ſo much as for Hope; he is ſtill happier than the Youth, he has already enjoyed what the other does but hope for: One wiſhes to live long, the other has lived long. But alas, is there any thing in human Life, the Duration of which can be called long?

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There is nothing which muſt end to be valued for its Continuance. If Hours, Days, Months, and Years paſs away, it is no Matter what Hour, what Day, what Month, or what Year we dye. The Applauſe of a good Actor is due to him at whatever Scene of the Play he makes his Exit. It is thus in the Life of a Man of Senſe, a ſhort Life is ſufficient to manifeſt himſelf a Man of Honour and Virtue; when he ceaſes to be ſuch he has lived too long; and while he is ſuch, it is of no Conſequence to him how long he ſhall be ſo, provided he is ſo to his Life's End. T

N° 154. *Monday, Auguſt* 27.

Nemo repente fuit Turpiſſimus ——— Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU are frequent in the Mention of Matters which 'concern the feminine World, and take upon you 'to be very ſevere againſt Men upon all thoſe Occaſions: But all this while I am afraid you have been very little converſant with Women, or you would know 'the Generality of them are not ſo angry as you imagine 'at the general Vices amongſt us. I am apt to believe '(begging your Pardon) that you are ſtill what I my ſelf 'was once, a queer modeſt Fellow; and therefore, for 'your Information, ſhall give you a ſhort Account of my 'ſelf, and the Reaſons why I was forced to wench, drink, 'play, and do every thing which are neceſſary to the Character of a Man of Wit and Pleaſure, to be well with the 'Ladies.

'YOU are to know then that I was bred a Gentleman, 'and had the finiſhing Part of my Education under a Man 'of great Probity, Wit, and Learning in one of our Univerſities. I will not deny but this made my Behaviour 'and Mein bear in it a Figure of Thought rather than 'Action; and a Man of a quite contrary Character, who 'never thought in his Life, rallied me one Day upon it, 'and ſaid He believ'd I was ſtill a Virgin, There was a 'young Lady of Virtue preſent, and I was not diſpleaſed

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'to favour the Inſinuation: But it had a quite contrary Ef-
'fect from what I expected, I was ever after treated with
'great Coldneſs both by that Lady and all the reſt of my
'Acquaintance. In a very little Time I never came into
'a Room but I could hear a Whiſper, Here comes the
'Maid: A Girl of Humour would on ſome Occaſion ſay,
'Why how do you know more than any of us? An Ex-
'preſſion of that kind was generally followed by a loud
'Laugh: In a Word, for no other Fault in the World
'than that they really thought me as innocent as them-
'ſelves, I became of no Conſequence among them, and
'was received always upon the Foot of a Jeſt. This made
'ſo ſtrong an Impreſſion upon me, that I reſolved to be as
'agreeable as the beſt of the Men who laugh'd at me; but
'I obſerved it was Nonſenſe for me to be Impudent at
'firſt among thoſe who knew me: My Character for Mo-
'deſty was ſo notorious where-ever I had hitherto appear-
'ed, that I reſolved to ſhew my new Face in new Quar-
'ters of the World. My firſt Step I choſe with Judg-
'ment, for I went to *Aſtrop*; and came down among a
'Crowd of Academicks, at one Daſh, the impudenteſt
'Fellow they had ever ſeen in their Lives. Fluſhed with
'this Succeſs, I made Love and was happy. Upon this
'Conqueſt I thought it would be unlike a Gentleman to
'ſtay long with my Miſtreſs, and croſſed the Country to
'*Bury*: I could give you a very good Account of my ſelf
'at that Place alſo. At theſe two ended my firſt Summer
'of Gallantry. The Winter following, you would won-
'der at it, but I relapſed into Modeſty upon coming a-
'mong People of Figure in *London*, yet not ſo much but
'that the Ladies who had formerly laughed at me ſaid,
'Bleſs us! how wonderfully that Gentleman is improved?
'Some Familiarities about the Play-houſes towards the
'End of the enſuing Winter, made me conceive new
'Hopes of Adventures; and inſtead of returning the next
'Summer to *Aſtrop* or *Bury*, I thought my ſelf qualified
'to go to *Epſom*; and followed a young Woman, whoſe
'Relations were jealous of my Place in her Favour, to
'*Scarborough*. I carried my Point, and in my third Year
'aſpired to go to *Tunbridge*, and in the Autumn of the
'ſame Year made my Appearance at *Bath*. I was now
'got into the Way of Talk proper for Ladies, and was run

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'into a vaſt Acquaintance among them, which I always im-
'proved to the *beſt Advantage*. In all this Courſe of Time,
'and ſome Years following, I found a ſober modeſt Man
'was always looked upon by both Sexes as a preciſe un-
'faſhioned Fellow of no Life or Spirit. It was ordinary
'for a Man who had been drunk in good Company, or
'paſſed a Night with a Wench, to ſpeak of it next Day
'before Women for whom he had the greateſt Reſpect.
'He was reproved, perhaps, with a Blow of the Fan or
'an Oh Fie, but the angry Lady ſtill preſerved an apparent
'Approbation in her Countenance: He was called a ſtrange
'wicked Fellow, a ſad Wretch; he ſhrugs his Shoulders,
'ſwears, receives another Blow, ſwears again he did not
'know he ſwore, and all was well. You might often
'ſee Men game in the Preſence of Women, and throw at
'once for more than they were worth, to recommend
'themſelves as Men of Spirit. I found by long Experi-
'ence, that the looſeſt Principles and moſt abandoned Be-
'haviour, carried all before them in Pretenſions to Wo-
'men of Fortune. The Encouragement given to People
'of this Stamp made me ſoon throw off the remaining
'Impreſſions of a ſober Education. In the above-mention-
'ed Places, as well as in Town, I always kept Company
'with thoſe who lived moſt at large; and in due Proceſs
'of Time I was a very pretty Rake among the Men, and
'a very pretty Fellow among the Women. I muſt con-
'feſs I had ſome melancholy Hours upon the Account of
'the Narrowneſs of my Fortune, but my Conſcience at
'the ſame Time gave me the Comfort, that I had quali-
'fied my ſelf for marrying a Fortune.

'WHEN I had lived in this Manner for ſome Time,
'and became thus accompliſhed, I was now in the Twen-
'ty Seventh Year of my Age, and about the Forty Seventh
'of my Conſtitution, my Health and Eſtate waſting very
'faſt; when I happened to fall into the Company of a very
'pretty young Lady in her own Diſpoſal. I entertained the
'Company, as we Men of Gallantry generally do, with
'the many Haps and Diſaſters, Watchings under Windows,
'Eſcapes from jealous Husbands, and ſeveral other Perils.
'The young Thing was wonderfully charmed with one
'that knew the World ſo well and talked ſo fine; with
'*Deſdemona*, all her Lover ſaid affected her; *it was ſtrange,*

'*'twas*

'*twas wond'rous ſtrange.* In a Word, I ſaw the Impreſſion I had made upon her, and with a very little Application the pretty Thing has married me. There is ſo much Charm in her Innocence and Beauty, that I do now as much deteſt the Courſe I have been in for many Years, as ever I did before I entred into it.

'WHAT I intend, Mr. SPECTATOR, by writing all this to you, is, that you would, before you go any further with your Panegyricks on the fair Sex, give them ſome Lectures upon their ſilly Approbations. It is that I am weary of Vice, and that it was not in my natural Way, that I am now ſo far recovered as not to bring this believing dear Creature to Contempt and Poverty for her Generoſity to me. At the ſame Time tell the Youth of good Education of our Sex, that they take too little Care of improving themſelves in little Things: A good Air at entring into a Room, a proper Audacity in expreſſing himſelf with Gayety and Gracefulneſs, would make a young Gentleman of Virtue and Senſe capable of diſcountenancing the ſhallow impudent Rogues that ſhine among the Women.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, I don't doubt but you are a very ſagacious Perſon, but you are ſo great with *Tully* of late, that I fear you will contemn theſe things as Matters of no Conſequence: But believe me, Sir, they are of the higheſt Importance to Humane Life; and if you can do any thing towards opening fair Eyes, you will lay an Obligation upon all your Contemporaries who are Fathers, Husbands, or Brothers to Females.

Your moſt affectionate humble Servant,

T Simon Honeycomb.

Tueſday,

N° 155. *Tuesday, August* 28.

——*He nugæ seria ducunt*
In mala—— Hor.

I Have more than once taken Notice of an indecent Licence taken in Diſcourſe, wherein the Converſation on one Part is involuntary, and the Effect of ſome neceſſary Circumſtance. This happens in travelling together in the ſame hired Coach, ſitting near each other in any publick Aſſembly, or the like. I have upon making Obſervations of this ſort received innumerable Meſſages, from that Part of the fair Sex whoſe Lot in Life it is to be of any Trade or publick Way of Life. They are all to a Woman urgent with me to lay before the World the unhappy Circumſtances they are under, from the unreaſonable Liberty which is taken in their Preſence, to talk on what Subject it is thought fit by every Coxcomb who wants Underſtanding or Breeding. One or two of theſe Complaints I ſhall ſet down.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Keep a Coffee-houſe, and am one of thoſe whom you 'have thought fit to mention as an Idol ſome Time 'ago. I ſuffered a good deal of Raillery upon that Occa'ſion; but ſhall heartily forgive you, who were the Cauſe 'of it, if you will do me Juſtice in another Point. What 'I ask of you, is, to acquaint my Cuſtomers (who are 'otherwiſe very good ones) that I am unavoidably haſped 'in my Bar, and cannot help hearing the improper Diſ'courſes they are pleaſed to entertain me with. They 'ſtrive who ſhall ſay the moſt immodeſt Things in my 'Hearing: At the ſame Time half a Dozen of them loll at 'the Bar ſtaring juſt in my Face, ready to interpret my 'Looks and Geſtures according to their own Imaginations. 'In this paſſive Condition I know not where to caſt my 'Eyes, place my Hands, or what to employ my ſelf in: 'But this Confuſion is to be a Jeſt, and I hear them ſay in

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the End, with an insipid Air of Mirth and Subtlety Let her alone, she knows as well as we for all she looks so. Good Mr. SPECTATOR, persuade Gentlemen that it is out of all Decency: Say it is possible a Woman may be modest, and yet keep a publick House. Be pleased to argue, that in Truth the Affront is the more unpardonable because I am obliged to suffer it, and cannot fly from it. I do assure you, Sir, the Chearfulness of Life which would arise from the honest Gain I have, is utterly lost to me from the endless, flat, impertinent Pleasantries which I hear from Morning to Night. In a Word, it is too much for me to bear; and I desire you to acquaint them, that I will keep Pen and Ink at the Bar, and write down all they say to me, and send it to you for the Press. It is possible when they see how empty what they speak, without the Advantage of an impudent Countenance and Gesture, will appear, they may come to some Sense of themselves, and the Insults they are guilty of towards me. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

The Idol.

THIS Representation is so just, that it is hard to speak of it without an Indignation which perhaps would appear too elevated to such as can be guilty of this inhuman Treatment, where they see they affront a modest, plain, and ingenuous Behaviour. This Correspondent is not the only Sufferer in this kind, for I have long Letters both from the *Royal* and *New Exchange* on the same Subject. They tell me that a young Fop cannot buy a Pair of Gloves, but he is at the same Time straining for some ingenious Ribaldry to say to the young Woman who helps them on. It is no small Addition to the Calamity, that the Rogues buy as hard as the plainest and modestest Customers they have; besides which they loll upon their Counters half an Hour longer than they need, to drive away other Customers, who are to share their Impertinencies with the Milliner, or go to another Shop. Letters from *'Change Alley* are full of the same Evil, and the Girls tell me except I can chace some eminent Merchants from their Shops they shall in a short Time fail. It is very unaccountable, that Men can have

have ſo little Deference to all Mankind who paſs by them, as to bear being ſeen toying by two's and three's at a Time, with no other Purpoſe but to appear gay enough to keep up a light Converſation of common-place Jeſts, to the Injury of her whoſe Credit is certainly hurt by it, tho' their own may be ſtrong enough to bear it. When we come to have exact Accounts of theſe Converſations, it is not to be doubted but that their Diſcourſes will raiſe the uſual Stile of buying and ſelling: Inſtead of the plain down-right lying, and asking and bidding ſo unequally to what they will really give and take, we may hope to have from theſe fine Folks an Exchange of Complements. There muſt certainly be a great deal of pleaſant Difference between the Commerce of Lovers, and that of all other Dealers, who are, in a Kind, Adverſaries. A ſealed Bond or a Bank Note, would be a pretty Gallantry to convey unſeen into the Hands of one whom a Director is charmed with; otherwiſe the City Lotteries are ſtill more unreaſonable than thoſe at the other End of the Town: At the *New Exchange* they are eloquent for want of Caſh, but in the City they ought with Caſh to ſupply their want of Eloquence.

IF one might be ſerious on this prevailing Folly, one might obſerve, that it is a melancholy thing, when the World is mercenary even to the buying and ſelling our very Perſons, that young Women, tho' they have never ſo great Attractions from Nature, are never the nearer being happily diſpoſed of in Marriage; I ſay, it is very hard under this Neceſſity, it ſhall not be poſſible for them to go into a Way of Trade for their Maintenance, but their very Excellencies and perſonal Perfections ſhall be a Diſadvantage to them, and ſubject them to be treated as if they ſtood there to ſell their Perſons to Proſtitution. There can not be a more melancholy Circumſtance to one who has made any Obſervation in the World, than one of theſe erring Creatures expoſed to Bankrupcy. When that happens, none of theſe toying Fools will do any more than any other Man they meet to preſerve her from Infamy, Inſult, and Diſtemper. A Woman is naturally more helpleſs than the other Sex; and a Man of Honour and Senſe ſhould have this in his View in all Manner of Commerce with her. Were this well weighed, Inconſideration, Ribaldry, and Nonſenſe, would not be more natural to entertain

Women

Women with than Men; and it would be as much Impertinence to go into a Shop of one of these young Women without buying, as into that of any other Trader. I shall end this Speculation with a Letter I have received from a pretty Milliner in the City.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have read your Account of Beauties, and was not a little 'surprized to find no Character of my self in it. I 'do assure you I have little else to do but to give Audience 'as I am such. Here are Merchants of no small Consideration, who call in as certainly as they go to *'Change*, to 'say something of my roguish Eye: And here is one who 'makes me once or twice a Week tumble over all my 'Goods, and then owns it was only a Gallantry to see me 'act with these pretty Hands; then lays out three Pence 'in a little Ribbon for his Wrist-bands, and thinks he is a 'Man of great Vivacity. There is an ugly thing not far 'off me, whose Shop is frequented only by People of Business, that is all Day long as busy as possible. Must I 'that am a Beauty be treated with for nothing but my 'Beauty? Be pleased to assign Rates to my kind Glances, 'or make all pay who come to see me, or I shall be undone by my Admirers for want of Customers. *Albacinda*, *Eudosia*, and all the rest would be used just as we are, 'if they were in our Condition; therefore pray consider 'the Distress of us the lower Order of Beauties, and I 'shall be

T *Your oblig'd humble Servant.*

N° 156. *Wednesday, August* 29.

——*Sed tu simul obligasti*
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo —— Hor.

I Do not think any thing could make a pleasanter Entertainment, than the History of the reigning Favourites among the Women from Time to Time about this Town. In such an Account we ought to have a faithfu

Confeſſion of each Lady for what ſhe liked ſuch and ſuch a Man, and he ought to tell us by what particular Action or Dreſs he believed he ſhould be moſt ſucceſsful. As for my Part, I have always made as eaſy a Judgment when a Man dreſſes for the Ladies, as when he is equipped for Hunting or Courſing. The Woman's Man is a Perſon in his Air and Behaviour quite different from the reſt of our Species: His Garb is more looſe and negligent, his Manner more ſoft and indolent; that is to ſay, in both theſe Caſes there is an apparent Endeavour to appear unconcerned and careleſs. In catching Birds the Fowlers have a Method of imitating their Voices to bring them to the Snare; and your Women's Men have always a Similitude of the Creature they hope to betray, in their own Converſation. A Woman's Man is very knowing in all that paſſes from one Family to another, has little pretty Officiouſneſſes, is not at a Loſs what is good for a Cold, and it is not amiſs if he has a Bottle of Spirits in his Pocket in caſe of any ſudden Indiſpoſition.

CURIOSITY having been my prevailing Paſſion, and indeed the ſole Entertainment of my Life, I have ſometimes made it my Buſineſs to examine the Courſe of Intreagues, as well as the Manners and Accompliſhments of ſuch as have been moſt ſucceſsful that Way. In all my Obſervation, I never knew a Man of good Underſtanding a general Favourite; ſome Singularity in his Behaviour, ſome Whim in his Way of Life, and what would have made him ridiculous among the Men, has recommended him to the other Sex. I ſhould be very ſorry to offend a People ſo fortunate as theſe of whom I am ſpeaking; but let any one look over the old Beaux, and he will find the Man of Succeſs was remarkable for quarrelling impertinently for their Sakes, for dreſſing unlike the reſt of the World, or paſſing his Days in an inſipid Aſſiduity about the fair Sex, to gain the Figure he made amongſt them. Add to this that he muſt have the Reputation of being well with other Women, to pleaſe any one Woman of Gallantry; for you are to know, that there is a mighty Ambition among the light Part of the Sex to gain Slaves from the Dominion of others. My Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB ſays it was a common Bite with him, to lay Suſpicions that he was favoured by a Lady's Enemy, that is ſome rival Beauty, to be

be well with herſelf. A little Spite is natural to a great Beauty: and it is ordinary to ſnap up a diſagreeable Fellow leaſt another ſhould have him. That impudent Toad *Bare-face* fares well among all the Ladies he converſes with, for no other Reaſon in the World but that he has the Skill to keep them from Explanation with one another. Did they know there is not one who likes him in her Heart, each would declare her Scorn of him the next Moment; but he is well received by them becauſe it is the Faſhion, and Oppoſition to each other brings them inſenſibly into an Imitation of each other. What adds to him the greateſt Grace is, that the pleaſant Thief, as they call him, is the moſt inconſtant Creature living, has a wonderful deal of Wit and Humour, and never wants ſomething to ſay; beſides all which, he has a moſt ſpiteful dangerous Tongue if you ſhould provoke him.

TO make a Woman's Man, he muſt not be a Man of Senſe or a Fool; the Buſineſs is to entertain, and it is much better to have a Faculty of arguing than a Capacity of judging right. But the pleaſanteſt of all the Womens Equipage are your regular Viſitants; theſe are Volunteers in their Service without Hopes of Pay or Preferment: It is enough that they can lead out from a publick Place, that they are admitted on a publick Day, and can be allowed to paſs away Part of that heavy Load, their Time, in the Company of the Fair. But commend me above all others to thoſe who are known for your Ruiners of Ladies; theſe are the choiceſt Spirits which our Age produces. We have ſeveral of theſe irreſiſtible Gentlemen among us when the Company is in Town. Theſe Fellows are accompliſhed with the Knowledge of the ordinary Occurrences about Court and Town, have that ſort of good Breeding which is excluſive of all Morality, and conſiſts only in being publickly decent, privately diſſolute.

IT is wonderful how far a fond Opinion of herſelf can carry a Woman to make her have the leaſt Regard to a profeſſed known Woman's Man: But as ſcarce one of all the Women who are in the Tour of Gallantries ever hears any thing of what is the common Senſe of ſober Minds, but are entertained with a continual Round of Flatteries, they cannot be Miſtreſſes of themſelves enough to make Arguments for their own Conduct from the Behaviour of theſe

theſe Men to others. It is ſo far otherwiſe, that a general Fame for Falſhood in this kind, is a Recommendation; and the Coxcomb, loaded with the Favours of many others, is received like a Victor that diſdains his Trophies to be a Victim to the preſent Charmer.

IF you ſee a Man more full of Geſture than ordinary in a publick Aſſembly, if loud upon no Occaſion, if negligent of the Company round him, and yet laying wait for deſtroying by that Negligence, you may take it for granted that he has ruined many a fair One. The Woman's Man expreſſes himſelf wholly in that Motion which we call Strutting: An elevated Cheſt, a pinched Hat, a meaſurable Step, and a ſly ſurveying Eye, are the Marks of him. Now and then you ſee a Gentleman with all theſe Accompliſhments; but alas any one of them is enough to undo thouſands: When a Gentleman with ſuch Perfections adds to it ſuitable Learning, there ſhould be publick Warning of his Reſidence in Town, that we may remove our Wives and Daughters. It happens ſometimes that ſuch a fine Man has read all the Miſcellany Poems, a few of our Comedies, and has the Tranſlation of *Ovid*'s Epiſtles by Heart. Oh if it were poſſible that ſuch a one could be as true as he is charming! but that is too much, the Women will ſhare ſuch a dear falſe Man: 'A little Gallantry to hear him Talk one 'would indulge one's ſelf in, let him reckon the Sticks of 'one's Fan, ſay ſomething of the Cupids in it, and then call 'one ſo many ſoft Names which a Man of his Learning has 'at his Fingers-Ends. There ſure is ſome Excuſe for Frailty, 'when attacked by ſuch Force againſt a weak Woman. Such is the Soliloquy of many a Lady one might name, at the Sight of one of theſe who makes it no Iniquity to go on from Day to Day in the Sin of Woman ſlaughter.

IT is certain that People are got into a way of Affection, with a manner of overlooking the moſt ſolid Virtues, and admiring the moſt trivial Excellencies. The Woman is ſo far from expecting to be contemned for being a very injudicious ſilly Animal, that while ſhe can preſerve her Features and her Mein ſhe knows ſhe is ſtill the Object of Deſire; and there is a ſort of ſecret Ambition, from reading frivolous Books, and keeping as frivolous Company, each ſide to be amiable in Imperfection, and arrive at the Characters of the dear Deceiver and the perjured Fair. T

N° 157. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 30.

——*Genius natale comes qui Temperat aſtrum*
Natura Deus Humana Mortalis in unum
Quodque caput—— Hor.

I Am very much at a Loſs to expreſs by any Word that occurs to me in our Language that which is underſtood by *Indoles* in Latin. The natural Diſpoſition to any particular Art, Science, Profeſſion, or Trade, is very much to be conſulted in the Care of Youth, and ſtudied by Men for their own Conduct when they form to themſelves any Scheme of Life. It is wonderfully hard indeed for a Man to judge of his own Capacity impartially; that may look great to me which may appear little to another, and I may be carried by Fondneſs towards my ſelf ſo far, as to attempt things too high for my Talents and Accompliſhments: But it is not methinks ſo very difficult a Matter to make a Judgment of the Abilities of others, eſpecially of thoſe who are in their Infancy. My common-place Book directs me on this Occaſion to mention the Dawning of Greatneſs in *Alexander*, who being aſked in his Youth to contend for a Prize in the Olympick Games, anſwered he would if he had Kings to run againſt him. *Caſſius*, who was one of the Conſpirators againſt *Cæſar*, gave as great a Proof of his Temper, when in his Childhood he ſtruck a Play-fellow, the Son of *Sylla*, for ſaying his Father was Maſter of the *Roman* People. *Scipio* is reported to have anſwered, (when ſome Flatterers at Supper were asking him what the *Romans* ſhould do for a General after his Death) Take *Marius*. *Marius* was then a very Boy, and had given no Inſtances of his Valour; but it was viſible to *Scipio* from the Manners of the Youth, that he had a Soul formed for the Attempt and Execution of great Undertakings. I muſt confeſs I have very often with much Sorrow bewailed the Misfortune of the Children of *Great Britain*, when I conſider the Ignorance and Undiſcerning of the Generality of School-maſters. The boaſted Liberty we talk of is but a mean

mean Reward for the long Servitude, the many Heart Aches and Terrours, to which our Childhood is expoſed in going through a Grammar-School: Many of theſe ſtupid Tyrants exerciſe their Cruelty without any Manner of Diſtinction of the Capacities of Children, or the Intention of Parents in their Behalf. There are many excellent Tempers which are worthy to be nouriſhed and cultivated with all poſſible Diligence and Care, that were never deſigned to be acquainted with *Ariſtotle*, *Tully*, or *Virgil*; and there are as many who have Capacities for underſtanding every Word thoſe great Perſons have writ, and yet were not born to have any Reliſh of their Writings. For want of this common and obvious diſcerning in thoſe who have the Care of Youth, we have ſo many Hundred unaccountable Creatures every Age whipped up into great Scholars, that are for ever near a right Underſtanding, and will never arrive at it. Theſe are the Scandal of Letters, and theſe are generally the Men who are to teach others. The Senſe of Shame and Honour is enough to keep the World it ſelf in Order without Corporal Puniſhment, much more to train the Minds of uncorrupted and innocent Children. It happens, I doubt not, more than once in a Year, that a Lad is chaſtiſed for a Blockhead, when it is good Apprehenſion that makes him incapable of knowing what his Teacher means: A briſk Imagination very often may ſuggeſt an Errour, which a Lad could not have fallen into, if he had been as heavy in conjecturing as his Maſter in explaining: But there is no Mercy even towards a wrong Interpretation of his Meaning, the Sufferings of the Scholar's Body are to rectify the Miſtakes of his Mind.

I am confident that no Boy who will not be allured to Letters without Blows, will ever be brought to any thing with them. A great or good Mind muſt neceſſarily be the worſe for ſuch Indignities; and it is a ſad Change to loſe of its Virtue for the Improvement of its Knowledge. No one who has gone through what they call a great School, but muſt remember to have ſeen Children of excellent and ingenuous Natures, (as has afterwards appeared in their Manhood;) I ſay no Man has paſſed through this Way of Education, but muſt have ſeen an ingenuous Creature expiring with Shame, with pale Looks, beſeeching Sorrow, and ſilent Tears, throw up its honeſt Eyes, and kneel on its

tender Knees to an inexorable Blockhead, to be forgiven the falſe Quantity of a Word in making a Latin Verſe: The Child is puniſhed, and the next Day he commits a like Crime, and ſo a third with the ſame Conſequence. I would fain aſk any reaſonable Man whether this Lad, in the Simplicity of his native Innocence, full of Shame, and capable of any Impreſſion from that Grace of Soul, was not fitter for any Purpoſe in this Life, than after that Spark of Virtue is extinguiſhed in him, tho' he is able to write twenty Verſes in an Evening?

Seneca ſays, after his exalted Way of talking. *As the immortal Gods never learnt any Virtue tho' they are endued with all that is good, ſo there are ſome Men who have ſo natural a Propenſity to what they ſhould follow that they learn it almoſt as ſoon as they hear it.* Plants and Vegetables are cultivated into the Production of finer Fruit than they would yield without that Care; and yet we cannot entertain Hopes of producing a tender conſcious Spirit into Acts of Virtue, without the ſame Methods as is uſed to cut Timber, or give new Shape to a Piece of Stone.

IT is wholly to this dreadful Practice that we may attribute a certain Hardneſs and Ferocity which ſome Men, tho' liberally educated, carry about them in all their Behaviour. To be bred like a Gentleman, and puniſhed like a Malefactor, muſt as we ſee it does, produce that illiberal Saucineſs which we ſee ſometimes in Men of Letters.

THE *Spartan* Boy who ſuffered the Fox (which he had ſtolen and hid under his Coat) to eat into his Bowels, I dare ſay had not half the Wit or Petulance which we learn at great Schools among us: But the glorious Senſe of Honour, or rather Fear of Shame, which he demonſtrated in that Action, was worth all the Learning in the World without it.

IT is methinks a very melancholy Conſideration, that a little Negligence can ſpoil us, but great Induſtry is neceſſary to improve us; the moſt excellent Natures are ſoon depreciated, but evil Tempers are long before they are exalted into good Habits. To help this by Puniſhments, is the ſame thing as killing a Man to cure him of a Diſtemper; when he comes to ſuffer Puniſhment in that one Circumſtance, he is brought below the Exiſtence of a rational Creature, and is in the State of a Brute that moves only by the Admo-

Admonition of Stripes. But ſince this Cuſtom of educating by the Laſh is ſuffered by the Gentry of *Great Britain*, I would prevail only that honeſt heavy Lads may be diſmiſſed from Slavery ſooner than they are at preſent, and not whipped on to their fourteenth or fifteenth Year, whether they expect any Progreſs from them or not. Let the Child's Capacity be forthwith examined, and he ſent to ſome Mechanick Way of Life, without Reſpect to his Birth, if Nature deſigned him for nothing higher; let him go before he has innocently ſuffered, and is debaſed into a Dereliction of Mind for being what it is no Guilt to be, a plain Man. I would not here be ſuppoſed to have ſaid, that our learned Men of either Robe who have been whipped at School, are not ſtill Men of noble and liberal Minds; but I am ſure they had been much more ſo than they are, had they never ſuffered that Infamy.

BUT tho' there is ſo little Care, as I have obſerved, taken, or Obſervation made of the natural Strain of Men, it is no ſmall Comfort to me, as a SPECTATOR, that there is any right Value ſet upon the *bona Indoles* of other Animals; as appears by the following Advertiſement handed about the County of *Lincoln*, and ſubſcribed by *Enos Thomas*, a Perſon whom I have not the Honour to know, but ſuppoſe to be profoundly learned in Horſe-Fleſh.

A Cheſnut Horſe called Cæſar, *bred by* James Darcy, *Eſq; at* Sedbury *near* Richmond *in the County of* York; *his Grandam was his old royal Mare, and got by* Blunderbuſs, *which was got by* Hemſly Turk *and he got by Mr.* Courant's Arabian *which got Mr.* Minſhul's Jewſtrump. *Mr.* Cæſar *ſold him to a Nobleman (coming five Years old, when he had but one Sweat) for three hundred Guineas. A Guinea a Leap and Trial, and a Shilling the Man.*

Enos Thomas.

T

Nº 158. *Friday, Auguſt* 31.

——— *Nos hæc novimus eſſe nihil.* Martial.

OUT of a firm Regard to Impartiality I print theſe Letters, let them make for me or not.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have obſerved through the whole Courſe of your Rhapſodies, (as you once very well called them) you are very induſtrious to overthrow all that many your Superiors who have gone before you have made their Rule of writing. I am now between fifty and ſixty, and had the Honour to be well with the firſt Men of Taſte and Gallantry in the joyous Reign of *Charles* the Second: We then had, I humbly preſume, as good Underſtandings among us as any now can pretend to. As for your ſelf, Mr. SPECTATOR, you ſeem with the utmoſt Arrogance to undermine the very Fundamentals upon which we conducted our ſelves. It is monſtrous to ſet up for a Man of Wit, and yet deny that Honour in a Woman is any thing elſe but Peeviſhneſs, that Inclination is the beſt Rule of Life, or Virtue and Vice any thing elſe but Health and Diſeaſe. We had no more to do but to put a Lady in good Humour, and all we could wiſh followed of Courſe. Then again, your *Tully*, and your Diſcourſes of another Life, are the very Bane of Mirth and good Humour. Prithee don't value thy ſelf on thy Reaſon at that exorbitant Rate, and the Dignity of humane Nature; take my Word for it, a Setting-dog has as good Reaſon as any Man in *England*. Had you (as by your Diurnals one would think you do) ſet up for being in vogue in Town, you ſhould have fallen in with the Bent of Paſſion and Appetite; your Songs had then been in every pretty Mouth in *England*, and your little Diſtichs had been the Maxims of the Fair and the Witty to walk by: But a'as, Sir, what can you hope for from entertaining People with what muſt needs make them like themſelves worſe

'worſe than they did before they read you? Had you made 'it your Buſineſs to deſcribe *Corinna* charming, though in-'conſtant, to find ſomething in humane Nature it ſelf to 'make *Zoilus* excuſe himſelf for being fond of her; and 'to make every Man in good Commerce with his own 'Reflections, you had done ſomething worthy our Ap-'plauſe; but indeed, Sir, we ſhall not commend you for 'diſapproving us. I have a great deal more to ſay to you, 'but I ſhall ſum it up all in this one Remark, In ſhort, Sir, 'you do not write like a Gentleman.

I am, SIR, Your moſt humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE other Day we were ſeveral of us at a Tea-Table, 'and according to Cuſtom and your own Advice 'had the *Spectator* read among us: It was that Paper where-'in you are pleaſed to treat with great Freedom that Cha-'racter which you call a Woman's Man. We gave up all 'the Kinds you have mentioned, except thoſe who, you 'ſay, are our conſtant Viſitants. I was upon the Occaſion 'commiſſioned by the Company to write to you, and tell 'you, That we ſhall not part with the Men we have at 'preſent, 'till the Men of Senſe think fit to relieve them, 'and give us their Company in their Stead. You cannot 'imagine but that we love to hear Reaſon and good Senſe 'better than the Ribaldry we are at preſent entertained 'with; but we muſt have Company, and am ng us very 'inconſiderable is better than none at all. We are made 'for the Cements of Society, and came into the World to 'create Relations among Mankind; and Solitude is an un-'natural Being to us. If the Men of good Underſtanding 'would forget a little of their Severity, they would find 'their Account in it; and their Wiſdom would have a Plea-'ſure in it, to which they are now Strangers. It is natural 'among us, when Men have a true Reliſh of our Com-'pany and our Value, to ſay every thing with a better 'Grace; and there is without deſigning it ſomething Orna-'mental in what Men utter before Women, which is loſt 'or neglected in Converſations of Men only. Give me 'Leave to tell you, Sir, it would do you no great Harm if 'you your ſelf came a little more into our Company; it 'would certainly cure you of a certain poſitive and derer-

'mining Manner in which you talk ſometimes. In hopes 'of your Amendment,

I am, SIR, Your gentle Reader.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR profeſſed Regard to the fair Sex, may per- 'haps make them value your Admonitions when 'they will not thoſe of other Men. I deſire you Sir, to 'repeat ſome Lectures upon Subjects which you have now 'and then in a curſory Manner only juſt touched. I would 'have a *Spectator* wholly writ upon good Breeding; and 'after you have aſſerted that Time and Place are to be ve- 'ry much conſidered in all our Actions, it will be proper 'to dwell upon Behaviour at Church. On *Sunday* laſt a 'grave and reverend Man preached at our Church: There 'was ſomething particular in his Accent, but without any 'Manner of Affectation. This Particularity a Set of Gigglers 'thought the moſt neceſſary thing to be taken Notice of 'in his whole Diſcourſe and made it an Occaſion of Mirth 'during the whole Time of Sermon: You ſhould ſee one 'of them ready to burſt behind a Fan, another pointing to 'a Companion in another Seat, and a fourth with an arch 'Compoſure, as if ſhe would if poſſible ſtifle her Laughter. 'There were many Gentlemen who looked at them ſted- 'faſtly, but this they took for ogling and admiring them: 'There was one of the merry ones in particular that found 'out but juſt then that ſhe had but five Fingers, for ſhe 'fell a reckoning the pretty Pieces of Ivory over and over 'again, to find her ſelf Employment and not laugh out. 'Would it not be expedient, Mr. SPECTATOR, that the 'Church-Warden ſhould hold up his Wand on theſe Occa- 'ſions, and keep the Decency of the Place as a Magiſtrate 'does the Peace in a Tumult elſewhere?

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a Woman's Man, and read with a very fine Lady 'your Paper wherein you fall upon us whom you en- 'vy: What do you think I did? you muſt know ſhe was 'dreſſing, I read the *Spectator* to her, and ſhe laughed at 'the Places where ſhe thought I was touched; I threw a- 'way your Moral, and taking up her Girdle cryed out,

Give me but what this Ribbon bound,
Take all the reſt the Sun goes round.

'SHE ſmiled, Sir, and ſaid you were a Pedant; ſo ſay 'of me what you pleaſe read *Seneca*, and quote him a- 'gainſt me if you think fit.

T *I am, SIR, Your humble Servant.*

N° 159. *Saturday, September* 1.

——Omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat viſus tibi. & humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam—— Virg.

WHEN I was at *Grand Cairo* I picked up ſeveral Oriental Manuſcripts, which I have ſtill by me. Among others I met with one entituled, *The Viſions of Mirza*, which I have read over with great Pleaſure. I intend to give it to the Publick when I have no other Entertainment for them; and ſhall begin with the firſt Viſion, which I have tranſlated Word for Word as follows.

'ON the fifth Day of the Moon, which according 'to the Cuſtom of my Forefathers I always keep 'holy, after having waſhed my ſelf, and offered up my 'Morning Devotions, I aſcended the high Hills of *Bagdat*, 'in order to paſs the reſt of the Day in Meditation and 'Prayer. As I was here airing my ſelf on the Tops of the 'Mountains, I fell into a profound Contemplation on the 'Vanity of humane Life; and paſſing from one Thought 'to another, Surely, ſaid I, Man is but a Shadow and Life 'a Dream. Whilſt I was thus muſing, I caſt my Eyes to- 'wards the Summit of a Rock that was not far from me, 'where I diſcovered one in the Habit of a Shepherd, with 'a Muſical Inſtrument in his Hand. As I looked upon him 'he applied it to his Lips, and began to play upon it. The 'Sound of it was exceeding ſweet, and wrought into a 'Variety of Tunes that were inexpreſſibly melodious, and 'altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. 'They put me in mind of thoſe heavenly Airs that are played 'to the departed Souls of good Men upon their firſt Arri- 'val in Paradiſe, to wear out the Impreſſions of their laſt

'Agonies, and qualifie them for the Pleaſures of that happy Place. My Heart melted away in ſecret Raptures.

'I had been often told that the Rock before me was the Haunt of a Genius; and that ſeveral had been entertained with Muſick who had paſſed by it, but never heard that the Muſician had before made himſelf viſible. When he had raiſed my Thoughts, by thoſe tranſporting Airs which he played to taſte the Pleaſures of his Converſation, as I looked upon him like one aſtoniſhed, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his Hand directed me to approach the Place where he ſat. I drew near with that Reverence which is due to a ſuperior Nature; and as my Heart was entirely ſubdued by the captivating Strains I had heard, I fell down at his Feet and wept. The Genius ſmiled upon me with a Look of Compaſſion and Affability that familiarized him to my Imagination, and at once diſpelled all the Fears and Apprehenſions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the Ground, and taking me by the Hand, *Mirzah*, ſaid he, I have heard thee in thy Soliloquies, follow me.

'HE then lead me to the higheſt Pinnacle of the Rock, and placing me on the Top of it, Caſt thy Eyes Eaſtward, ſaid he, and tell me what thou ſeeſt. I ſee, ſaid I, a huge Valley and a prodigious Tide of Water rolling thro' it. The Valley that thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is the Vale of Miſery, and the Tide of Water that thou ſeeſt is part of the great Tide of Eternity. What is the Reaſon, ſaid I, that the Tide I ſee riſes out of a thick Miſt at one End, and again loſes it ſelf in a thick Miſt at the other? What thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is that Portion of Eternity which is called Time, meaſured out by the Sun, and reaching from the Beginning of the World to its Conſummation. Examine now, ſaid he, this Sea that is thus bounded with Darkneſs at both Ends, and tell me what thou diſcovereſt in it. I ſee a Bridge, ſaid I, ſtanding in the Midſt of the Tide. The Bridge thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is humane Life; conſider it attentively. Upon a more leiſurely Survey of it, I found that it conſiſted of threeſcore and ten entire Arches, with ſeveral broken Arches, which, added to thoſe that were entire, made up the Number about an hundred. As I was counting the Arches, the Genius told me that this Bridge conſiſted at firſt

of

'of a thouſand Arches; but that a great Flood ſwept 'way the reſt, and left the Bridge in the ruinous Con-'dition I now beheld it. But tell me further, ſaid he, 'what thou diſcovereſt on it. I ſee Multitudes of People 'paſſing over it, ſaid I, and a black Cloud hanging on each 'End of it. As I looked more attentively, I ſaw ſeveral 'of the Paſſengers dropping thro' the Bridge, into the great 'Tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further Exa-'mination, perceived there were innumerable Trap-doors 'that lay concealed in the Bridge, which the Paſſengers no 'ſooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the 'Tide and immediately diſappeared. Theſe hidden Pit-falls 'were ſet very thick at the Entrance of the Bridge, ſo that 'Throngs of People no ſooner broke through the Cloud, 'but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner 'towards the middle, but multiplied and lay cloſer toge-'ther towards the End of the Arches that were entire.

'THERE were indeed ſome Perſons, but their Num-'ber was very ſmall, that continued a kind of hobbling 'March on the broken Arches, but fell through one after 'another, being quite tired and ſpent with ſo long a Walk.

'I paſſed ſome Time in the Contemplation of this won-'derful Structure, and the great Variety of Objects which 'it preſented. My Heart was filled with a deep Melan-'choly to ſee ſeveral dropping unexpectedly in the midſt of 'Mirth and Jollity, and catching at every thing that ſtood 'by them to ſave themſelves. Some were looking up to-'wards the Heavens in a thoughtful Poſture, and in the 'Midſt of a Speculation ſtumbled and fell out of Sight. 'Multitudes were very buſy in the Purſuit of Bubbles that 'glittered in their Eyes and danced before them, but often 'when they thought themſelves within the reach of them 'their Footing failed and down they ſunk. In this Confuſi-'on of Objects, I obſerved ſome with Scymetars in their 'Hands, and others with Urinals, who ran to and fro upon 'the Bridge, thruſting ſeveral Perſons on Trap-doors which 'did not ſeem to lie in their Way, and which they might 'have eſcaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

'THE Genius ſeeing me indulge my ſelf in this me-'choly Proſpect, told me I had dwelt long enough up-'on it: Take thine Eyes off the Bridge, ſaid he, and tell 'me if thou ſeeſt any thing thou doſt not comprehend.

'Upon

'Upon looking up, What mean, ſaid I, thoſe great Flights
'of Birds that are perpetually hovering about the Bridge,
'and ſettling upon it from time to time? I ſee Vultures, Har-
'pyes, Ravens, Cormorants; and among many other fea-
'thered Creatures ſeveral little winged Boys, that perch
'in great Numbers upon the middle Arches. Theſe, ſaid
'the Genius, are Envy, Avarice, Superſtition, Deſpair,
'Love, with the like Cares and Paſſions that infeſt humane
'Life.

'I here fetched a deep Sigh, Alas, ſaid I, Man was made
'in vain! How is he given away to Miſery and Mortality!
'tortured in Life, and ſwallowed up in Death! The Geni-
'us being moved with Compaſſion towards me, bid me
'quit ſo uncomfortable a Proſpect. Look no more, ſaid
'he, on Man in the firſt Stage of his Exiſtence, in his ſet-
'ting out for Eternity; but caſt thine Eye on that thick
'Miſt into which the Tide bears the ſeveral Generations of
'Mortals that fall into it. I directed my Sight as I was
'ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius ſtrength-
'ened it with any ſupernatural Force, or diſſipated Part of
'the Miſt that was before too thick for the Eye to pene-
'trate) I ſaw the Valley opening at the further End, and
'ſpreading forth into an immenſe Ocean, that had a huge
'Rock of Adamant running through the Midſt of it, and
'dividing it into two equal Parts. The Clouds ſtill reſted
'on one Half of it, inſomuch that I could diſcover nothing
'in it: but the other appeared to me a vaſt Ocean planted with
'unnumerable Iſlands, that were covered with Fruits and
'Flowers, and interwoven with a thouſand little ſhining
'Seas that ran among them. I could ſee Perſons dreſſed
'in glorious Habits, with Garlands upon their Heads, paſ-
'ſing among the Trees, lying down by the Sides of Foun-
'tains, or reſting on Beds of Flowers; and could hear a
'confuſed Harmony of ſinging Birds, falling Waters, hu-
'mane Voices, and muſical Inſtruments. Gladneſs grew in
'me upon the Diſcovery of ſo delightful a Scene. I wiſh-
'ed for the Wings of an Eagle, that I might fly away to
'thoſe happy Seats; but the Genius told me there was no
'Paſſage to them, except through the Gates of Death that
'I ſaw opening every Moment upon the Bridge. The
'Iſlands, ſaid he, that lie ſo freſh and green before thee, and
'with which the whole Face of the Ocean appears ſpot-
'ted

'ted as far as thou canſt ſee, are more in Number than
'the Sands on the Sea-ſhore; there are Myriads of Iſlands
'behind thoſe which thou here diſcovereſt, reaching fur-
'ther than thine Eye or even thine Imagination can extend
'it ſelf. These are the Manſions of good Men after Death,
'who according to the Degree and Kinds of Virtue in
'which they excelled, are diſtributed among theſe ſeveral
'Iſlands, which abound with Pleaſures of different Kinds
'and Degrees, ſuitable to the Reliſhes and Perfections of
'thoſe who are ſettled in them; every Iſland is a Paradiſe
'accommodated to its reſpective Inhabitants. Are not
'theſe, O *Mirza*, Habitations worth contending for? Does
'Life appear miſerable, that gives thee Opportunities of
'earning ſuch a Reward? Is Death to be feared, that will
'convey thee to ſo happy an Exiſtence? Think not Man
'was made in vain, who has ſuch an Eternity reſerved
'for him. I gazed with inexpreſſible Pleaſure on theſe
'happy Iſlands. At length ſaid I, ſhew me now, I be-
'ſeech thee, the Secrets that lye hid under thoſe dark
'Clouds which cover the Ocean on the other Side of the
'Rock of Adamant. The Genius making me no Anſwer,
'I turned about to addreſs my ſelf to him a ſecond time,
'but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to
'the Viſion which I had been ſo long contemplating, but
'inſtead of the rolling Tide, the arched Bridge, and the
'happy Iſlands, I ſaw nothing but the long hollow Valley
'of *Bagdat*, with Oxen, Sheep, and Camels, grazing up-
'on the Sides of it.

The End of the firſt Viſion of Mirzah. C

N° 160. *Monday, September* 3.

—— Cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna ſonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem. Hor.

THERE is no Character more frequently given to a Writer, than that of being a Genius. I have heard many a little Sonneteer called a *fine Genius*. There is not an Heroick Scribler in the Nation, that has not his Admi-

Admirers who think him a *great Genius*; and as for your Smatterers in Tragedy, there is ſcarce a Man among them who is not cried up by one or other for a *prodigious Genius*.

MY Deſign in this Paper is to conſider what is properly a great Genius, and to throw ſome Thoughts together on ſo uncommon a Subject.

AMONG great Genius's, thoſe few draw the Admiration of all the World upon them, and ſtand up as the Prodigies of Mankind, who by the meer Strength of natural Parts, and without any Aſſiſtance of Art or Learning, have produced Works that were the Delight of their own Times and the Wonder of Poſterity. There appears ſomething nobly wild and extravagant in theſe great natural Genius's, that is infinitely more beautiful than all the Turn and Poliſhing of what the *French* call a *Bel Eſprit*, by which they would expreſs a Genius refined by Converſation, Reflection, and the Reading of the moſt polite Authors. The greateſt Genius which runs through the Arts and Sciences, takes a kind of Tincture from them, and falls unavoidably into Imitation.

MANY of theſe great natural Genius's that were never diſciplined and broken by Rules of Art, are to be found among the Ancients, and in particular among thoſe of the more Eaſtern Parts of the World. *Homer* has innumerable Flights that *Virgil* was not able to reach, and in the Old Teſtament we find ſeveral Paſſages more elevated and ſublime than any in *Homer*. At the ſame Time that we allow a greater and more daring Genius to the Ancients, we muſt own that the greateſt of them very much failed in, or, if you will, that they were much above the Nicety and Correctneſs of the Moderns. In their Similitudes and Alluſions, provided there was a Likeneſs, they did not much trouble themſelves about the Decency of the Compariſon: Thus *Solomon* reſembles the Noſe of his Beloved to the Tower of *Libanon* which looketh toward *Damaſcus*; as the Coming of a Thief in the Night, is a Similitude of the ſame Kind in the New Teſtament. It would be endleſs to make Collections of this Nature: *Homer* illuſtrates one of his Heroes encompaſſed with the Enemy, by an Aſs in a Field of Corn that has his Sides belaboured by all the Boys of the Village without ſtirring a Foot for it; and another of them toſſing to and fro in his Bed and burning with Reſentment,

ſentment, to a Piece of Fleſh broiled on the Coals. This particular Failure in the Ancients, opens a large Field of Raillery to the little Wits, who can laugh at an Indecency but not reliſh the Sublime in theſe Sorts of Writings. The preſent Emperor of *Perſia*, conformable to this Eaſtern way of Thinking, amidſt a great many pompous Titles, denominates himſelf the Sun of Glory and the *Nutmeg of Delight*. In ſhort, to cut off all Cavelling againſt the Ancients, and particularly thoſe of the warmer Climates, who had moſt Heat and Life in their Imaginations, we are to conſider that the Rule of obſerving what the *French* call the *Bienſeance* in an Alluſion, has been found out of latter Years and in the colder Regions of the World; where we would make ſome Amends for our want of Force and Spirit, by a ſcrupulous Nicety and Exactneſs in our Compoſitions. Our Country-man *Shakeſpear* was a remarkable Inſtance of this firſt kind of great Genius's.

I cannot quit this Head without obſerving that *Pindar* was a great Genius of the firſt Claſs, who was hurried on by a natural Fire and Impetuoſity to vaſt Conceptions of things, and noble Sallies of Imagination. At the ſame time, can any thing be more ridiculous than for Men of a ſober and moderate Fancy to imitate this Poet's Way of Writing in thoſe monſtrous Compoſitions which go among us under the Name of Pindaricks? When I ſee People copying Works, which, as *Horace* has repreſented them, are ſingular in their Kind and inimitable; when I ſee Men following Irregularities by Rule, and by the little Tricks of Art ſtraining after the moſt unbounded Flights of Nature, I cannot but apply to them that Paſſage in *Terence*.

—— incerta hæc ſi tu poſtules
Ratione certa facere nihilo plus agas,
Quàm ſi des operam, ut cum ratione inſanias.

IN ſhort, a modern pindarick Writer compared with *Pindar*, is like a Siſter among the *Camiſars* compared with *Virgil*'s Sybil: There is the Diſtortion, Grimace, and outward Figure, but nothing of that divine Impulſe which raiſes the Mind above it ſelf, and makes the Sounds more than humane.

THERE is another kind of Great Genius's which I ſhall place in a ſecond Claſs, not as I think them inferior to the firſt,

firſt, but only for Diſtinction's ſake as they are of a different kind. This ſecond Claſs of great Genius's are thoſe that have formed themſelves by Rules, and ſubmitted the Greatneſs of their natural Talents to the Corrections and Reſtraints of Art. Such among the *Greeks* were *Plato* and *Ariſtotle*, among the *Romans Virgil* and *Tully*, among the *Engliſh Milton* and Sir *Francis Bacon*.

THE Genius in both theſe Claſſes of Authors may be equally great, but ſhews it ſelf after a different Manner. In the firſt it is like a rich Soil in a happy Climate, that produces a whole Wilderneſs of noble Plants riſing in a thouſand beautiful Landskips without any certain Order or Regularity. In the other it is the ſame rich Soil under the ſame happy Climate, that has been laid out in Walks and Parterres, and cut into Shape and Beauty by the Skill of the Gardener.

THE great Danger in theſe latter kind of Genius's, is, leaſt they cramp their own Abilities too much by Imitation, and form themſelves altogether upon Models, without giving the full Play to their own natural Parts. An Imitation of the beſt Authors is not to compare with a good Original; and I believe we may obſerve that very few Writers make an extraordinary Figure in the World, who have not ſomething in their Way of thinking or expreſſing themſelves that is peculiar to them and entirely their own.

IT is odd to conſider what great Genius's are ſometimes thrown away upon Trifles.

I once ſaw a Shepherd, ſays a famous *Italian* Author, who uſed to divert himſelf in his Solitudes with toſſing up Eggs and catching them again without breaking them: In which he had arrived to ſo great a Degree of Perfection, that he would keep up four at a Time for ſeveral Minutes together playing in the Air, and falling into his Hand by Turns. I think, ſays the Author, I never ſaw a greater Severity than in this Man's Face; for by his wonderful Perſeverance and Application, he had contracted the Seriouſneſs and Gravity of a Privy-Councellor; and I could not but reflect with my ſelf, that the ſame Aſſiduity and Attention, had they been rightly applied, might have made him a greater Mathematician than *Archimedes*. C

Nº 161. *Tueſday, September* 4.

Ipſe dies agitat feſtos: Fuſuſque per herbam,
Ignis ubi in medio & Sorii cratera coronant,
Te libans Lenae vocat: pecoriſque magiſtris
Velocis Jaculi certamina ponit in ulmo,
Corporaque agreſti nudat praedura Palaeſtra.
Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,
Hanc Remus & Frater: Sic fortis Etruria crevit,
Scilicet & rerum facta eſt pulcherrima Roma. Virg. G. 2.

I Am glad that my late going into the Country has encreaſed the Number of my Correſpondents, one of whom ſends me the following Letter.

SIR,

'THOUGH you are pleaſed to retire from us ſo ſoon 'into the City, I hope you will not think the Affairs of the Country altogether unworthy of your Inſpection for the Future. I had the Honour of ſeeing 'your ſhort Face at Sir ROGER DE COVERLY'S and 'have ever ſince thought your Perſon and Writings both 'extraordinary. Had you ſtayed there a few Days longer 'you would have ſeen a Country *Wake*, which you know 'in moſt Parts of *England* is the *Eve-Feaſt of the Dedication of our Churches*. I was laſt Week at one of theſe Aſſemblies, which was held in a neighbouring Pariſh; where I 'found their *Green* covered with a promiſcuous Multitude 'of all Ages and both Sexes, who eſteem one another 'more or leſs the following Part of the Year according as 'they diſtinguiſh themſelves at this Time. The whole 'Company were in their Holy-day Cloaths, and divided 'into ſeveral Parties, all of them endeavouring to ſhew 'themſelves in thoſe Exerciſes wherein they excelled, and 'to gain the Approbation of the Lookers on.

'I found a Ring of Cudgel-Players, who were breaking 'one another's Heads in order to make ſome Impreſſion 'on their Miſtreſſes Hearts. I obſerved a luſty young Fel-

'low

low who had the Misfortune of a broken Pate; but what conſiderably added to the Anguiſh of the Wound, was his over-hearing an old Man, who ſhook his Head and ſaid, *That he queſtioned now if black* Kate *would marry him theſe three Years.* I was diverted from a further Obſervation of theſe Combatants, by a Foot-ball Match which was on the other Side of the *Green*; where *Tom. Short* behaved himſelf ſo well that moſt People ſeemed to agree *it was impoſſible that he ſhould remain a Batchelor till the next Wake.* Having played many a Match my ſelf, I could have looked longer on this Sport, had I not obſerved a Country Girl who was poſted on an Eminence at ſome Diſtance from me, and was making ſo many odd Grimaces, and writhing and diſtorting her whole Body in ſo ſtrange a Manner, as made me very deſirous to know the Meaning of it. Upon my coming up to her, I found that ſhe was over-looking a Ring of Wreſtlers, and that her Sweet heart, a Perſon of ſmall Stature, was contending with an huge brawny Fellow, who twirled him about, and ſhook the little Man ſo violently, that by a ſecret Sympathy of Hearts it produced all thoſe Agitations in the Perſon of his Miſtreſs, who I dare ſay, like *Cælia* in *Shakeſpear* on the ſame Occaſion, could have *wiſhed her ſelf inviſible to catch the ſtrong Fellow by the Leg.* The Squire of the Pariſh treats the whole Company every Year with a Hogſhead of Ale; and propoſes a *Beaver Hat* as a Recompence to him who gives moſt *Falls.* This has raiſed ſuch a Spirit of Emulation in the Youth of the Place, that ſome of them have rendered themſelves very expert at this Exerciſe; and I was often ſurpriſed to ſee a Fellow's Heels fly up, by a Trip which was given him ſo ſmartly that I could ſcarce diſcern it. I found that the old Wreſtlers ſeldom entered the Ring, till ſome one was grown formidable by having thrown two or three of his Opponents; but kept themſelves as it were in a reſerved Body to defend the *Hat*, which is always hung up by the Perſon who gets it in one of the moſt conſpicuous Parts of the Houſe, and looked upon by the whole Family as ſomething redounding much more to their Honour than a Coat of Arms. There was a Fellow who was ſo buſie in regulating all the Ceremonies, and ſeemed to carry ſuch an Air of Importance in

his

'his Looks, that I could not help inquiring who he was; 'and was immediately anſwered, *That he did not value 'himſelf upon nothing, for that he and his Anceſtors had won 'ſo many Hats, that his Parlour looked like a Haberdaſher's 'Shop*: However this Thirſt of Glory in them all, was the 'Reaſon that no one Man ſtood *Lord of the Ring* for above 'three *Falls* while I was amongſt them.

'THE young Maids, who were not Lookers on at 'theſe Exerciſes, were themſelves engaged in ſome Diver-'ſion; and upon my asking a Farmer's Son of my own 'Pariſh what he was gazing at with ſo much Attention, 'he told me, *That he was ſeeing* Betty Welch, whom I 'knew to be his Sweet-heart, *pitch a Bar.*

'IN ſhort, I found the Men endeavoured to ſhew the 'Women they were no Cowards, and that the whole 'Company ſtrived to recommend themſelves to each o-'ther, by making it appear that they were all in a perfect 'State of Health, and fit to undergo any Fatigues of bodi-'ly Labour.

'YOUR Judgment upon this Method of *Love* and *Gal-'lantry*, as it is at preſent practiſed amongſt us in the Coun-'try, will very much oblige,

SIR, *Yours*, &c.

IF I would here put on the Scholar and Politician, I might inform my Readers how theſe bodily Exerciſes or Games were formerly encouraged in all the Common-wealths of *Greece*; from whence the *Romans* afterwards borrowed their *Pentathlum*, which was compoſed of *Running*, *Wreſtling*, *Leaping*, *Throwing*, and *Boxing*, tho' the Prizes were generally nothing but a Crown of Cypreſs or Parſley, Hats not being in faſhion in thoſe Days: That there is an old Statute, which obliges every Man in *England*, having ſuch an Eſtate, to keep and exerciſe the long Bow; by which Means our Anceſtors excelled all other Nations in the Uſe of that Weapon, and we had all the real Advantages, without the Inconvenience of a ſtanding Army: And that I once met with a Book of Projects, in which the Author conſidering to what noble Ends that Spi-rit of Emulation which ſo remarkably ſhews it ſelf among our common People in theſe Wakes, might be directed, propoſes that for the Improvement of all our handicraft Trades

Trades there ſhould be annual Prizes ſet up for ſuch Perſons as were moſt excellent in their ſeveral Arts. But laying aſide all theſe political Conſiderations, which might tempt me to paſs the Limits of my Paper, I confeſs the greateſt Benefit and Convenience that I can obſerve in theſe Country Feſtivals, is the bringing young People together, and giving them an Opportunity of ſhewing themſelves in the moſt advantagious Light. A Country Fellow that throws his Rival upon his Back, has generally as good Succeſs with their common Miſtreſs; as nothing is more uſual than for a nimble-footed Wench to get a Husband at the ſame Time ſhe wins a Smock. Love and Marriages are the natural Effects of theſe anniverſary Aſſemblies. I muſt therefore very much approve the Method by which my Correſpondent tells me each Sex endeavours to recommend it ſelf to the other ſince nothing ſeems more likely to promiſe a healthy Offspring or a happy Cohabitation. And I believe I may aſſure my Country Friend, that there has been many a Court Lady who would be contented to exchange her crazy young Husband for *Tom. Short*, and ſeveral Men of Quality who would have parted with a tender Yoke-fellow for *Black Kate*.

I am the more pleaſed with having *Love* made the principal End and Deſign of theſe Meetings, as it ſeems to be moſt agreeable to the Intent for which they were at firſt inſtituted, as we are informed by the learned Dr. *Kennet*, with whoſe Words I ſhall conclude my preſent Paper.

THESE Wakes, ſays he, *were in Imitation of the ancient ἀγάπαι or Love-feaſts; and were firſt eſtabliſhed in* England *by Pope* Gregory *the Great, who in an Epiſtle to* Melitus *the Abbot, gave* Order *that they ſhould be kept in Sheds or Arbories made up with Branches and Boughs of Trees round the Church.*

HE adds, *That this laudable Cuſtom of Wakes prevailed for many Ages till the nice Puritans began to exclaim againſt it as a Remnant of Poperty; and by Degrees the preciſe Humour grew ſo popular, that at an* Exeter *Aſſiſes the Lord Chief Baron* Walter *made an Order for the Suppreſſion of all Wakes; but on Biſhop* Laud's *complaining of this innovating Humour, the King commanded the Order to be reverſed.* X

Wedneſday,

Nº 162. *Wedneſday, September 5.*

——*Servetur ad imum*
Qualis ab incæpto proceſſerit, & ſibi conſtet. Hor.

NOTHING that is not a real Crime makes a Man appear ſo contemptible and little in the Eyes of the World as Inconſtancy, eſpecially when it regards Religion or Party. In either of theſe Caſes, tho' a Man perhaps does but his Duty in changing his Side, he not only makes himſelf hated by thoſe he left, but is ſeldom heartily eſteemed by thoſe he comes over to.

IN theſe great Articles of Life therefore a Man's Conviction ought to be very ſtrong, and if poſſible ſo well timed that worldly Advantages may ſeem to have no Share in it, or Mankind will be ill-natured enough to think he does not change ſides out of Principle, but either out of Levity of Temper or Proſpects of Intereſt. Converts and Renegadoes of all kinds ſhould take particular Care to let the World ſee they act upon honourable Motives; or whatever Approbations they may receive from themſelves, and Applauſes from thoſe they converſe with, they may be very well aſſured that they are the Scorn of all good Men, and the publick Marks of Infamy and Deriſion.

IRRESOLUTION on the Schemes of Life which offer themſelves to our Choice, and Inconſtancy in purſuing them, are the greateſt and moſt univerſal Cauſes of all our Diſquiet and Unhappineſs. When Ambition pulls one Way, Intereſt another, Inclination a third, and perhaps Reaſon contrary to all, a Man is likely to paſs his Time but ill who has ſo many different Parties to pleaſe. When the Mind hovers among ſuch a Variety of Allurements, one had better ſettle on a Way of Life that is not the very beſt we might have choſen, than grow old without determining our Choice, and go out of the World, as the greateſt Part of Mankind do, before we have reſolved how to live in it. There is but one Method of ſetting our ſelves at Reſt in this Particular, and that is by adhering ſtedfaſtly to one great

great End as the chief and ultimate Aim of all our Purſuits. If we are firmly reſoved to live up to the Dictates of Reaſon, without any Regard to Wealth, Reputation, or the like Conſiderations, any more than as they fall in with our principal Deſign, we may go through Life with Steadineſs and Pleaſure; but if we act by ſeveral broken Views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a Value ſet upon it by the World, we ſhall live and die in Miſery and Repentance.

ONE would take more than ordinary Care to guard ones ſelf againſt this particular Imperfection, becauſe it is that which our Nature very ſtrongly inclines us to; for if we examine our ſelves throughly, we ſhall find that we are the moſt changeable Beings in the Univerſe. In Reſpect of our Underſtanding, we often embrace and reject the very ſame Opinions; whereas Beings above and beneath us have probably no Opinions at all, or at leaſt no Wavering and Uncertainties in thoſe they have. Our Superiors are guided by Intuition, and our Inferiors by Inſtinct. In Reſpect of our Wills, we fall into Crimes and recover out of them, are amiable or odious in the Eyes of our great Judge, and paſs our whole Life in offending and asking Pardon. On the contrary, the Beings underneath us are not capable of ſinning, nor thoſe above us of repenting. The one is out of the Poſſibilities of Duty, and the other fixed in an eternal Courſe of Sin, or an eternal Courſe of Virtue.

THERE is ſcarce a State of Life, or Stage in it, which does not produce Changes and Revolutions in the Mind of Man. Our Schemes of Thought in Infancy are loſt in thoſe of Youth; theſe too take a different Turn in Manhood, 'till old Age often leads us back into our former Infancy. A new Title or an unexpected Succeſs throws us out of our ſelves, and in a Manner deſtroys our Identity. A cloudy Day or a little Sun-ſhine have as great an Influence on many Conſtitutions, as the moſt real Bleſſings or Misfortunes. A Dream varies our Being, and changes our Condition while it laſts; and every Paſſion, not to mention Health and Sickneſs, and the greater Alterations in Body and Mind, makes us appear almoſt different Creatures. If a Man is ſo diſtinguiſhed among other Beings by this Infirmity, what can we think of ſuch as make themſelves remarkable for it even among their own Species? It is a very trifling Character

racter to be one of the moſt variable Beings of the moſt variable Kind, eſpecially if we conſider that he who is the great Standard of Perfection has in him no Shadow of Change, but is the ſame Yeſterday, to Day, and for ever.

AS this Mutability of Temper and Inconſiſtency with our ſelves is the greateſt Weakneſs of human Nature, ſo it makes the Perſon who is remarkable for it in a very particular Manner more ridiculous than any other Infirmity whatſoever, as it ſets him in a greater Variety of fooliſh Lights, and diſtinguiſhes him from himſelf by an Oppoſition of party-coloured Characters. The moſt humorous Character in *Horace* is founded upon this Unevenneſs of Temper and Irregularity of Conduct.

—— Sardus habebat
Ille Tigellius hoc. Cæſar qui cogere poſſet
Si peteret per amicitiam patris atque ſuam, non
Quidquam proficeret: Si collibuiſſet ab ovo
Uſque ad mala citaret, Iö Bacche, modo ſummâ
Voce, modo hác reſonat quæ chordis quatuor ima.
Nil æquale homini fuis illi: Sæpe velut qui
Currebat fugiens hoſtem: Perſæpe velut qui
Junonis ſacra ferret. Habebat ſæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem ſervos. Modò reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens. Modo ſit mihi menſa tripes, &
Concha ſalis puri, & toga quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis craſſa queat. Decies centena dediſſes
Huic parco paucis contento, Quinque diebus
Nil erat in loculis. Noctes vigilabat ad ipſum
Manè: Diem totam ſtertebat. Nil fuit unquam
Sic impar ſibi —— Hor. Sat. 3. Lib. 1.

INSTEAD of tranſlating this Paſſage in *Horace*, I ſhall entertain my *Engliſh* Reader with the Deſcription of a Parallel Character, that is wonderfully well finiſhed by Mr. *Dryden*, and raiſed upon the ſame Foundation.

IN the firſt Rank of theſe did Zimri *ſtand:*
A Man ſo various, that he ſeem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by Starts, and nothing long;
But, in the Courſe of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymiſt, Fiddler, Statesman, and Buffoon:

Then

Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking:
Beſides ten thouſand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Bleſt Madman, who could every Hour employ,
With ſomething New to wiſh, or to enjoy!

Nº 163. *Thurſday, September 6.*

—— Si quid ego adjuvo, curamve levaſſo,
Quæ nunc te coquit, & verſat ſub pectore fixa,
Ecquid erit pretii? Enn. ap. Tullium.

ENQUIRIES after Happineſs, and Rules for attaining it, are not ſo neceſſary and uſeful to Mankind as the Arts of Conſolation, and ſupporting ones ſelf under Affliction. The utmoſt we can hope for in this World is Contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we ſhall meet with nothing but Grief and Diſappointments. A Man ſhould direct all his Studies and Endeavours at making himſelf eaſie now, and happy hereafter.

THE Truth of it is, if all the Happineſs that is diſperſed through the whole Race of Mankind in this World were drawn together, and put into the Poſſeſſion of any ſingle Man, it would not make a very happy Being. Though, on the contrary, if the Miſeries of the whole Species were fixed in a ſingle Perſon, they would make a very miſerable one.

I am engaged in this Subject by the following Letter, which, though Subſcribed by a fictitious Name, I have reaſon to believe is not Imaginary.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am one of your Diſciples and endeavour to live up
'to your Rules, which I hope will encline you to pity
'my Condition: I ſhall open it to you in a very few Words.
'About three Years ſince a Gentleman, whom I am ſure,
'you your ſelf would have approved, made his Addreſſes
'to me. He had every thing to recommend him but an
'Eſtate, ſo that my Friends, who all of them applauded
'his

'his Perſon, would not for the ſake of both of us favour his
'Paſſion. For my own part I reſigned my ſelf up entirely
'to the Direction of thoſe who knew the World much
'better than my ſelf, but ſtill lived in hopes that ſome Jun-
'cture or other would make me happy in the Man whom,
'in my Heart, I preferred to all the World; being deter-
'mined if I could not have him, to have no Body elſe.
'About three Months ago I received a Letter from him,
'acquainting me, that by the Death of an Uncle he had a
'conſiderable Eſtate left him, which he ſaid was welcome
'to him upon no other Account, but as he hoped it would
'remove all Difficulties that lay in the Way to our mutual
'Happineſs. You may well ſuppoſe, Sir, with how much
'Joy I received this Letter, which was followed by ſeve-
'ral others filled with thoſe Expreſſions of Love and Joy,
'which I verily believe no Body felt more ſincerely, nor
'knew better how to deſcribe, than the Gentleman I
'am ſpeaking of. But, Sir, how ſhall I be able to tell it
'you! by the laſt Week's Poſt I received a Letter from an
'intimate Friend of this unhappy Gentleman, acquainting
'me, that as he had juſt ſettled his Affairs, and was pre-
'paring for his Journey, he fell ſick of a Fever and died.
'It is impoſſible to expreſs to you the Diſtreſs I am in up-
'on this Occaſion, I can only have recourſe to my De-
'votions, and to the reading of good Books for my Con-
'ſolation; and as I always take a particular Delight in
'thoſe frequent Advices and Admonitions which you give
'the Publick, it would be a very great piece of Charity in
'you to lend me your Aſſiſtance in this Conjuncture. If
'after the reading of this Letter you find your ſelf in a
'Humour rather to Rally and Ridicule, than to Comfort
'me, I deſire you would throw it into the Fire, and think
'no more of it; but if you are touched with my Misfor-
'tune, which is greater than I know how to bear, your
'Counſels may very much Support, and will infinitely Ob-
'lige the afflicted

LEONORA.

A Diſappointment in Love is more hard to get over than any other; the Paſſion it ſelf ſo ſoftens and ſubdues the Heart, that it diſables it from ſtruggling or bearing up againſt the Woes and Diſtreſſes which befal it. The Mind

meets with other Misfortunes in her whole Strength; ſhe ſtands collected within her ſelf, and ſuſtains the Shock with all the force which is natural to her; but a Heart in Love has its Foundations ſapped, and immediately ſinks under the Weight of Accidents that are diſagreeable to its Favourite Paſſion.

IN Afflictions Men generally draw their Conſolations out of Books of Morality, which indeed are of great uſe to fortifie and ſtrengthen the Mind againſt the Impreſſions of Sorrow. Monſieur St. *Evremont*, who does not approve of this Method, recommends Authors who are apt to ſtir up Mirth in the Mind of the Readers, and fancies Don *Quixote* can give more Relief to an heavy Heart than *Plutarch* or *Seneca*, as it is much eaſier to divert Grief than to conquer it. This doubtleſs may have its Effects on ſome Tempers. I ſhould rather have recourſe to Authors of a quite contrary kind, that give us Inſtances of Calamities and Misfortunes, and ſhew human Nature in its greateſt Diſtreſſes.

IF the Affliction we groan under be very heavy, we ſhall find ſome Conſolation in the Society of as great Sufferers as our ſelves, eſpecially when we find our Companions Men of Virtue and Merit. If our Afflictions are light, we ſhall be comforted by the Compariſon we make between our ſelves and our Fellow-Sufferers. A Loſs at Sea, a Fit of Sickneſs, or the Death of a Friend, are ſuch Trifles when we conſider whole Kingdoms laid in Aſhes, Families put to the Sword, Wretches ſhut up in Dungeons, and the like Calamities of Mankind, that we are out of Countenance for our own Weakneſs, if we ſink under ſuch little Strokes of Fortune.

LET the Diſconſolate *Leonora* conſider, that at the very time in which ſhe languiſhes for the Loſs of her deceaſed Lover, there are Perſons in ſeveral parts of the World juſt periſhing in a Shipwreck; others crying out for Mercy in the Terrors of a Death-bed Repentance; others lying under the Tortures of an Infamous Execution, or the like dreadful Calamities; and ſhe will find her Sorrows vaniſh at the Appearance of thoſe which are ſo much greater and more aſtoniſhing.

I would further propoſe to the Conſideration of my afflicted Diſciple, that poſſibly what ſhe now looks upon as the greateſt Misfortune, is not really ſuch in it ſelf. For my own part,

part, I queſtion not but our Souls into a ſeparate State will look back on their Lives in quite another View, than what they had of them in the Body; and that what they now conſider as Misfortunes and Diſappointments, will very often appear to have been Eſcapes and Bleſſings.

THE Mind that hath any Caſt towards Devotion, naturally flies to it in its Afflictions.

WHEN I was in *France* I heard a very remarkable Story of two Lovers, which I ſhall relate at length in my to-Morrow's Paper, not only becauſe the Circumſtances of it are extraordinary, but becauſe it may ſerve as an Illuſtration to all that can be ſaid on this laſt Head, and ſhew the Power of Religion in abating that particular Anguiſh which ſeems to lie ſo heavy on *Leonora*. The Story was told me by a Prieſt, as I travelled with him in a Stage-Coach. I ſhall give it my Reader, as well as I can remember, in his own Words, after having premiſed, that if Conſolations may be drawn from a wrong Religion and a miſguided Devotion, they cannot but flow much more naturally from thoſe which are founded upon Reaſon, and eſtabliſhed in good Senſe. L

Nº 164. *Friday, September 7.*

Illa; Quis & me, inquit, miſeram, & te perdidit, Orpheu?
Jamque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte,
Invalidaſque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas. Virg.

CONSTANTIA was a Woman of extraordinary Wit and Beauty, but very unhappy in a Father, who having arrived at great Riches by his own Induſtry, took Delight in nothing but his Mony. *Theodoſius* was the younger Son of a decayed Family, of great Parts and Learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous Education. When he was in the twentieth Year of his Age he became acquainted with *Conſtantia*, who had not then paſſed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few Miles diſtance from her Father's Houſe, he had frequent Opportunities of ſeeing her; and by the Advantages of a good Perſon and a pleaſing Converſation, made ſuch an Impreſſion in her Heart as it was impoſſible for Time to efface: He was himſelf no leſs ſmit-

ten with *Conſtantia*. A long Acquaintance made them ſtill diſcover new Beauties in each other, and by Degrees raiſed in them that mutual Paſſion which had an Influence on their following Lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the Midſt of this Intercourſe of Love and Friendſhip between *Theodoſius* and *Conſtantia*, there broke out an irreparable Quarrel between their Parents, the one valuing himſelf too much upon his Birth and the other upon his Poſſeſſions. The Father of *Conſtantia* was ſo incenſed at the Father of *Theodoſius*, that he contracted an unreaſonable Averſion towards his Son, inſomuch that he forbad him his Houſe, and charged his Daughter upon her Duty never to ſee him more. In the mean time, to break off all Communication between the two Lovers, who he knew entertained ſecret Hopes of ſome favourable Opportunity that ſhould bring them together, he found out a young Gentleman of a good Fortune and an agreeable Perſon, whom he pitched upon as a Husband for his Daughter. He ſoon concerted this Affair ſo well, that he told *Conſtantia* it was his Deſign to marry her to ſuch a Gentleman, and that her Wedding ſhould be celebrated on ſuch a Day. *Conſtantia*, who was over-awed with the Authority of her Father, and unable to object any thing againſt ſo advantagious a Match, received the Propoſal with a profound Silence, which her Father commended in her, as the moſt decent Manner of a Virgin's giving her Conſent to an Overture of that kind. The Noiſe of this intended Marriage ſoon reached *Theodoſius*, who after a long Tumult of Paſſions which naturally riſe in a Lover's Heart on ſuch an Occaſion, writ the following Letter to *Conſtantia*.

'THE Thought of my *Conſtantia*, which for ſome
'Years has been my only Happineſs, is now be-
'come a greater Torment to me than I am able to bear.
'Muſt I then live to ſee you another's? The Streams, the
'Fields and Meadows, where we have ſo often talked to-
'gether, grow painful to me; Life it ſelf is become a Bur-
'den. May you long be happy in the World, but forget
'that there was ever ſuch a Man in it as

THEODOSIUS.

THIS Letter was conveyed to *Conſtantia* that very Evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next Morning ſhe was much more alarmed by two or three Meſſengers,

gers, that came to her Father's Houſe one after another to enquire if they had heard any thing of *Theodoſius*, who it ſeems had left his Chamber about Midnight, and could no where be found. The deep Melancholy which had hung upon his Mind ſome time before, made them apprehend the worſt that could befall him. *Conſtantia*, who knew that nothing but the Report of her Marriage could have driven him to ſuch Extremities was not to be comforted: She now accuſed her ſelf for having ſo tamely given an Ear to the Propoſal of a Husband, and looked upon the new Lover as the Murderer of *Theodoſius*: In ſhort, ſhe reſolved to ſuffer the utmoſt Effects of her Father's Diſpleaſure, rather than comply with a Marriage which appeared to her ſo full of Guilt and Horror. The Father ſeeing himſelf entirely rid of *Theodoſius*, and likely to keep a conſiderable Portion in his Family, was not very much concerned at the obſtinate Refuſal of his Daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuſe himſelf upon that Account to his intended Son-in-Law, who had all along regarded this Alliance rather as a Marriage of Convenience than of Love. *Conſtantia* had now no Relief but in her Devotions and Exerciſes of Religion, to which her Afflictions had ſo entirely ſubjected her Mind, that after ſome Years had abated the Violence of her Sorrows, and ſettled her Thoughts in a kind of Tranquility, ſhe reſolved to paſs the Remainder of her Days in a Convent. Her Father was not diſpleaſed with a Reſolution, which would ſave Mony in his Family, and readily complied with his Daughter's Intentions. Accordingly in the Twenty fifth Year of her Age, while her Beauty was yet in all its Height and Bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring City, in order to look out a Siſterhood of Nuns among whom to place his Daughter. There was in this Place a Father of a Convent who was very much renowned for his Piety and exemplary Life; and as it is uſual in the *Romiſh* Church for thoſe who are under any great Affliction, or Trouble of Mind, to apply themſelves to the moſt eminent Confeſſors for Pardon and Conſolation, our beautiful Votary took the Opportunity of confeſſing her ſelf to this celebrated Father.

WE muſt now return to *Theodoſius*, who the very Morning that the above-mentioned Enquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious Houſe in the City where now

Conſtantia reſided; and deſiring that Secrecy and Concealment of the Fathers of the Convent, which is very uſual upon any extraordinary Occaſion he made himſelf one of the Order, with a private Vow never to enquire after *Conſtantia*; whom he looked upon as given away to his Rival upon the Day on which, according to common Fame, their Marriage was to have been ſolemnized. Having in his Youth made a good Progreſs in Learning, that he might dedicate himſelf more entirely to Religion he entered into holy Orders, and in a few Years became Renowned for his Sanctity of Life, and thoſe pious Sentiments which he inſpired into all who converſed with him. It was this holy Man to whom *Conſtantia* had determined to apply her ſelf in Confeſſion, tho' neither ſhe nor any other beſides the Prior of the Convent, knew any thing of his Name or Family. The gay, the amiable *Theodoſius* had now taken upon him the Name of Father *Francis*; and was ſo far concealed in a long Beard, a ſhaven Head, and a religious Habit, that it was impoſſible to diſcover the Man of the World in the venerable Conventual.

AS he was one Morning ſhut up in his Confeſſional, *Conſtantia* kneeling by him, opened the State of her Soul to him: and after having given him the Hiſtory of a Life full of Innocence, ſhe burſt out into Tears, and entered upon that Part of her Story, in which he himſelf had ſo great a Share. My Behaviour, ſays ſhe, has I fear been the Death of a Man who had no other Fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilſt he lived, and how bitter the Remembrance of him has been to me ſince his Death. She here pauſed, and lifted up her Eyes that ſtreamed with Tears towards the Father; who was ſo moved with the Senſe of her Sorrows, that he could only command his Voice, which was broke with Sighs and Sobbings, ſo far as to bid her proceed. She followed his Directions, and in a Flood of Tears poured out her Heart before him. The Father could not forbear weeping aloud, inſomuch that in the Agonies of his Grief the Seat ſhook under him. *Conſtantia*, who thought the good Man was thus moved by his Compaſſion towards her, and by the Horror of her Guilt, proceeded with the utmoſt Contrition to acquaint him with that Vow of Virginity in which ſhe was going to engage her ſelf, as the proper Attonement

ment for her Sins, and the only Sacrifice she could make to the Memory of *Theodosius*. The Father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again in Tears upon hearing that Name to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this Instance of an unparallel'd Fidelity from one who he thought had several Years since given her self up to the Possession of another. Amidst the Interruptions of his Sorrow, seeing his Penitent overwhelmed with Grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted —— To tell her that her Sins were forgiven her —— That her Guilt was not so great as she apprehended —— That she should not suffer her self to be afflicted above Measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the Absolution in Form; directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next Day, that he might encourage her in the pious Resolutions she had taken, and give her suitable Exhortations for her Behaviour in in it. *Constantia* retired, and the next Morning renewed her Applications. *Theodosius* having manned his Soul with proper Thoughts and Reflections, exerted himself on this Occasion in the best Manner he could, to animate his Penitent in the Course of Life she was entering upon, and wear out of her Mind those groundless Fears and Apprehensions which had taken Possession of it; concluding, with a Promise to her, that he would from time to time continue his Admonition when she should have taken upon her the holy Veil. The Rules of our respective Orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure your self not only of having a Place in my Prayers, but of receiving such frequent Instructions as I can convey to you by Letters. Go on chearfully in the glorious Course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a Peace and Satisfaction in your Mind, which it is not in the Power of the World to give.

CONSTANTIA's Heart was so elevated with the Discourse of Father *Francis*, that the very next Day she entered upon her Vow. As soon as the Solemnities of her Reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the Abbess into her own Apartment.

THE Abbess had been informed the Night before of all that had passed between her Noviciate and Father *Francis*. From whom she now delivered to her the following Letter.

'AS the first Fruits of those Joys and Consolations which 'you may expect from the Life you are now engaged in, I must acquaint you that *Theodosius*, whose Death 'sits so heavy upon your Thoughts, is still alive; and that the 'Father to whom you have confessed your self, was once 'that *Theodosius* whom you so much lament. The Love 'which we have had for one another will make us more 'happy in its Disappointment than it could have done in its 'Success. Providence has disposed of us for our Advantage, tho' not according to our Wishes. Consider your '*Theodosius* still as dead, but assure your self of one who 'will not cease to pray for you in Father *FRANCIS*.

CONSTANTIA saw that the Hand-writing agreed with the Contents of the Letter; and upon reflecting on the Voice of the Person, the Behaviour, and above all the extreme Sorrow of the Father during her Confession, she discovered *Theodosius* in every Particular. After having wept with Tears of Joy, It is enough says she, *Theodosius* is still in Being; I shall live with Comfort and die in Peace.

THE Letters which the Father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the Nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young Religious, in order to inspire them with good Resolutions and Sentiments of Virtue. It so happened that after *Constantia* had lived about ten Years in the Cloyster, a violent Fever broke out in the Place, which swept away great Multitudes, and among others *Theodosius*. Upon his Death-bed he sent his Benediction in a very moving manner to *Constantia*; who at that time was her self so far gone in the same fatal Distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the Interval which generally precedes Death in Sicknesses of this Nature, the Abbess finding that the Physicians had given her over, told her that *Theodosius* was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his Benediction in his last Moments. *Constantia* received it with Pleasure: And now, says she, if I do not ask any thing improper, let me be buried by *Theodosius*. My Vow reaches no farther than the Grave. What I ask is, I hope, no Violation of it——She died soon after, and was interred according to her Request.

Their Tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin Inscription over them to the following Purpose.

Here lies the Bodies of Father *Francis* and Sister *Constance*. *They were lovely in their Lives, and in their Deaths were not divided.*

N° 165. *Saturday, September* 8.

——*Si forte neceſſe eſt,*
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis,
Continget: labiturque licentia ſumpta prudenter. Hor.

I Have often wiſhed, that as in our Conſtitution there are ſeveral Perſons whoſe Buſineſs it is to watch over our Laws, our Liberties and Commerce, certain Men might be ſet apart, as Super-intendants of our Language, to hinder any Words of a Foreign Coin from paſſing among us; and in particular to prohibit any *French* Phraſes from becoming Current in this Kingdom, when thoſe of our own Stamp are altogether as valuable. The preſent War has ſo Adulterated our Tongue with ſtrange Words, that it would be impoſſible for one of our Great Grandfathers to know what his Poſterity have been doing, were he to read their Exploits in a Modern News Paper. Our Warriours are very Induſtrious in Propagating the *French* Language, at the ſame time that they are ſo gloriouſly ſucceſsful in beating down their Power. Our Soldiers are Men of ſtrong Heads for Action, and perform ſuch Feats as they are not able to expreſs. They want Words in their own Tongue to tell us what it is they Atchieve, and therefore ſend us over Accounts of their Performances in a Jargon of Phraſes, which they learn among their Conquered Enemies. They ought however to be provided with Secretaries, and aſſiſted by our Foreign Miniſters, to tell their Story for them in plain *Engliſh*, and to let us know in our Mother-Tongue what it is our brave Country-Men are about. The *French* would indeed be in the right to Publiſh the News of the preſent War in *Engliſh* Phraſes, and make their Campaigns unintelligible. Their People might flatter themſelves that things are not ſo bad as they really are, were they thus palliated with Foreign Terms, and thrown into Shades and Obſcurity. But the *Engliſh* cannot be too clear in their Narrative of thoſe Actions, which have raiſed their Country to a higher Pitch of Glory than it ever yet arrived at, and which will be ſtill the more admired the better they are explained.

FOR my part, by that Time a Siege is carried on two or three Days, I am altogether loſt and bewildered in it, and meet with ſo many inexplicable Difficulties, that I ſcarce know which Side has the better of it, till I am informed by the Tower Guns that the Place is ſurrendred. I do indeed make ſome Allowances for this Part of the War, Fortifications having been Foreign Inventions, and upon that Account abounding in Foreign Terms. But when we have won Battels which may be deſcribed in our own Language, why are our Papers filled with ſo many unintelligible Exploits, and the *French* obliged to lend us a part of their Tongue before we can know how they are Conquered? They muſt be made acceſſary to their own Diſgrace, as the *Britains* were formerly ſo artificially wrought in the Curtain of the *Roman* Theatre that they ſeemed to draw it up, in order to give the Spectators an Opportunity of ſeeing their own Defeat celebrated upon the Stage: For ſo Mr. *Dryden* has tranſlated that Verſe in *Virgil*.

Atque intertexti tollant aulæa Britanni.

Which interwoven Britains *ſeem to raiſe,*
And ſhow the Triumph that their Shame diſplays.

THE Hiſtories of all our former Wars are tranſmitted to us in our Vernacular Idiom, to uſe the Phraſe of a great Modern Critick. I do not find in any of our Chronicles, that *Edward* the Third ever reconnoitred the Enemy, tho' he often diſcover'd the Poſture of the *French*, and as often vanquiſh'd them in Battel. The *Black Prince* paſſed many a River without the help of Pontoons, and filled a Ditch with Faggots as ſucceſsfully as the Generals of our Times do it with Faſcines. Our Commanders loſe half their Praiſe, and our People half their Joy, by means of thoſe hard Words and dark Expreſſions in which our News-Papers do ſo much abound. I have ſeen many a prudent Citizen, after having read every Article, enquire of his next Neighbour what News the Mail had brought.

I remember in that remarkable Year when our Country was delivered from the greateſt Fears and Apprehenſions, and raiſed to the greateſt height of Gladneſs it had ever felt ſince it was a Nation, I mean the Year of *Blenheim*, I had the Copy of a Letter ſent me out of the Country, which

which was written from a young Gentleman in the Army to his Father, a Man of a good Eſtate and plain Senſe: As the Letter was very modiſhly chequered with this Modern Military Eloquence, I ſhall preſent my Reader with a Copy of it.

SIR,

'UPON the Junction of the *French* and *Bavarian* Armies they took Poſt behind a great Moraſs which 'they thought impracticable. Our General the next Day 'ſent a Party of Horſe to reconnoitre them from a little 'Hauteur, at about a quarter of an Hour's diſtance from 'the Army, who returned again to the Camp unobſerved 'through ſeveral Defiles, in one of which they met with 'a Party of *French* that had been Marauding, and made 'them all Priſoners at Diſcretion. The Day after a Drum 'arrived at our Camp, with a Meſſage which he would 'communicate to none but the General; he was followed 'by a Trumpet, who they ſay behaved himſelf very ſaucily, with a Meſſage from the Duke of *Bavaria*. The 'next Morning our Army being divided into two Corps, 'made a Movement towards the Enemy: You will hear 'in the publick Prints how we treated them, with the o'ther Circumſtances of that glorious Day. I had the 'good Fortune to be in the Regiment that puſhed the '*Gens d'Arms*. Several *French* Battalions, who ſome ſay 'were a Corps de Reſerve, made a Show of Reſiſtance 'but it only proved a Gaſconade, for upon our preparing 'to fill up a little Foſſé, in order to attack them, they beat 'the Chamade, and ſent us *Charte Blanche*. Their Com'mandant, with a great many other General Officers, and 'Troops without number, are made Priſoners of War, and 'will I believe give you a Viſit in *England*, the Cartel not 'being yet ſettled. Not queſtioning but theſe Particulars 'will be very welcome to you, I congratulate you upon 'them, and am your moſt dutiful Son, *&c.*

The Father of the young Gentleman upon the Peruſal of the Letter found it contained great News, but could not gueſs what it was. He immediately communicated it to the Curate of the Pariſh, who upon the reading of it, being vexed to ſee any thing he could not underſtand, fell into a kind of Paſſion, and told him, that his Son had ſent him a Letter

Letter that was neither Fiſh, Fleſh, nor good Red Herring. I wiſh, ſays he, the Captain may be *Compos Mentis*, he talks of a ſaucy Trumpet, and a Drum that carries Meſſages: Then who is this *Charte Blanche*: He muſt either banter us, or he is out of his Senſes. The Father, who always look'd upon the Curate as a learned Man, began to fret inwardly at his Son's Uſage, and producing a Letter which he had written to him about three Poſts afore, You ſee here, ſays he, when he writes for Money he knows how to ſpeak intelligibly enough; there is no Man in *England* can expreſs himſelf clearer, when he wants a new Furniture for his Horſe. In ſhort, the old Man ſo puzzled upon the Point, that it might have fared ill with his Son, had he not ſeen all the Prints about three Days after filled with the ſame Terms of Art, and that *Charles* only writ like other Men. L

Nº 166. *Monday, September* 10.

—— Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas. Ovid.

ARISTOTLE tells us, that the World is a Copy or Tranſcript of thoſe Ideas which are in the Mind of the firſt Being; and that thoſe Ideas which are in the Mind of Man, are a Tranſcript of the World: To this we may add, that Words are the Tranſcript of thoſe Ideas which are in the Mind of Man, and that Writing or Printing are the Tranſcript of Words.

AS the Supreme Being has expreſſed, and as it were printed his Ideas in the Creation, Men expreſs their Ideas in Books, which by this great Invention of theſe latter Ages, may laſt as long as the Sun and Moon, and periſh only in the general Wreck of Nature. Thus *Cowley* in his Poem on the Reſurrection, mentioning the Deſtruction of the Univerſe, has thoſe admirable Lines.

Now all the wide extended Sky,
And all th' harmonious Worlds on high,
And Virgil's *ſacred Work ſhall die.*

THERE

THERE is no other Method of fixing thoſe Thoughts which ariſe and diſappear in the Mind of Man, and tranſmitting them to the laſt Periods of Time; no other Method of giving a Permanency to our Ideas, and preſerving the Knowledge of any particular Perſon, when his Body is mixed with the common Maſs of Matter, and his Soul retired into the World of Spirits. Books are the Legacies that a great Genius leaves to Mankind, which are delivered down from Generation to Generation, as Preſents to the Poſterity of thoſe who are yet unborn.

ALL other Arts of perpetuating our Ideas continue but a ſhort Time: Statues can laſt but a few Thouſands of Years, Edifices fewer, and Colours ſtill fewer than Edifices. *Michael Angelo*, *Fontana*, and *Raphael*, will hereafter be what *Phidias*, *Vitruvius*, and *Apelles* are at preſent; the Names of great Statuaries, Architects, and Painters, whoſe Works are loſt. The ſeveral Arts are expreſſed in mouldring Materials; Nature ſinks under them, and is not able to ſupport the Ideas which are impreſt upon it.

THE Circumſtance which gives Authors an Advantage above all theſe great Maſters, is this, that they can multiply their Originals; or rather can make Copies of their Works, to what Number they pleaſe, which ſhall be as valuable as the Originals themſelves. This gives a great Author ſomething like a Proſpect of Eternity, but at the ſame Time deprives him of thoſe other Advantages which Artiſts meet with. The Artiſt finds greater Returns in Profit, as the Author in Fame. What an ineſtimable Price would a *Virgil* or a *Homer*, a *Cicero* or an *Ariſtotle* bear, were their Works like a Statue, a Building, or a Picture, to be confined only in one Place, and made the Property of a ſingle Perſon?

IF Writings are thus durable, and may paſs from Age to Age throughout the whole Courſe of Time, how careful ſhould an Author be of committing any thing to Print that may corrupt Poſterity, and poyſon the Minds of Men with Vice and Errour? Writers of great Talents, who employ their Parts in propagating Immorality, and ſeaſoning vicious Sentiments with Wit and Humour, are to be looked upon as the Peſts of Society and the Enemies of Mankind: They leave Books behind them (as it is ſaid of thoſe who die in Diſtempers which breed an ill Will to-

wards

wards their own Species) to ſcatter Infection and deſtroy their Poſterity. They act the Counter-parts of a *Confucius* or a *Socrates*; and ſeem to have been ſent into the World to deprave human Nature, and ſink it into the Condition of Brutality.

I have ſeen ſome Roman-Catholick Authors, who tell us, that vicious Writers continue in Purgatory ſo long as the Influence of their Writings continues upon Poſterity: For Purgatory, ſay they, is nothing elſe but a cleanſing us of our Sins, which cannot be ſaid to be done away, ſo long as they continue to operate and corrupt Mankind. The vicious Author, ſay they, ſins after Death, and ſo long as he continues to ſin, ſo long muſt he expect to be puniſhed. Though the Roman-Catholick Notion of Purgatory be indeed very ridiculous, one cannot but think that if the Soul after Death has any Knowledge of what paſſes in this World, that of an immoral Writer would receive much more Regret from the Senſe of corrupting, than Satisfaction from the Thought of pleaſing his ſurviving Admirers.

TO take off from the Severity of this Speculation, I ſhall conclude this Paper with a Story of an Atheiſtical Author, who at a time when he lay dangerouſly ſick, and had deſired the aſſiſtance of a neighbouring Curate, confeſſed to him with great Contrition, that nothing ſat more heavy at his Heart than the Senſe of his having ſeduced the Age by his Writings, and that their evil Influence was likely to continue even after his Death. The Curate upon further Examination finding the Penitent in the utmoſt Agonies of Deſpair, and being himſelf a Man of Learning, told him, that he hoped his Caſe was not ſo deſperate as he apprehended, ſince he found that he was ſo very ſenſible of his Fault, and ſo ſincerely repented of it. The Penitent ſtill urged the evil Tendency of his Book to ſubvert all Religion, and the little Ground of Hope there could be for one whoſe Writings would continue to do Miſchief when his Body was laid in Aſhes. The Curate finding no other Way to comfort him, told him, that he did well in being afflicted for the evil Deſign with which he publiſhed his Book; but that he ought to be very thankful that there was no Danger of its doing any Hurt. That his Cauſe was ſo very bad and his Arguments ſo weak, that he did not apprehend any ill Effects of it. In ſhort, that he might reſt

ſatisfied

ſatisfied his Book could do no more Miſchief after his Death, than it had done whilſt he was living. To which he added, for his further Satisfaction, that he did not believe any beſides his particular Friends and Acquaintance had ever been at the Pains of reading it, or that any Body after his Death would ever enquire after it. The dying Man had ſtill ſo much the Frailty of an Author in him, as to be cut to the Heart with theſe Conſolations; and without anſwering the good Man, asked his Friends about him (with a Peeviſhneſs that is natural to a ſick Perſon) where they had picked up ſuch a Block-head? And whether they thought him a proper Perſon to attend one in his Condition? The Curate finding that the Author did not expect to be dealt with as a real and ſincere Penitent, but as a Penitent of Importance, after a ſhort Admonition withdrew; not queſtioning but he ſhould be again ſent for if the Sickneſs grew deſperate. The Author however recovered, and has ſince written two or three other Tracts with the ſame Spirit, and verily luckily for his poor Soul, with the ſame Succeſs. C

N° 167. *Tueſday, September* 11.

—— Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui ſe credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus ſeſſor plauſorque theatro;
Cætera qui vitæ ſervaret munia recto
More; bonus ſanè vicinus, amabilis hoſpes,
Comis in uxorem, poſſet qui ignoſcere ſervis,
Et ſigno læſo non inſanire lagenæ:
Poſſet qui rupem & puteum vitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curiſque refectus
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad ſeſe: Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervaſtis ait; cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratiſſimus Error. Hor.

THE unhappy Force of an Imagination unguided by the Check of Reaſon and Judgment, was the Subject of a former Speculation. My Reader may remember that he has ſeen in one of my Papers a Complaint of

of an unfortunate Gentleman, who was unable to contain himſelf, (when any ordinary Matter was laid before him) from adding a few Circumſtances to enliven plain Narrative. That Correſpondent was a Perſon of too warm a Complexion to be ſatisfied with things merely as they ſtood in Nature, and therefore formed Incidents which ſhould have happened to have pleaſed him in the Story. The ſame ungoverned Fancy which puſhed that Correſpondent on, in Spite of himſelf, to relate publick and notorious Falſhoods, makes the Author of the following Letter do the ſame in Private; one is a prating the other a ſilent Liar.

THERE is little purſued in the Errors of either of theſe Worthies but mere preſent Amuſement: But the Folly of him who lets his Fancy place him in diſtant Scenes untroubled and uninterrupted, is very much preferable to that of him who is ever forcing a Belief, and defending his Untruths with new Inventions. But I ſhall haſten to let this Liar in Soliloquy, who calls himſelf a CASTLE-BUILDER, deſcribe himſelf with the ſame Unreſervedneſs as formerly appeared in my Correſpondent abovemention'd. If a Man were to be ſerious on this Subject, he might give very grave Admonitions to thoſe who are following any thing in this Life, on which they think to place their Hearts, and tell them that they are really CASTLE-BUILDERS. Fame, Glory, Wealth, Honour, have in the Proſpect pleaſing Illuſions; but they who come to poſſeſs any of them will find they are Ingredients towards Happineſs to be regarded only in the ſecond Place; and that when they are valued in the firſt Degree, they are as diſappointing as any of the Phantoms in the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Sept.* 6, 1711.

'I Am a Fellow of a very odd Frame of Mind, as you 'will find by the Sequel; and think my ſelf Fool 'enough to deſerve a Place in your Paper. I am unhappily far gone in Building, and am one of that Species of 'Men who are properly denominated Caſtle-Builders, who 'ſcorn to be beholden to the Earth for a Foundation, or 'dig in the Bowels of it for Materials, but erect their 'Structures in the moſt unſtable of Elements, the Air, 'Fancy alone laying the Line, marking the Extent, and

'ſha-

'ſhaping the Model. It wou'd be difficult to enumerate
'what auguſt Palaces and ſtately Porticos have grown
'under my forming Imagination, or what verdant Mea-
'dows and ſhady Groves have ſtarted into Being by the
'powerful Feat of a warm Fancy. A Caſtle-Builder is
'even juſt what he pleaſes, and as ſuch I have graſped
'imaginary Scepters, and delivered uncontroulable Edicts
'from a Throne to which conquered Nations yielded
'Obeiſance. I have made I know not how many In-
'roads into *France*, and ravaged the very Heart of that
'Kingdom; I have dined in the *Louvre*, and drank Cham-
'paign at *Verſailles*; and I would have you take Notice, I
'am not only able to vanquiſh a People already cowed
'and accuſtomed to Flight, but I could, *Almanzor* like,
'drive the *Britiſh* General from the Field, were I leſs a
'Proteſtant, or had ever been affronted by the Confede-
'rates. There is no Art or Profeſſion, whoſe moſt cele-
'brated Maſters I have not eclipſed. Wherever I have af-
'forded my ſalutary Preſence Fevers have ceaſed to burn,
'and Agues to ſhake the human Fabrick. When an elo-
'quent Fit has been upon me, an apt Geſture and proper
'Cadence has animated each Sentence, and gazing Crowds
'have found their Paſſions worked up into Rage, or ſooth-
'ed into a Calm. I am ſhort, and not very well made;
'yet upon Sight of a Woman, I have ſtretched into
'proper Stature, and killed with a good Air and Mein.
'Theſe are the gay Phantoms that dance before my wa-
'king Eyes, and compoſe my Day-Dreams. I ſhould be
'the moſt contented happy Man alive, were the chimeri-
'cal Happineſs which ſprings from the Paintings of Fancy
'leſs fleeting and tranſitory. But alas! it is with Grief of
'Mind I tell you, the leaſt Breath of Wind has often de-
'moliſhed my magnificent Edifices, ſwept away my Groves,
'and left no more Trace of them than if they had never
'been. My Exchequer has ſunk and vaniſhed by a Rap on
'my Door, the Salutation of a Friend has coſt me a whole
'Continent, and in the ſame Moment I have been pulled
'by the Sleeve, my Crown has fallen from my Head.
'The ill Conſequence of theſe Reveries is inconceivably
'great, ſeeing the Loſs of imaginary Poſſeſſions makes
'Impreſſions of real Woe. Beſides, bad Oeconomy is vi-
'ſible and apparent in Builders of inviſible Manſions. My
'Tenants

Tenants Advertiſements of Ruins and Dilapidations often caſt a Damp on my Spirits, even in the Inſtant when the Sun, in all his Splendor, gilds my Eaſtern Palaces. Add to this the penſive Drudgery in Building, and conſtant graſping Aerial Trowels, diſtracts and ſhatters the Mind, and the fond Builder of *Babells* is often curſed with an incoherent Diverſity and Confuſion of Thoughts. I do not know to whom I can more properly apply my ſelf for relief from this Fantaſtical Evil, than to your ſelf; whom I earneſtly implore to accommodate me with a Method how to ſettle my Head and cool my Brain-pan. A Diſſertation on Caſtle-Building may not only be ſerviceable to my ſelf, but all Architects, who diſplay their Skill in the thin Element. Such a Favour would oblige me to make my next Soliloquy not contain the Praiſes of my dear ſelf, but of the SPECTATOR, who ſhall, by complying with this, make me

His Obliged, Humble Servant,

T Vitruvius.

Nº 168. *Wedneſday, September* 12.

——*Pectus Præceptis format amicis.* Hor.

IT would be Arrogance to neglect the Application of my Correſponnents ſo far, as not ſometimes to inſert their Animadverſations upon my Paper: that of this Day ſhall be therefore wholly compoſed of the Hints which they have ſent me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Send you this to congratulate your late Choice of a Subject for treating on which you deſerve publick Thanks; I mean that on thoſe licenſed Tyrants the School-Maſters. If you can diſarm them of their Rods, you will certainly have your old Age reverenced by all the young Gentlemen of *Great Britain* who are now between ſeven and ſeventeen Years. You may boaſt that the incomparably wiſe *Quintilian* and you are of one Mind in this

'this Particular. *Si cui eſt* (ſays he) *mens tam illiberalis ut* 'objurgatione non corrigatur, is etiam ad plagas, ut peſſima 'quæque mancipia, durabitur. *If any Child be of ſo diſingenuous a Nature, as not to ſtand corrected by Reproof, he, like the very worſt of Slaves, will be hardened even againſt Blows themſelves*; and afterwards, *Pudet dicere in quæ probra nefandi homines iſto cedendi jure abutantur*, i. e. *I bluſh to ſay how ſhamefully thoſe wicked Men abuſe the Power of Correction.*

'I was bred my ſelf, Sir, in a very great School, of 'which the Maſter was a *Welchman*, but certainly deſcended from a *Spaniſh* Family, as plainly appeared from his 'Temper as well as his Name. I leave you to judge what 'a ſort of School-Maſter a *Welchman* ingrafted on a *Spaniard* would make. So very dreadful had he made himſelf 'to me, that altho' it is above twenty Years ſince I felt 'his heavy Hand, yet ſtill once a Month at leaſt I dream 'of him, ſo ſtrong an Impreſſion did he make on my 'Mind. 'Tis a Sign he has fully terrified me waking, 'who ſtill continues to haunt me ſleeping.

'AND yet I may ſay, without Vanity, that the Buſineſs of the School was what I did without great Difficulty; and I was not remarkably unlucky; and yet ſuch 'was the Maſter's Severity that once a Month, or oftner, 'I ſuffered as much as would have ſatisfied the Law of 'the Land for a *Petty Larceny*.

'MANY a white and tender Hand, which the fond 'Mother has paſſionately kiſſed a thouſand and a thouſand 'Times, have I ſeen whipped 'till it was covered with 'Blood; perhaps for ſmiling, or for going a Yard and half 'out of a Gate, or for writing an O for an A, or an A for 'an O: Theſe were our great Faults! Many a brave and 'noble Spirit has been there broken; others have run from 'thence and were never heard of afterwards. It is a worthy Attempt to undertake the Cauſe of diſtreſt Youth; 'and it is a noble Piece of *Knight-Errantry* to enter the 'Liſts againſt ſo many armed Pædagogues. 'Tis pity but 'we had a Set of Men, polite in their Behaviour and Method of Teaching, who ſhould be put into a Condition of 'being above flattering or fearing the Parents of thoſe they 'inſtruct. We might then poſſibly ſee Learning become 'a Pleaſure, and Children delighting themſelves in that, 'which now they abhor for coming upon ſuch hard Terms

'to

'to them: What would be ſtill a greater Happineſs ariſing 'from the Care of ſuch Inſtructors, would be, that we 'ſhould have no more Pedants, nor any bred to Learning 'who had not Genius for it. I am, with the utmoſt Sin-'cerity, *SIR*,

Your moſt affectionate humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Richmond, Sept.* 5th, 1711.

'I Am a Boy of fourteen Years of Age, and have for 'this laſt Year been under the Tuition of a Doctor 'of Divinity, who has taken the School of this Place un-'der his Care. From the Gentleman's great Tenderneſs 'to me and Friendſhip to my Father, I am very happy in 'learning my Book with Pleaſure. We never leave off 'our Diverſions any further than to ſalute him at Hours of 'Play when he pleaſes to look on. It is impoſſible for 'any of us to love our own Parents better than we do him. 'He never gives any of us an harſh Word, and we think 'it the greateſt Puniſhment in the World when he will 'not ſpeak to any of us. My Brother and I are both to-'gether inditing this Letter: He is Year older than I am, 'but is now ready to break his Heart that the Doctor has 'not taken any Notice of him theſe three Days. If you 'pleaſe to print this he will ſee it, and, we hope, taking 'it for my Brother's earneſt Deſire to be reſtored to his 'Favour, he will again ſmile upon him.

Your moſt obedient Servant,

T. S.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have repreſented ſeveral Sorts of *Impertinents* 'ſingly, I wiſh you would now proceed, and de-'ſcribe ſome of them in Sets. It often hapens in publick 'Aſſemblies, that a Party who came thither together, or 'whoſe Impertinencies are of an equal Pitch, act in Con-'cert, and are ſo full of themſelves as to give Diſturbance 'to all that are about them. Sometimes you have a Set 'of Whiſpers who lay their Heads together in order to ſa-'crifice every Body within their Obſervation; ſometimes 'a Set of Laughers, that keep up an inſipid Mirth in their 'own Corners, and by their Noiſe and Geſtures ſhew they 'have

'have no Reſpect for the reſt of the Company. You fre-
'quently meet with theſe Sets at the Opera, the Play, the
'Water-works, and other publick Meetings, where their
'whole Buſineſs is to draw off the Attention of the Specta-
'tors from the Entertainment, and to fix it upon them-
'ſelves; and it is to be obſerved that the Impertinence is
'ever loudeſt, when the Set happens to be made up of
'three or four Females who have got what you call a
'Woman's Man among them.

'I am at a Loſs to know from whom People of For-
'tune ſhould learn this Behaviour, unleſs it be from the
'Footmen who keep their Places at a new Play, and are
'often ſeen paſſing away their Time in Sets at *All-fours* in
'the Face of a full Houſe, and with a perfect Diſregard to
'People of Quality ſitting on each Side of them.

'FOR preſerving therefore the Decency of publick
'Aſſemblies, methinks it would be but reaſonable that
'thoſe who diſturb others ſhould pay at leaſt a double
'Price for their Places; or rather Women of Birth and
'Diſtinction ſhould be informed, that a Levity of Behavi-
'our in the Eyes of People of Underſtanding degrades
'them below their meaneſt Attendants; and Gentlemen
'ſhould know that a fine Coat is a Livery, when the Per-
'ſon who wears it diſcovers no higher Senſe than that
'of a Footman. I am,

SIR, Your Moſt Humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Bedfordſhire, Sept.* 1, 1711.

'I Am one of thoſe whom every Body calls a Pocher,
'and ſometimes go out to courſe with a Brace of
'Greyhounds, a Maſtiff, and a Spaniel or two; and when
'I am weary with Courſing, and have killed Hares enough,
'go to an Ale-houſe to refreſh my ſelf. I beg the Favour
'of you (as you ſet up for a Reformer) to ſend us Word
'how many Dogs you will allow us to go with, how
'many Full-Pots of Ale to drink, and how many Hares to
'kill in a Day, and you will do a great Piece of Service to
'all the Sports men: Be quick then, for the Time of
'Courſing is come on.

Yours in Haſte

T Iſaac Hedgeditch.

Thurſday,

N° 169. *Thurſday, September* 13.

Sic vita erat: facile omnes perferre ac pati:
Cum quibus erat cunque una, his ſeſe dedere,
Eorum obſequi ſtudiis: advorſus nemini;
Nunquam præponens ſe aliis. Ita facillime
Sine invidia invenias laudem.—— Ter. And.

MAN is ſubject to innumerable Pains and Sorrows by the very Condition of Humanity, and yet, as if Nature had not ſown Evils enough in Life, we are continually adding Grief to Grief, and aggravating the common Calamity by our cruel Treatment of one another. Every Man's natural Weight of Affliction is ſtill made more heavy by the Envy, Malice, Treachery or Injuſtice of his Neighbour. At the ſame time that the Storm beats upon the whole Species, we are falling foul upon one another.

HALF the Miſery of human Life might be extinguiſhed, would Men alleviate the general Curſe they lye under, by mutual Offices of Compaſſion, Benevolence and Humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in our ſelves and others, than that Diſpoſition of Mind which in our Language goes under the Title of Good-nature, and which I ſhall chuſe for the Subject of this Day's Speculation.

GOOD-NATURE is more agreeable in Converſation than Wit, and gives a certain Air to the Countenance which is more amiable than Beauty. It ſhews Virtue in the faireſt Light, takes off in ſome meaſure from the Deformity of Vice, and makes even Folly and Impertinence ſupportable.

THERE is no Society or Converſation to be kept up in the World without Good-nature, or ſomething which muſt bear its Appearance, and ſupply its Place. For this Reaſon Mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial Humanity, which is what we expreſs by the Word *Good Breeding*. For if we examine thoroughly the Idea of what we call ſo, we ſhall find it to be nothing elſe but an Imitation and Mimickry of Good-nature, or in other Terms, Affability, Complaiſance and Eaſineſs of Temper reduced into an Art.

THESE

THESE exterior Shows and Appearances of Humanity render a Man wonderfully popular and beloved, when they are founded upon a real Good-nature; but without it are like Hypocrifie in Religion, or a bare Form of Holyneſs, which, when it is diſcovered, makes a Man more deteſtable than profeſſed Impiety.

GOOD-NATURE is generally born with us; Health, Proſperity and kind Treatment from the World are great Cheriſhers of it where they find it, but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of it ſelf. It is one of the Bleſſings of a happy Conſtitution, which Education may improve but not produce.

XENOPHON in the Life of his Imaginary Prince, whom he deſcribes as a Pattern for Real ones, is always celebrating the (*Philanthropy*) or Good-nature of his Hero, which he tells us he brought into the World with him, and gives many remarkable Inſtances of it in his Childhood, as well as in all the ſeveral Parts of his Life. Nay, on his Death-bed, he deſcribes him as being pleaſed, that while his Soul returned to him who made it, his Body ſhould incorporate with the great Mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to Mankind. For which reaſon he gives his Sons a poſitive Order not to enſhrine it in Gold or Silver, but to lay it in the Earth as ſoon as the Life was gone out of it.

AN Inſtance of ſuch an Overflowing of Humanity, ſuch an exuberant Love to Mankind, could not have entred into the Imagination of a Writer, who had not a Soul filled with great Ideas, and a general Benevolence to Mankind.

IN that celebrated Paſſage of *Saluſt*, where *Cæſar* and *Cato* are placed in ſuch beautiful, but oppoſite Lights; *Cæſar*'s Character is chiefly made up of Good-nature, as it ſhewed it ſelf in all its Forms towards his Friends or his Enemies, his Servants or Dependants, the Guilty or the Diſtreſſed. As for *Cato*'s Character, it is rather awful than amiable. Juſtice ſeems moſt agreeable to the Nature of God, and Mercy to that of Man. A Being who has nothing to Pardon in himſelf, may reward every Man according to his Works; but he whoſe very beſt Actions muſt be ſeen with Grains of Allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate and forgiving. For this reaſon, among all the monſtrous Characters in Human Nature, there is none

none ſo Odious, nor indeed ſo exquiſitely Ridiculous, as that of a rigid ſevere Temper in a Worthleſs Man.

THIS Part of Good nature, however, which conſiſts in the pardoning and over-looking of Faults, is to be exerciſed only in doing our ſelves Juſtice, and that too in the ordinary Commerce and Occurrences of Life; for in the Publick Adminiſtrations of Juſtice, Mercy to one may be Cruelty to others.

IT is grown almoſt into a Maxim, that Good-natured Men are not always Men of the moſt Wit. The Obſervation, in my Opinion, has no Foundation in Nature. The greateſt Wits I have converſed with are Men eminent for their Humanity. I take therefore this Remark to have been occaſioned by two Reaſons. Firſt, Becauſe Ill nature among ordinary Obſervers paſſes for Wit. A ſpightful Saying gratifies ſo many little Paſſions in thoſe who hear it, that it generally meets with a good Reception. The Laugh riſes upon it, and the Man who utters it is looked upon as a ſhrewd Satyriſt. This may be one Reaſon, why a great many pleaſant Companions appear ſo ſurpriſingly dull, when they have endeavoured to be Merry in Print; the Publick being more juſt than Private Clubs or Aſſemblies, in diſtinguiſhing between what is Wit and what is Ill-nature.

ANOTHER Reaſon why the Good-natured Man may ſometimes bring his Wit in Queſtion, is perhaps, becauſe he is apt to be moved with Compaſſion for thoſe Misfortunes or Infirmities, which another would turn into Ridicule, and by that means gain the Reputation of a Wit. The Ill-natured Man, though but of equal Parts, gives himſelf a larger Field to expatiate in, he expoſes the Failings in Human Nature which the other would caſt a Veil over, laughs at Vices which the other either excuſes or conceals, gives Utterance to Reflections which the other ſtifles, falls indifferently upon Friends or Enemies, expoſes the Perſon who has obliged him, and in ſhort ſticks at nothing that may eſtabliſh his Character of a Wit. It is no wonder therefore he ſucceeds in it better than the Man of Humanity, as a Perſon who makes uſe of indirect Methods is more likely to grow Rich than the Fair Trader. L

The End of the Second Volume.

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